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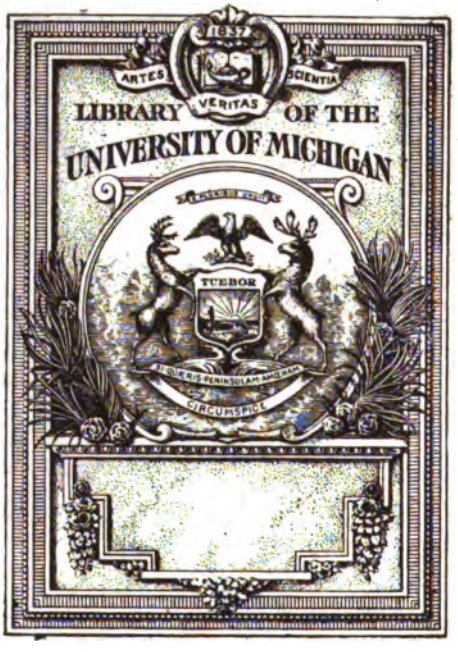
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THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

VOL. XII

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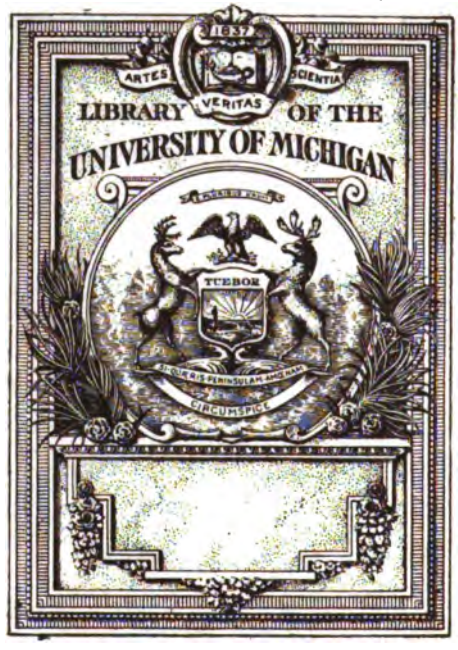
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there are some old friends, a few of whom, in spite of our unprogressive ways, and perhaps partly in consequence of them, probably have a justifiable curiosity as to why we changed our name at all, and why we chose the new one; and we even hope that there may be some progressive people with a little of the same curiosity.

Well! One reason is no less than the fulfilment of prophecy: six years ago, when we told one of the world's very foremost business men, who probably has been more interested in literature than any of his business compeers, that we were going to start *The Unpopular Review*, he said: "You'll never succeed under that name." Our answering thought: "You don't catch on," ought to have settled the question, and would have if we had been wise enough not to be "possessed" by the title: for if people of his intelligence could not catch on, where were there enough who could, to yield us a constituency? We have had a greater *succès d'estime* than we dared hope for, but we are convinced that from his point of view, his prophecy was sound, and it's "never" has gone as near to fulfilment as we care to have it go to the tune of a thousand dollars a number.

A minor circumstance recently illustrated how and why his prophecy was correct. We met a valued friend whom we had not seen for years — a successful professional man, of good intelligence, excellent common sense, and, though not a bookish man, the best education our institutions furnish — one of just the only sort of men who can provide a paying constituency for the sort of review it is our ambition to make. After greetings, his first remark was: "Why in (Perhaps we would better not print his word: it began with H, but was not Heaven) — "Why in —— did you call your periodical 'The *Unpopular* Review'? I took it for granted that it held nothing I would care for; and so, although it was yours, didn't subscribe. But one of your readers sent me a subscription last Christmas, and I find in it much that interests me."

And while we are unbosoming ourselves to you who have shown us confidence, perhaps we may as well own up that we are now well content to forego a title which, as more than one friend who likes it has nevertheless said: "throws down a challenge to every opponent that reads it, and even tends to change the neutral into an opponent." We are not as bellicose as we were when we took that title: we are six years older, have had two boys in the army, and have had enough of fighting. And in many other ways we have realized that fighting is not as good as informing and explaining and conciliating and coöperating.

The old name died hard — harder with us than with anybody else. Nearly everybody whom we consulted regarding a new name begged us to hold on to the old one. But they are of the limited constituency that can catch on. The country's leading professor of journalism raised a laugh at our expense and his own by unintentionally exclaiming at a Century Club table: "Why! The name is the best thing about the Review."

The editor answered: "The name is mine, the contents are mainly my contributors'."

Whereupon the professor quoted the lampoon Rochester wrote upon the bedroom door of Charles II:

> Here lies our sovereign lord the King
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never says a foolish thing
> And never does a wise one.

and the King's defence: "My sayings are my own, my acts are my ministers'."

Here is an extract from a volunteered letter regarding the title:

> For the love of Mike, Mr. ——, don't change the name of the Unpop! The present name could not be better. To most of us it is an unpopular review. To the radical it stands for the peak of reactionary thought; to them it is a signpost telling them the road not to take; to all of us it is instructive, as well as amusing.

I have seen a good old Methodist preacher pick up the Unpop (attracted by its unusual, striking title), read a few lines, and violently cast it aside. Then I have seen him again take it up, and read it from cover to cover. He now looks eagerly forward to its quarterly appearance.

Larry Godkin once remarked to Arthur Brisbane: "The difference between us, Arthur, is that you are the editor of a paper that everybody reads, but nobody believes; I am the editor of a paper nobody reads, but everybody believes."

Anybody who read the scrap on Partizanship in the last Casserole will know a leading cause of the selection of our present title. We trust, indeed, that the title applies to our whole record, and will apply until the end. Yet it gives an impression of more exclusive attention to politics than we intend, but there will be an objection to any title that has any meaning of much merit; but ordinary misapprehensions conveyed by a title ought to be easily corrected by the contents.

As bearing on our record, we are now going to rid ourselves, possibly by imposing something on you, of a pleasant pestering which had pursued us ever since we announced our intention of starting this Review. The announcement was made, to a few friends asked to contribute, in a dummy number, which began with a chapter of the good intentions with which we began. One eminent contributor has ever since occasionally urged us to publish that article. We give it below. It is a reaffirming, at this fresh start, of our original *confessio fidei* (That, progressively-educated reader, means confession of faith); and thus it is an assertion that in spite of the change of name, we continue to be the same old Review.

We called that program of good intentions

Some Blocks for a Certain Pavement

"This periodical, if it matures, is to be mainly devoted to the dissemination of disagreeable truth. Therefore it must necessarily be an Unpopular Review.

"What we want to do seems so obvious that it is hard to understand why more of it has not been done already — so obvious, indeed, as to cause a certain hesitation in expounding it as if there were anything new about it; and yet much deliberation has only strengthened the conviction that it still needs doing, which of course implies a conviction of some novelty in the effort. If there is any, it will be rather in the union of a number of writers in disseminating certain habits of thought, than in the novelty of anything there may be to say.

"Till evolution so far approaches equilibration that men's fortunes are nearly equal, the majority will be discontented because they are relatively poor, and they will be relatively poor because they relatively lack knowledge, intelligence, energy and reliability.

"It is an interesting paradox that while our relatively-lacking people, are vastly in advance of those of centuries or even decades ago, they are more discontented. But the discontent is part of their advance. Nevertheless it makes trouble. Part of the trouble is in the swarm of schemes for the poor man's betterment, which in some more or less hidden way — hidden often to the proposers themselves, mean destroying all that has been done, because it is not more, and having a general scramble for the fragments.

"As the discontent was never so general as to-day, so the number of illusive schemes for its relief was never so great. It may be worth while to glance at those now on the carpet. They began in America with the tariff and greenback measures to raise revenue for the Civil War, and in time these became methods for making everybody rich. They failing, were succeeded by the silver craze, the socialist craze, the anarchist craze, the trade-union craze, and the single-tax craze.*

"Each one of the list has contained some elements of

*Here our opinions have undergone some modifications, as will appear below.

good. The following well-known facts may be worth considering together. The tariff is among the revenue-raisers most quickly available in the present state of human nature, and is a valuable defence against foreign commercial aggression; but it has been perverted into a medium of aggression more than of defence, and a supporter of favored interests. The greenbacks had all the virtues of emergency currency, but also all the latent vices of inflation. The silver craze had its respectable support in the argument for bimetallism, but its only other intelligent support was from debtors wishing to default. Socialism is a promoter of coöperation where individual power is inadequate, and a regulator of individual power where competition is inadequate; but it tends to remove from industry its leadership, and from character the support of responsibility. Trade unions give the laborer the power to contract, but they have helpt some laborers to rob others of that power, and to paralyze industry and communication. The single-tax movement, while supporting the most simple, natural, just and therefore reasonable source of revenue, has developed into a craze for destroying property in land, and for raising superfluous revenue and devoting it to the increase of pauperism. And even the logical consequence and culmination of these perversions, anarchy itself, through some of its advocates, aims for a state of society where the development of all the virtues will render laws superfluous.

"Now preachers so dazzled by all these elements of good that they do not see the attendant evils, have never been as numerous and as specious as to-day. They have filled the air with agreeable lies until the need of clarifying it with disagreeable truth has become desperate.

"Their fundamental fallacy is that there are short cuts to the desirable conditions. The disagreeable truth is that those conditions cannot be reacht any faster than men can be equipt with intelligence, knowledge, industry, thrift and fairness.

"What little we can indirectly do toward so equipping them, we will be glad to do. Yet while we share the current interest in the under dog, and want to help him out and onto his feet, we shall not help in giving him the control of the ranch; he has already had it too often. In fact, altho we have fallen into the current metaphor of the under dog, we don't believe that it is generally applicable to anybody to-day. The wage-earner interferes with the rights of the rest of the world at least as much as the rest of the world interferes with his; and the fallacy that the employer's wealth is squeezed out of the employee is exploded for all intelligent students. But there is still abundant need for preaching the fundamental truth, and we shall preach none more earnestly, that the employer's wealth is derived from processes and economies of his own devising and directing, without which his income would not exist at all, and the income of his employees would be less.

"This truth with its multitude of consequent truths, it is the main purpose of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW to disseminate.

"That a Review with such a purpose will be read by many of the false prophets or their victims, is of course out of the question; but there are not a few honest and fairly intelligent people whose sympathies are so much stronger than their judgments that they have been unduly influenced by the hopeful fallacies, and may be helpt to escape from them.

"The unrest of the age is, among other things, both cause and effect of an unprecedented energy. This has shown itself in an unprecedented competition and a production often much beyond exchangeability. This misproduction is not restricted to material things. It has been leading to wasteful duplication of educational facilities, especially in departments where the demand is small. To such an extent has this gone that the demand for both

teachers and administrators has led to the invasion of much incompetence. We hope to do our little share in stemming this tide.

"Perhaps the worst manifestation of the unrest is with the women. There is no doubt that their physical weakness has placed them at a disadvantage with men, but that was mainly in ruder times, and can hardly be a sufficient cause for the present trouble. Two causes are obvious.

"The first is that treating the exercise of the suffrage as man's work, is taken by some women as an injustice to them. Women hardly so regard the reservation of other disagreeable functions to men.

"The other is an over-estimate of the value of the intellectual functions performed by man, and an underestimate of the value of the sympathetic and esthetic functions performed by woman. These probably are underestimated more frequently than her highest functions in making the home a place of rest and diversion and a social center, in juvenile education, and in morals.

"Most unfortunately, this present mistaken rage for an illusion called independence, often asserts itself at the first stirrings of what otherwise might be but a passing suggestion of conjugal disloyalty, and fans what, in better days, were evanescent glimmers and were promptly put aside as such, into flames that right and left are destroying homes. Unrest of course is impatient of restraint. Perhaps the most dangerous manifestation of this is the demand by both sexes for license in the name of liberty. This is not restricted to invasion of the rights of property and the authority of law, but is attacking the integrity of the family. The impulse here is not merely ill-regulated and vagrant passion. Much of it comes from ill-regulated and vagrant intelligence thrown off its balance by the unquestionable sacrifices which the integrity of the family demands, and demands more in an age of nervous over-

strain than it has in better regulated times. Sympathy with individual sufferers from family maladjustments has been drawing too much attention from the fact that the family, as an institution, is so essential to the general good, that it is only in very rare cases that the individual should be relieved from any sacrifices essential to its maintenance. We shall do what we can toward clearing up the growing fogginess on this question.

"The undermining of the old views of the universe, which began with the clear proofs of evolution, has been reenforced by the recent revolutions in the arts, until men's outlooks and interests have been changed as they had not before been changed since the French Revolution, and probably not since the discovery of the New World. When to this has been added the wealth from the new control of Nature, with the concurrent luxury, art, and travel, an inevitable result has been a great diminution of interest in the old religions, and a great weakening of their restraints and incentives.

"But in all the mass of disagreeable truth from which we shall quarry most of our material, there are veins of something else.

"The unrest which threatens the stability of all that man has accomplished, is accompanied with an understanding of the inferior man — especially of the criminal, and a sympathy with his needs and sufferings, which is nothing less than revolutionary. We hope to keep abreast of the new investigations in these subjects, and perhaps to add something to them.

"As to the decaying influence of the old religions, the old notion that the Universe was governed by arbitrary volition has given place to a conviction that it is governed by unchanging laws, and that the laws can be discovered and used. Thus, the dogmatic function of religion is giving way to the intelligent function of science; and the increas-

ingly obvious reach of law to infinities beyond our knowledge, is substituting for the old attitude of dread, an attitude of confidence and hope. The intuitions of the prophet are no longer dogmas, but are inspirations to the investigator. The indications that have long been neglected, of reaches of mind beyond familiar experience, and of interplay of minds beyond that afforded through the recognized media of communication, are at last accepted as uniform phenomena, and are receiving scientific investigation; and some connection of the individual's mind with all other mind, is at least suspected by the leading investigators. Moreover, that existing mind includes all mind that ever has existed, seems pointed to by many clearly established phenomena, and hence has sprung a new ground for hope that the soul is deathless. We propose to keep our readers posted on the progress of these investigations, wherever it may lead. As they have aroused the intense interest of Lincoln, Gladstone, William James, and Bergson, they cannot be supposed indifferent to the class of readers to whom we propose to address ourselves; and let us repeat, attention to those investigations is far from alien from our main purpose of doing what we can toward social progress.

"While such will be our chief interests, we realize that all good interests are more or less directly allied, and wherever our way touches general philosophy, rational religion, science, literature, and the arts, we will not be slow to gain from them variety as well as illumination, especially on the too frequent occasions when disagreeable truths should be told regarding them.

"Finally we recognize that though what is disagreeable to one side may be agreeable to the other, no publication always fault-finding and pessimistic can be influential; and on this account alone we shall dwell upon remedies more gladly than upon defects. But for the much more important consideration that despite what is false and ugly and evil, the world on the whole, is true and beautiful

and good, our general attitude will be optimistic — spontaneously, though cautiously, optimistic.

"We wish to make the Review a clearing house of opinion and therefore will welcome criticisms and rejoinders of all sorts, and will publish them so far as expedient. For this there will be an omnium gatherum department which will also welcome suitable material of any length, from a line to a stunted essay.

"We expect to deal more with general conditions than immediate issues, and more with principles of conduct apt to forestall exigencies, than with temporary remedies for the exigencies that arise. We shall seek these principles more in History than in speculation; yet we shall prefer illustrations in recent experience rather than in remote.

"As, then, the events of the day will generally be touched upon mainly for illustration, quarterly publication may be frequent enough. However that may be, the periodical will be of a different sort from the one of whose editor a critic remarked, some years ago: 'He is trying to make it a quarterly edition of the morning dailies.' "

Such was the program with which the Review was started, but soon after it got to going, the war drew attention away from our main objects, and arranging the peace has kept it away; but so far as these things permitted, we think we have kept fairly close to our original program.

As to our future policy, the years have, of course, brought changes in circumstances, and with them some modifications of our views.

Trade-unionism, which we called a craze, has become less of one. Mr. Gompers himself has become more conservative. When we wrote, the vices of the Unions were more conspicuous than their virtues. Their appearance to the general public was mainly through boycotts, and

persecution and murder of non-union men. They have since been kept, or kept themselves, more within law and reason, have made their good objects more obvious, and roused many hopes for their development, where before were hopes only for their dissolution.

The general turmoil in opinion has of course been greatly increased by the war, and has brought two conspicuous manifestations of the selfishness which is the main obstacle to human progress, in the renewed vigor of the old attacks on property and on the family. Their forms vary all the way from Russian Bolshevism to American Boycott, and from American feminism back to the alleged Russian nationalization of women, for the reports of which, though they were probably exaggerated, there must have been *some* basis.

Beyond the renewed vigor of these topics, apparently the things which are to call for most discussion in the visible future are the League of Nations, cumulative taxation and the assaults on individual liberty.

Regarding the first, we have no patience with the counsels of perfection of the Republican partizans. We can't have so little faith in their intelligence as to believe them entirely sincere in professing to want to eat their cake and have it — to get the advantages of the League without accepting its disadvantages. We believe in endorsing the League set forth in the Peace Treaty, and leaving its defects to be remedied as they arise in practice. The discussion of these bids fair to be a continuing world interest.

As to cumulative taxation, we confess a change in our views within the last half dozen years. Though we never doubted the practicability of the income tax in war times, it has been working better than we thought it could, partly because of improved methods of assessment. We believe, however, with very high authority to back us, that the best visible method of assessment, would be to

determine the amount by the rental value of the place or places where the taxpayer lives. We believe that a man is more apt to live in the best quarters he can, than to tell the truth about his income.

Most of the old-fashioned taxes, culminating in the ten per cent to be collected by retailers of luxuries, we regard as absurdities and abominations.

But grant that great wealth is largely the result of the unpaid coöperation of the community — of unearned increment in many other properties as well as in land; grant that therefore wealth should be progressively taxed; grant all the other arguments for levying taxation according to ability to pay: the moment taxation exceeds the needs of government reasonably administered, it invades the rights of private property, and with them the security of the laborer's savings, and the incentives to exercise the Ability on which production depends. The community needs goods at the lowest possible cost — of production, transportation and exchange; economy in all these departments needs the big industry, and the big industry needs the big manager. When and how far his activities will be slackened by cumulative taxation is the fundamental question regarding it. Beyond the point of his best efficiency, it is not to the community's interest that taxation should go. If more revenue is needed, it should be raised in other ways. One of the other ways, of course, would be higher taxation of the smaller incomes. This opens the question of supplying money being only a fair and rational prerequisite of voting the spending of it. We believe, however, that reasonable conditions in that respect will never be brought about by taking away anybody's vote, but that they can only come from all voters growing (and being helped to grow?) into taxpayers.

As to the encroachments on individual liberty. All civilization has consisted in, among other things, our becoming not only as individuals, but, especially lately, as

nations, more and more, "members one of another" — in giving up individual rights for the general good. This process, like all others, has its mistakes and its opponents — even among men as great as senators Borah, Knox and Lodge. But in spite of all opposition, the process has always gone on, and, as far as we can see, always will. Yet the paths of History are strown with its abuses. Wherever new "members" have been added to the body politic — whenever liberty has been put into unaccustomed hands, it has been abused, and the liberty of others has been attacked. The tendency of the New, even on the part of the wisest, is to supplant the Old, and, on the part of the ignorant, to destroy it. We all fully realize what has happened in Russia and some parts of Germany and Hungary; but perhaps we do not so fully appreciate a more subtle, and perhaps, in the long run, more dangerous attack on liberty, at home. Our newly emancipated women, not content to suppress the loafer's bar-room, have forced their way into that castle which the king could not enter — the Anglo-Saxon home — and prescribed what the citizen is at liberty to place upon his own table.

In bringing care and cheer to the men, women have done splendid work in the war, but many of their other attempts to perform some of the functions of men are almost as absurd as if they tried to perform them all, while they obscure woman's recognition of her true mission in the home and in society.

Yet despite woman's abuse of her new liberties, we believe in her right to the fullest development within her reach. So do we believe in man's similar right. But as his is limited by his duty to his family, so is hers. Both should either go without family, or take care of it first, and develop self with what time and strength, if any, are left. Where either of them has a bent for literature, art, invention, exploration — even social reform — any activity of the spirit beyond mere bread-winning, unless there is already an independent income, the right to exercise that

bent depends upon earning enough by it to pay somebody else for performing the duties to the family. Palissy had a right to burn his family's shelter to feed his furnace, only in case the baking would provide a new house.

Whatever may be the "new order" brought in by the war, we believe that fundamentally civilization will progress, as it always has, on the old bases of private property and the family.

As to property, we believe that progress will continue to consist in improving its development and dissemination, probably more and more in the shape of shares in enterprises more and more coöperative.

As to the family, progress will continue to consist in increasing its unity, educational efficiency and happiness; and also in increasing the proportion of families to population, and of children to the best families. These increases have not lately held their own, largely because of a false sentiment regarding them, and growing extravagance. They can be restored by a better diffusion of property and its improved use, and by an improved sentiment on the subject. This may be hoped for from stronger religious sanctions in place of the declining ones; and it may not be extravagant to expect these from Science's higher conceptions of the Power and Order behind the Universe, and from a faith in a future life resting on accumulating evidence instead of mere "authority" — in other words, from more effective conceptions of God and Immortality.

THE EDITOR.

THE INSIDE OF THE OPEN MIND

A MIDDLE-AGED Reserve Ensign once had the unwonted honor of sitting at the same table with an editor of the *New Republic* and remarked of that sprightly organ, "The trouble is you represent an irresponsible openmindedness." It was a shock to find the observation accepted as an unqualified compliment. The irresponsible, which meant a good deal to the Ensign meant almost nothing to the editor. At the word openmindedness he beamed like a child. The seafarer had had the bad luck not to be understood and the good luck of blundering upon the sweetest of words to a modern editor's ears. In idolizing openmindedness of whatever sort the editors merely echo the times. All young people regard openmindedness as axiomatically desirable, like health or physical cleanliness. The mind cannot be too much open or too constantly. Every wind of the Time Spirit must blow in lustily. The door of the mind must never be closed lest some worthy idea be excluded. In the words of the apostle to the Gentiles we are to "prove all things," at least for the half minute or so between their entering and quitting our hospitably open minds.

It surprised the middle-aged man of the sea that so few nowadays read to the end of the Apostle's sentence. "Hold fast that which is good" seems a sentiment unhonored and almost unknown. On reflection this appeared in keeping with the ideal of unlimited openmindedness now prevailing. The notion, as is so often the case in all social estimates, is purely quantitative. Evidently if you hold fast that which is good, you reduce the mind's capacity for entertaining novelties. Every conviction inside, perforce excludes a certain number of appeals from the outside. Thus the mind becomes less open. By acquiring a single principle, you may lose half a dozen

fads. For a mind requiring the daily fillip of novelty, so uneven an exchange is unthinkable. It was doubtless for such reasons that the flattered editor of an eminently openminded journal rejoiced in the irresponsibility attributed to him. It was the acknowledgment of his receptiveness, as the emptiness of a stomach is the guarantee of its ready response to a cocktail.

One or two similar adventures ashore set the seagoing philosopher to studying the entire technique of openmindedness. His endeavor to chart it is here given for what it may be worth. His first and very obvious discovery was that only young people and radicals of various ages were completely openminded. This did not amaze him. He knew well enough that the mind hardens with the arteries. Very young ensigns often had amazing short cuts in navigation, which he hadn't. He knew those were the better methods, but he followed his own worse ones, as good enough for him. In short he was middle-aged and knew he was. He was openminded, in that he was glad the time-saving computations had been invented, but closeminded in that he felt his ways good enough to last out his day. In short he accepted with equanimity the evident fact that he was becoming a back number, and wished well to those who were superseding him. This seemed a reasonably openminded attitude, combining as it did acknowledgment of his own limitations, and acceptance of his own past, with some appreciation of new ideas.

Such complacency was soon disturbed by the discovery that his own autumnal openmindedness was entirely unlike the vernal sort now in vogue. It was soon seen that the open mind of youth opened only in one direction — namely, towards the present and future. Indeed the present hardly found entrance. Towards the past all generous youthful minds were tight closed, largely through ignorance, as it seemed. Nobody knew much

about the past. It was covered in comprehensive disapproval as a period of "capitalistic exploitation." There was no wisdom in the world, and no justice, until a matter of two generations ago, when certain sages began to be "socially minded." This picture of the past was found to be very common. The view could be symbolized for the middle-aged mariner under the similitude of a barrel of spoiled "salt horse" bearing the terse legend "condemned." About such a metaphor, the historic sense of our youth invokes to cover some three thousand years of struggle towards civilization. There was neither admission of any achievement in the past nor any charity for its too evident shortcomings. It was simply wrong — a thing to be thrown overboard as soon as youth should get its rightful control of things. The future, on the contrary, was going to be completely bright and right. For this good reason the up-to-date mind should open only in that direction.

The point of view was clear enough to the investigator, yet he recalled that on shipboard the future did not take care of itself. It had to be planned for in the light of rising or falling barometer, direction, force and quality of the wind, currents, or reefs known or supposed to be ahead. To cope with this prosaic future of the navigator a distinct estimate of situation and technical preparation therefor were necessary. Accordingly he began to study just what preparation openminded youth was making for its future. He found, somewhat to his dismay, that about the only resource of youth as coming arbiter, was the universal conviction that the past was all wrong, and that the future would be all right because youth had attained the right state of mind. Generally the emphasis was on knocking things down. The taint of the past in the present was irritating to the socially minded. Clear away existing ideas and institutions, and the resultant wilderness will quickly blossom like the rose. Such seemed to be about the only discernible program.

As regards the future, everybody felt competent to cope with it as it came along, not because he had any plan — few had plans, and these clashed confusingly — but because he knew he was in the right state of mind.

Some study of this right state of mind seemed indispensable for one who, not having it himself, might have to live a matter of twenty years yet among those who had. Apart from a frank contempt of whatever past civilization had achieved, it came down to a boundless hopeful curiosity. Take up with anything new, tie up to nothing — was the actual practice. The trial marriage of untrue minds was clearly the ideal sought for, and in many cases successfully attained. The guide of life seemed chiefly the expectancy that something would turn up. Since something always does, the old difficult problems of wisdom, duty, and happiness seemed solved by a formula of easy and universal application. Just what turned up was supposed to matter almost as little as what had actually turned up in the past. It sufficed that something should always be entering the portals of the open mind.

At first blush the programme was attractive. Life one long novelty and hope — what better could be wished? For a moment the observer was inclined to shed a tear over his departed youth, and pay homage to a spirit which he could no longer completely share. Then his attention turned once more to the relation between the open mind and the ideas it entertained. It troubled him to find that many of the quite open minds were also rather empty. Empty not from lack of intelligence, but from deliberate choice: the fear being that if the inside of the mind were occupied, there would be less room for newcomers in the way of ideas. Thus the mind would be less open, or at least its openness less effective. This clearing the mental house had the result that new ideas never stayed. They entered ill assorted and unacquainted with each other, found nobody at home, stared suspiciously

at each other, and departed as they had come. Meanwhile the owner of the open mind was heartened by the gratification of keeping intellectual open house. It all reminded the onlooker of a youthful experience. He was once asked by a casual mate to come on to a reception held by a peculiarly obnoxious and inordinately wealthy politician. Declining the opportunity on the ground that he didn't want to know the host, he was told: "Nobody has to know him; he's just there if anybody wants to meet him." In some such tentative sense, the owner of an unqualifiedly open mind is "at home" to new ideas.

There once was a new and enterprizing *restauranteur* who, by hiring a well-dressed man and woman to walk about in his glass turnstile, produced a pleasing illusion of frequentation. Of course the gentleman and lady who thus simulated a throng were technically inside the restaurant once every turn, but only technically. Of many minds this is a true symbol. Ideas never get inside at all, but revolve and pirouette deceptively about the portal.

What you open the mind upon may matter as much as what you open it to. Suppose you merely open it upon a jumble of receptivities. Thus at a pinch you can be amused for a lifetime, but in the end he who is amused will be just nobody. Descartes conceived the bold idea of denying all his received convictions, thus creating a clean slate on which his new philosophy should be written. Meanwhile he had to live, so he took the sensible course of deciding to keep on as if he were a Christian and a gentleman. This temporary body of convictions he was quite willing to let go whenever he should have a new set of thoroughly grounded principles to replace the old. He plainly saw the folly of trying to live through the formation of a new philosophy, without some mental and moral provision for his todays and tomorrows. He is an example of the reasonable use of openmindedness.

Unless there be some stock of principles, and even preju-

dices, there is no test for new ideas. They simply come and go. That a new idea is strong enough to supplant an old one is the very mark of its worth. This implies struggle, comparison, experience, judgment. A new idea thus adopted becomes a part of the man. One would no more discard it lightly than he would a leg or an arm. A mind replenished in this fashion becomes richer and stronger, without waiver of flexibility. With each change, the man comes nearer the truth that is his own. Each new principle has a greater validity than the one it replaced. The process becomes one of simplification, a weeding out of the less valuable. But the very condition of such a progress is that the mind should always contain something that is valued. It is the ultimate grace of a mind to be always ready to yield for cause, but the surrender has no meaning except that which it gains from the tenacity with which the ceded ground was once held.

It is no easy thing to live handsomely in the world of ideas. The task is not for fretful or merely curious persons. Except on condition of reverence for received ideas, it cannot even be well begun. A man who has neither respect for his own past nor for that of the human race, can do little thinking worthy of the name. He may change, he cannot progress. What is monstrous about the modern openmindedness is its inhumanity. Has mankind travailed for hundreds of thousand years to attain a modicum of wisdom and civilization only to be mocked or ignored? I have seen children whose father was a week dead, fox-trotting merrily. It wasn't a pretty sight. In explanation I was told that they had never loved their father, who was an unamiable person, and that they couldn't bear to miss the best dance of the season. The incident is a parable of the insatiateness of certain light and empty minds. Whether such minds are open or closed, matters not at all. Their existence is the real misfortune.

There is no need to overemphasize the ugliness of a certain vagabond type of mentality. It is better to dwell on its unfairness, and that shall be my parting theme. Ideas, whether new or old, have cost somebody pains. The world is mostly made up of people who have a personal stake in thinking straight. They are doing so for the profit of their bodies or souls. They suffer, and society suffers, if they give over the endeavor. Civilization is a going concern only upon condition of a lot of commonly held convictions and reverences. These are not immutable laws, no more are they negligible caprices. Into this world of work and thought trip faun-like creatures with wondering eyes, and satyr-like visitants with gluttonous lips. They will see and taste everything, let the world provide ever renewed bread and circuses. The world's reward shall be the sense that it has amused the demigods and half-men. Humanity may look forward to the self-satisfaction of an approved impressario in a free and unsubsidized theatre. Let the repertory be rich and changing, and the half gods will applaud.

It will be plain that the new openmindedness is merely a phase of the old dilettantism. As more pretentious and persuasive, it is more harmful. The old dilettante had compensating graces. He viewed the world as a spectacle, but seldom claimed any merit for the attitude. He often made of detached observation a very fine art. He was unhurrying and unhurried. Towards the past his taste and appreciation amounted to reverence. Towards the present he was selective. Regarding the world as his show, he came to care enough for certain episodes to be grateful to the human beings involved. He had time for matured admirations, and, albeit, standing out of the world of morals and action, he built up for himself a fairly coherent world of taste. There were few of him, he was relatively laborious in his own fashion, and usually harmless. Sometimes he shockt the world enough to make up for the amusement it furnished him. He took his

own code seriously, often too much so, and paid for his extravagances with his person.

Such is a fair picture of the dilettante, or decadent of the "naughty nineties." In retrospect he looks moral and respectable compared to his successors. At least he was civilized, and, according to his lights, played fair. The professionally openminded person of to-day is noisy, fretful, hasty, and wholly uncivilized. His fickleness he vaunts as a virtue, he respects nothing but day after to-morrow. He leaps at novelty like a trout at feathers and tinsel, but like an illconditioned trout in August, never takes hold and hooks himself. He handles his mind like a cranky householder who is too busy ventilating his house to furnish it or keep it up.

If this kind of openmindedness could be permanently maintained, it could be regarded with the equanimity of pity or humor. To the student of behavior it would be only one more instance of arrested development — the child mind carrying over into adult years. But the case is not so simple. The lack of interaction of a critical sort between what comes into the mind and what is already there, makes for a general instability which becomes an easy prey to a really strong impulse from without. It is the uncritically open minds that can be most completely and disastrously closed by a new evangel or heresy. Russia is paying to-day for two generations of intellectual hospitality in a moral vacuum. There is no safety for any one in opening his mind, unless he opens it on something inside.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

THE EMPTY CREEL

LIKE the true angler my friend rejoiced in his knowledge of a secret stream. Spring and her hounds were long unleashed when he suggested a pilgrimage to its banks. His air of truancy was infectious: his promise of sport implied a tacit flouting of all that elaborate ritual which has grown about the art of fishing since simple Isaak Walton wrote. We would not carry that indispensible property-book of the city sportsman. Neither of us had gone through its mouldy pages of insect vanities when that last blizzard, scattered and disorderly, like the final platoon of a civic parade that is denied the *tempo* of the distant band, scampered off in the wake of winter. We were both, avowedly and brazenly, worm-fishermen. True, we swore by the classic Isaak, and we furtively remembered the technicalities of his friend Charles Cotton's famous notes on the Fly, against the day when we should find ourselves in some British tap-room at the mercy of a dry-fly maniac. Our strength really lay in the knowledge that the Drys and Wets usually came out by that same door wherein the inquisitive Khayyam vainly poked his Iranian nose. When one remembers that the nebulous subject of Wet and Dry has vaster economic import in the fact that the Seasons and the Farmer's Friend at Washington are still striving to attain to that suspected entomological rhythm in fickle Nature, then you may guess at the reasons for our boldness. Moreover, the humble worm has long carried the stamp of approval of the Bureau of Agriculture. Thus, your worm-fisherman is a pragmatist: he has little use for categories. To bring home his fish at the day's end with a delicious lassitude, a craving for food and more tobacco, and a glowing pride in his despised art, is a sufficient reward.

We were offering the aristocracy of wormdom — the big, luscious fellows that roam my friend's lawn after

dark on a rainy day. Decidedly we were not of that ribald, bare-foot crew, whose trade is nefariously concerned with a bent pin, a pliant osier, and a rusty tomato can of attenuated crawlers that eke out a precarious existence near the family chicken-run. In all arts and crafts we must cherish those nice, medieval guild distinctions. And while there is discord and shouting between Wet and Dry, we bait-fishermen, with our worms and grasshoppers and minnows, and our sly pleasure in flaunting our heresy, cannot recognize this schism, this pagan and barbarous cult of the irrepressible, shirt-waisted, and barefoot urchin. He is the merest poacher. Here we must even take common cause with our High-brow brethren, our hierarch Sufis: must even intrench alongside the mystic sacerdotalism of Wet and Dry. It cannot be made too clear that we do not share our ritual with the diminutive and ubiquitous Hun. Too often have we, boasting certain riparian rights, heard his uncouth yell of triumph shatter our up-stream solitude, or have glimpst his shameless satin glistening in the late afternoon sun, poised to plunge into that big hole where the monsters of many a vain encounter elude their seasonal destiny. More often have we braved his freckled leer, his intriguing smirk of commerce as, clothed in a frayed dignity, we stalkt past his weighted switch of big 'uns after a profitless day. Verily the Arab philosopher said it: "Youth has intelligence wherewith to live, in so far as his foot guides his leg."

And so we fished with a decorous irresponsibility of Time, Space and Comfort — those three furies that perch on the shoulders of the furtive, city-bred sportsman. A certain superiority accrued to us when we recalled, in a drowsy semi-consciousness induced by the keen air, that in order to reach our stream we had acquired merit. We had motored across one of New York's largest lakes, famous for its bass, had toiled up its precipitous slopes equally famous for "the view." This discernment and

choice somehow qualified us for a local, piscatorial aristo-democracy. We were Trouters, even if we were bait-fishermen. And the wicker of our creels suddenly took on that mellowness of age that blazons a favorite pipe, or an old pair of polo boots colored by the sweat of man and beast in joint dedication to "the rigor of the game." Heavier they grew with a precious, speckled burden that invariably found caressing hands in our stealthy progress across the treacherous, mossy boulders. After each catch they seemed to quiver to satisfy a certain primitve delight that had too long lain dormant from our Cave days, and which might have engrossed the most frivolous Freudian. Overhead, as the sun waned, the pines sentinelled our drive, while an indignant kingfisher querulously protested our invasion of his territorial rights. Finally, darkness imposed the last frontier, and we turned towards the lights of the village with an unsuspected energy. Not in vain had Byron called Isaak Walton "a sentimental savage!"

But it was the gentle Lamb who remarked that a reading of the *Compleat Angler* was enough to sweeten any man's temper. Alas, a month had made the foregoing memory "sweetly cursory!" While the evidence of spleen in disappointment must ever be the remotest malady of the true sportsman yet, in the light of what follows, I record that memory with something of the satisfaction promised by Lamb, instead of assuming the proper detachment expected of a true, Laodicean sportsman. I recommend a Hobby to sustain all fishermen in a dark hour. It was on the way to his fishing rendevous at Tottenham High Cross that Isaak lured the Scholar into a honeysuckle hedge and discussed saintly lives. Now, while we cannot consider the medieval monk and his palatal cult of carp in the realm of true fishing, yet the sport has always appealed strongly to the Church. The ascetic and the religious and those farthest removed from the temptation of splenetic or blasphemous language have been addicted to our art. Would there have been any Oxford

Movement if Newman and his Tractarians had been as enthusiastic fishermen as Kingsley? Donne and Bunyan and, most famous forerunner of all, Dame Juliana Berners, the sporting prioress of Sopewell Nunnery in the 15th century, and the contributor to the *Book of St. Albans* on the arts of Fishing, Hunting and Hawking, have notably paid tribute. But Dame Juliana was a realist and frankly Byron's "sentimental savage"; whereas the following from Bunyan somehow carries a pulpital or homiletic strain, and a challenge, across the centuries, to Billy Sunday:—

> **Yet fish there be, that neither hook, nor line,**
> **Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine;**
> **They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,**
> **Or they will not be catched, whate'er you do.**

Still, every sportsman should have a compensating hobby, whether it be hagiology or the cult of Serendipity, to serve as the "sunwise turn" of a dark hour. Well, indeed, has Borrow so phrased it, though urban imaginations vote rather for his picturesque ability to "put up his dukes" to the Flaming Tinman than for his cloudy animadversions on comparative philology. Then too, did not the owner of the Long Melford "wallop" boast a hand delicate enough to poise a poacher's rod, and bring back to the moody Isopel an occasional mess of speckled beauties after one of those boresome bouts with the Armenian grammar? Few Crosses have survived the unsweetened temper of Cromwell in England, probably because he had no better hobby. On our less historic shores the quondam knights and pilgrims of the road, wary of poison-ivy in our dusty hedges, have cultivated in the motor car a perverse hobby for speed, — a vicious, chronic hunger for as much of the landscape in a brief space of time that approximates to a sort of visual dyspepsia. Apt enough was the remark of a Maine farmer friend, as we drove on his odorous hay-cart towards a promising brook, that *they* wanted *their* share of the road in the middle! For them Serendipity, as Walpole chris-

tened that faculty of happy adventuring through accident, is a treacherous realm of tire-punctures and importunate engines. But it is in our expensive hobbies that we are least solaced: they are strangely quiescent and unrewarding before Defeat. Silence arbitrarily falls owing to that autocratic Nature one hopes to exploit. Who dares flaunt the trivial or flippant, or even the dear insanity of a pet hobby, like the collecting of Sussex iron-work or of *lepidoptera* or of Indo-Persian miniatures, when returning empty-handed from the scene of my foregoing triumph? Not I! For we have since made another passionate pilgrimage to our secret stream. Across the bass-infested lake we motored, and our arrogant wash, like a forlorn hope at Verdun, melted away before the profanity from the various craft that were trolling its placid waters. As Super-fishermen, scorning knowledge of talisman or saint, we clove our way to the foot of the mountain. With a fine fervor we once more stormed its difficult slopes through hordes of insects, until our "meadows of gold," as the Arabic melifluously has it, showed the stream of our desire. Meanwhile, some Old Man of the Mountain chuckled, or some cynical Sphinx crumbled a granite lip, as they watched our puny claims to Destiny. . .

Since the days of Walton fishing has grown to the dignity of a Science; but, like all sciences, it has heavily endowed us with hypothetical facts. After fishing with success the profitable reaches of our secret stream, we now felt ourselves in possession of certain absolute facts. We recalled just where and how we had caught the shy and far more delectable Native trout (Walton's char?) who is being dispossessed by the imported European Brown trout: we remembered where the latter, more sporting, fish had lurked. There lay the enchanted pools where we had shamelessly dropped our bait a month ago, instead of turning the leaves of our mouldy fly-books (all tyros are imposed on by the tackle-shops), availing ourselves of the admirable casting, and thus adding our

schismatic quota to an apostolic tradition. A month had left our urban appetites quite as ravenous, and this time a fry-pan accompanied us. Beset by every form of malignant insect the warmer days had since nursed to virulence, we endured long past the meridional hour of our former triumph. I weakly informed my tormented companion that in India lizards are household pets to combat the flies and mosquitoes, and without catching my eye he countered rapidly about the elaborate fly-traps the Anzacs had improvised at Gallipoli. The shadows began to mitigate that torrid afternoon without the veriest nibble. Not a fingerling but had knowledge of us, and we were denied the sporting privilege of returning them for some future fry-pan. Not a species of insect but had tasted of our blood. Even Nature conspired by changing her face: in search of a tributary brook we floundered astray.

Science has long ruthlessly measured and recorded that form of dementia that assails the helpless. It has set a cactus hedge about the consolation of the 23rd Psalm, encompassing it about with a desert of roaring lions. And we seemed to grace this triumph as we recapitulated all the phenomena of clinic and laboratory. Came to my fevered vision the fond retrospect of a victorious finish to an empty day in Maine. I recalled how my laconic Native had suddenly drawled out the memory of a little stream that used to thread a marsh in his boyhood. Here was the essence of Romance. He had not fished there for twenty years! I turned to catch fire from his weathered Maine face, stolidly mute over some of my favorite smoking mixture from Philadelphia, as we came to a dry marsh of tossing plumes from an Indian jungle or the Pampas. "Thar ye are!" he said, and solemnly expectorated in fitting baptism. For twenty years none had invaded that precinct: the stream, fed by hidden springs, had dwindled and taken refuge under a two-foot growth. But suddenly, following his pioneer steps, we came upon a lone parent

pool, lying there in solitude like the bath of a vanished ichthyosaurus. The empty day had taken too heavy toll of our bait, and I, with a random fly, and he with a handy grasshopper, never failed to add, with each eager cast, to our creels. For twenty years the trout, true *fontinalis*, had grown fat and restive against his belated return. What a day! As I blundered along I charmed these details from the already crepuscular past. Perchance, I reflected, should "pangs arthritic that infest the toe" confine me to the Sofa of Cowper's inspiration, twenty years hence I too shall make a last pilgrimage to that Maine pool with a younger fisherman who has vainly snarled his tackle in the whirlpools between Scylla and Charybdis. . .

If there is a philosophy of the empty creel it surely were written long ere this. But a conspiracy of silence has made it tabu. Perhaps Walton's own credulous reference to the thirty-foot eels of the Ganges, together with the jibes of the comic supplement where that aforementioned freckled and shirt-waisted young demon is conventionally enshrined, have made us scrupulous with our confidences. Too few of us are versed in the lives of the saints, while the New Poetry, in a sunless hour, is provocative of neither choler nor mystical absorption. Soon, my friend anxious for his silent guest, lost his conversation. The only remarks we vouchsafed each other were fervid asseverations that the trout were "off their feed"; that the day was ideal, the stream well stocked, but that natural phenomena had triumphed over the humble branch of the great art we practised. We were at last convinced that old Isaak's crony, Sir George Hastings, was right in his surmise that trout bit for wantonness and not for hunger. Soon, the hope that is illusory if fertile, and doubtless responsible for the dearth of literature on this subject, held us in momentary thrall: one of us made a tentative hint about a Parmacheenee Belle! The suggestion merely signalled our utter demoralization. Had we not eloquently flayed the Persians and their pomps, their elaborate fuss

and feather, their gaudy silk and tinsel, with a sort of austere, piscatorial Puritanism?

How we longed to have with us one of those sage and sure British dry-fly maniacs who cast only "on the rise"! We cannot deny there is pleasure and excitement when the May fly suddenly decides to take the air on an English stream and the trout, the big fellows that can "hog it," crowd to the scene and gorge themselves oblivious of privileged folk in strange garments, armed with a ticket and a flask of port, who try to offer vanities from the bank. The fishermen of Merrie England owe it to one of their many bloodless revolutions that the might and majesty of the Woolsack regards their famous chalk streams as private and unpoachable. "Stocked to the gills," in our appropriate slang, the trout and salmon are so plentiful that they commit suicide by rising: they are perforce victims of an aquatic Malthusian law. Only let a millionaire encroach on our democratic seas and streams! When he succeeds it is because there are several of him clubbed together, with as many guards as they post around the cemeteries where he finally sleeps to forget the turmoil of Wall Street. Travers, a New York wit of the last generation, was asked how much a certain Nabob had left when he died. "Every damned cent!" replied Travers; but he had forgotten the share in the fishing club. Put an American bait fisherman on a famous English stream like the Test, and you will make a dry-fly maniac of him. But even over there you will find practitioners of our humble art; perhaps more blatently in lawless Ireland. In yokel parlance they go "dapping," or as Wales puts it, "bobbing," with worms in shallow streams where pools abound. And we trow there are more fish killed by "dapping" and "bobbing" than by artists adorned by Harris tweed suits and dry-flies. A noble fisherman recounts in his aristocratic fishing memories (a trip over here after Tuna nearly 'broke' him!) how he whipped an Irish pool in vain, and stood by while

a Lever character achieved almost immediate success. Inquiring why the native son turned his Cruikshank countenance away from the water each time he cast, the English gentry was informed that the fish were scared by a great, white face "shtaring" at them when they rose. Such familiarity is bound to breed contempt for a monocle flashing under a Harris tweed hat adorned by a galaxy of flies.

Thus I mused as we strayed homewards. On this day and on this American water "Dapper," "Bobber," and Harris tweed suit would have been discomfited. Our earlier dementia returned. I recalled a New York farmer's tip bestowed some years ago while I was laying siege to a cynic monster under the rural bridge: his fancy, *in extremis*, was a baby mouse; and my companion rallied with the query whether or not Puss could be trained to fetch and carry without a muzzle. Our final concession to the gravity of the occasion was the mutual longing for a lowly grasshopper. But the warmth had left the fields, their cheery stridulation was hushed, and the merciful night was approaching in a thunderstorm. As we gained the crest in silence I comforted my companion with discourse of that holy and sporting lady, Dame Juliana Berners, whose famous treatise was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, and certainly inspired Walton. She was our great protagonist, and some day we bait-fishermen shall petition the Pope to canonize her for our guild. Dame Juliana discusses the various brands of "worme" as good "baytys" tried and found not wanting in her Hertfordshire stream. She fancied her "fysshynge" tract so much as to wish that the busy Wynkyn could print it apart from her tracts on hunting and hawking, provided it did not come into *idle hands!* For August, that 'brillig' month I fly to Maine surrendering Manhattan to Tammany and Fahrenheit, her favorite "baytys" was "the fatte of the bakon: and bynde about thy howke." Would fat bacon have saved our lean day? Certainly not the American bacon I shared last winter

with the closely-rationed British: it impugned our intention, brought maledictions on my country and, the last I heard, was being passed on, at a profit to bloodless Germany by our ruddy Ally. When General Townshend was beleagured at Kut-al-Amara he wirelessed the aircraft of the relieving force to bring him fishing tackle. Are we to surmise that he meant to gamble with his precious store of bully-beef as bait for the giant carp of the Tigris? Or better still (*mutatis mutandis*) there is the Prioress of Sopewell's receipt for catching a pike? Take a frog "and put in Asa fetida and cast it in the water with a corde and a corke: and ye shall not fayll of hym: and if ye lyst to haue a god sporte: thenne tye the corde to a gose foote: and ye shall se god halynge whether the gose or the pyke shall haue the better." Indeed, we had listed to have good sport and see good hauling, but never a goose foot was among the bait provided fishermen at the modest ordinary for which we now headed!

While there are ribald tales of the size of a man's catch, legion are the tales of the sort of bait an omnivorous trout will take. The bat skimming the lake's bosom at dusk is not immune from his agile attack, while he has been taken in the Adirondacks on a piece of red flannel from a guide's shirt. Brazenly let me record the story of Harry Morse of Pen Yan, N. Y., and erstwhile skipper of the *Mary Belle* on Lake Keuka. When a boy his mother rowed him on the lake one spring afternoon, and Harry was gazing down into its pellucid depths, when suddenly a seven pound trout struck him a terrific blow on the nose and dropped into the boat. Harry recovered in time to bump his assailant and make sure of a good supper, but he wears to this day, if he is still alive, a scar on either side of his nose left by the teeth of that man-eating trout. To forfend against the need of a cloud of witnesses, let me add that this tale was retailed some years ago in the parlor of a little hotel in the wilds of Michigan amid the jeers of a sceptical audience. "You don't need to laugh,

gentlemen," solemnly interposed the landlady, "I'm from Pen Yan myself, and I know Harry Morse very well, and that trout story is sure true!"

In drenching rain we descended the mountain. A glance assured us that the bass-fishermen were scattered, comfortably to enjoy their grosser prey. Midway across the lake our motor "stalled," and rowing made conversation a lesser imperative in Lamb's Waltonian category. Self-consciousness assailed us in the village to the acute degree with which it assails all adults caught with their expensive toys in a ludicrous posture. As we swung home past the lighted porches, in a rain that sent us sympathetic eyes, we remembered our former adventure, and its perfection brought immediate solace. At least the Comic Muse was not in attendance to rob us of its sweet recall. Our crass rods and creels at that moment were not invidious adjuncts to that barefooted urchin and his enviable switch of big 'uns. At that hour, we rejoiced to know, he was partaking of milk and bread in a one-piece pyjama, or was the secure victim of such soporific nutrition. Moreover, against his blighting curiosity, we adults have fortified ourselves with the secretive creel. None may pass its camouflage of bulging wicker to plumb its cavernous void. Our creels, though empty, securely held their secrets. Thus we reached the inn still glowing with the memory of our past success. Our hobby of bait-fishing was still proof against critical assaults. And, curiously enough, with food and drink the lassitude that was honestly won drowned disappointment, and subtly turned our fruitless adventure into a vicarious success — that element so essential to the adventurous American conscience. Away from the city, the scene of more arduous triumphs and failures, we had lost and won — nothing! And so we fished over again that successful day of the past, while tobacco induced the roseate setting for a future attempt. At least we are safe from being a nation of hard-losers!

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

THE I. W. W. AND MAYOR HANSON

TO the two chief elements, or factors, in the very serious disturbances of last January and February, in Seattle, i. e., the Industrial Workers of the World and Mayor Hanson, should be added a third personage, namely, Chief of Police Joel F. Warren, confrère, at least in all lawful activities, of Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp in the frontier days of Spokane Falls. For, 36 years ago, Warren was a police officer in Spokane Falls, and Earp, Masterson and others less distinguished in casual activities in the early days of the then unbroken Northwest frontier, were engaged in their customary pursuits of following the metal hunting crowd of prospectors, and enjoying the excitement of life in mining towns, as they had elsewhere. This without discredit to any one. It was in the early days of the great Cœur d'Alene mining boom, and no thoroughbred of the Far West askt or expected anything more than an even break for his time or money.

But Warren's experience as a police officer recruited in the then town of Spokane Falls from the plains of Eastern Washington, dealing with half-breed murderers in the 80's, and his absorption of the social amenities and the psychology of frontier characters, stood him and Mayor Hanson and the people of Seattle in good stead when, in January of this year, it was "put up" to him, as chief, by the mayor, mercilessly to suppress I. W. W. and Bolsheviki and all kindred Red Flag enterprises in that city. Getting quickly to a bald statement of the facts as between Mayor Hanson and the I. W. W., let it be said that within sixty days after his election as mayor of Seattle in March, 1918, Hanson ordered his chief of police to close every known I. W. W. hall in Seattle. The police under Warren's orders acted immediately, and a "Wobbly" headquarters on Second avenue

South, in what was formerly the "sporting" district of Seattle, was closed by the chief police, and double-padlocked. About five hundred of the I. W. W. leaders, and rank and file were ejected on the evening of May 2, 1918, and the place was soon afterward turned over to a saddlery concern working on government war orders, which needed the rooms. The "Wobblies" first protested loudly, then adjourned to the street to sing their "hymns."

Walker C. Smith, now under criminal charges in the Superior Court of King county for violation of the criminal-conspiracy act of the State of Washington, or otherwise fomenting anarchy, was then and is now one of the admitted and accredited leaders of the I. W. W. He is out on $5,000 bail. During the summer and fall of last year, when deprived of a home and headquarters, the leaders of the I. W. W. held secret meetings in wooded camps on the outskirts of Seattle. By mid-winter, when certain Russian Bolsheviki had made their appearance in Seattle, the I. W. W. openly declared their intention of holding an open air meeting to voice their objections to the rule of Hanson and Warren.

They held that meeting on Sunday afternoon January 12, 1919, in a vacant plot in the up-town retail district. The town was then seething with industrial tumult. No less than 25,000 ship yard workers had voted, or were voting, to strike for higher wages, and to repudiate the local application of the Macy award in the controversy between the United States Shipping Board and the international unions engaged in ship construction. As it became dusk that eventful Sunday afternoon, and when an unidentified speaker declared, after two hours' haranguing: "It is time for us to turn this country into a Bolshevik form of government!" Capt. of Police W. H. Searing, detailed for duty there by Police Inspector Claude Bannick, mounted the speakers' stand, and in a loud voice declared the meeting

"adjourned." The then speaker acquiesced, some I. W. W. headed a march towards down-town, singing an I. W. W. song, and the crowd scattered.

A block away, a group of I. W. W. leaders assembled those in front of the column of march. The police had arrived and were dispersing the parade. A red flag was produced, and a man afterwards identified by Capt. Searing as Walker C. Smith, shouted:

"There's the flag for us — the only flag — the Red Flag!"

Instantly as if by prearrangement, the straggling mass of men took on the form of a parade following the red banner. Led by Capt. Searing, the police charged the front of the line. Before Searing could get to Smith, he was struck a dozen blows in the face, knockt prostrate and severely hurt. Police, I. W. W., members of the provost guard from the near-by military camps and naval training station, and civilians, were quickly engaged in a bitter fight. The red flag was seized, and thirteen of the I. W. W. leading rioters, of whom 10 were proved to be Russians, were landed in jail. Auxiliary squads of police came in to help disperse the mob, which, including spectators, amounted to nearly 5,000.

The temper of the crowd was vicious. It was dark, and the wide street was jammed with the struggling, fighting citizens and police officers. Night clubs were swung hard and rapidly on the heads of those who appeared to be determined to save the red banner from confiscation. One non-commissioned officer in the National Army, Sergeant Jack Sullivan, former assistant U. S. district attorney, sought to capture a Russian Red named Leo Udcovisky. The Red kickt him in the abdomen, and then tried to strike him over the head with an iron bar. The Russian was followed by Sullivan and landed in the city jail.

Finally the police drove off most of the rioters, the crowd dispersed, many carrying away bruised heads, slink-

ing into dark alleyways, and otherwise quickly hiding from the officers.

This was Sunday January 12. The I. W. W. open air meeting of that day had been advertised in advance by hand bills, as being sanctioned by the Metal Trades Council, the Central Labor Council (the ruling body), and other organizations. Official denial that the Central Labor Council had passed its "O. K." on that meeting, was made later. The ship yard strike was on, or at least, incubating. On January 22, by orders of the Metal Trades Council, the men went from their tasks in Seattle yards carrying contracts aggregating upwards of $200,000,000.

"To hell with America!" one of the arrested orators had yelled, on his way to the central station.

Another, booked and asked as to his nationality, replied: "I'm an American, but d—d sorry for it."

Handbills passed out Sunday afternoon carried this appeal to discharged soldiers and sailors:

> Will you who offered your bodies and your lives to put down political AUTOCRACY in EUROPE, LINE UP WITH THE WORKERS to put down INDUSTRIAL AUTOCRACY in AMERICA? . . .
>
> It took the solidarity of the Nations to win the EUROPEAN WAR; it will take SOLIDARITY OF THE WORKERS to win our ECONOMIC FREEDOM.
>
> The courts have failed to give justice to OUR fighters in the Industrial Conflict. —[Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, convicted of murder in San Francisco's preparedness parade.]
>
> LINE UP WITH US FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, THE ONE THING NECESSARY TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR THE WORKERS!

The foregoing are quoted from *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* of January 13, 1919, which on that date reproduced the full text of the documents.) The capitals are reproduced from the circulars and pamphlets. It was signed "International Workers Defense League," believed

to be an international organization controled by I. W. W. and Russian Bolsheviki.

It needed no native intuition of the old Indian outlaw-hunter, Chief Warren, or the quick sagacity of Mayor Hanson, the politician and advocate of President Wilson's re-election in 1916, to size up the situation.

Events followed rapidly. Within a month Mayor Hanson was the most talkt of man in America, the president then being abroad. A general strike of all union workers was called by the Central Labor Council of Seattle, February 6. The day before, the Electric Workers Union had voted to quit the electric light plants of a private company and that owned by the city, thus leaving Seattle helpless in a time of terror. The gas workers voted to quit, and did, as did the street railway men. Deliveries of food from grocery stores and meat markets were forbidden by the Central Labor Council's general strike committee. Seattle, a city of 400,000, faced a gasless, waterless, lightless, foodless peril — even the hospitals were not exempted!

Three days before the fateful February 6, all Seattle knew what was coming. Meat markets, bakeries, groceries, department stores, electrical equipment establishments, all were called on to furnish Seattle's homes with canned and fresh and salted meats; condensed milk, sugar, lamps, kerosene, candles, flash lights, etc., etc. The dairies had succumbed early in the game, serving milk only by "permit" from the Milk Drivers Union, to aged folk and infants and sick people.

And Mayor Hanson knew and so did his chief of police — the old time outlaw hunter, Joel Warren: for Warren had obtained from the U. S. secret service all the plans spoken of in secret meetings of the I. W. W. — to conquer the "capitalistic class" in Seattle, and establish the rule of the proletariat.

How? Simple enough! Dynamite the water works;

shut down the gas works — put the electric power plants out of business — Sabotage! Why not? Walker C. Smith, the alleged ringleader of the fight on Sunday, January 12, at this writing awaiting trial on a charge of criminal anarchy, was the author of a book on "Sabotage"!

"What else?" came the query of the followers of Smith, Leon Buteuowsky (alias Green), head of the Electrical Works Union, now a fugitive from justice, and the others. "We'll terrorize this town to a point of absolute desperation" came the answer from the leaders. "When they are hungry, when they can't ride on a street car, and when they are shut in their homes like cattle, the same as we've been, they'll consent to our terms. We'll open the banks and we'll run every industry and every business house in this town!"

THE INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY came out on the streets Friday February 7, with these banner lines on the front page:

"CAPITALISM TOTTERS"

"The World For The Workers"

Then more banner lines:

"CAN 60,000 WORKERS
OPERATE INDUSTRY WITHOUT BOSSES?"

And this in very bold face type:

" Seattle faces the most tremendous and vital changes that have ever taken place in the history of the American Working Class. For here in Seattle, peacefully and without violence, may transpire the revolutionary change in the management of industry from the present exploiters to the workers.

" Union labor is going out almost solidly and it is not in a mood to be trifled with by paltering politicians and greedy commercial interests."

In the crucible of absolute facts, the foregoing remarks issued under the direction of Smith and his I. W. W. assistant editors, proved to be wholly lacking in solid matter.

Union labor had followed the I. W. W. lead, all well and good, but in a funereal fashion. Ninety-five per cent of the workers in the Union crafts had quit, but against their wishes and their consciences. The night the Central Labor Council authorized the calling of the general, or sympathetic, strike, the men who walked out from Labor Temple acted like mourners. Hundreds of workers, thousands indeed, told their employers and the merchants with whom they dealt, that they were "forced out."

One merchant kept a check on 500 personal interviews with customers and friends not customers — all union ship yard workers. Only three of the 500 admitted they had acted voluntarily!

Then came Mayor Hanson's answer to the I. W. W., the Central Labor Council, which had announced it "would police the strike" and to the Red Russians:

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF SEATTLE IS AT THE CITY HALL!

We have 3,000 armed policemen, and have the backing of the United States troops from Camp Lewis!

Let every one go about his lawful business, secure in the protection of the constituted authorities.

All persons committing acts of violence will be shot!

This proclamation, sent to strike headquarters and circulated about the city, had electric effect! It came Friday, February 7, in the early afternoon. Before nightfall, thousands of business and professional men and workers in every walk of life flocked to the City Hall to enlist under Mayor Hanson's standard of "Law and Order."

That night the strike was broken. Thousands of vol-

unteer civilian officers, sworn in as deputy sheriffs or special police, patroled the residential districts. Saturday morning the street railway trainmen began negotiating for their old jobs. By Sunday, cars were running again, and there had been no interference with the water works, the gas plant or the electric light plants. Men with business-like carbines and sawed-off shot guns had taken care of these industries.

But the ship yards were deserted. The flocks of thousands upon thousands of gulls and crows which used to feed from the lunch bits thrown along the bay front at mealtime, by the "boys" in the yards sought other haunts. A solitary crow, and once in a while a gull from the Sound, could be seen hovering, or roosting among the half built frames and bare ribs of the boats in the ways, like Micawber, waiting for something to turn up!

Monday morning, February 10, in the wee, small hours after an all night session, the Central Labor Council's strike committee declared the general strike "off." Actually, the strike had been declared "off" days before, by the people of Seattle; but they had little means to voice it, as the stereotypers and the carriers and newsboys had gone on a vacation!

"The revolution did not even get to first base!" Mayor Hanson wired to a New York newspaper February 8.

Here's the reason:

Hanson had known, and so had his Chief of Police Warren, just what the I. W. W. had schemed — just what they said in their secret meetings, and just what they had written in orders from leaders to followers.

The United States government coöperated. Secret service men among the I. W. W. furnished the chief of police with full details of what Assistant-Secretary-of-Labor Post declared was a "frank attempt at revolution, and very skilfully handled." But that old and wily Chief Warren perhaps knew better than U. S. District

Attorney Robert Saunders, or Mayor Hanson, or all the government "sleuths."

"I figured it out this way," he says, "If the I. W. W. have one gun each, we ought to have from three to thirty for each of our officers."

No sooner said than done. Basements in the business district were raided, pawn shops invaded, hardware stores commandeered, by Chief Warren; and within a week before the big strike broke, all the guns and the powder and the cartridges that had been scattered "from hell to breakfast" as the chief said, were in the hands of Warren and his men!

Mayor "Ole" as every one in Seattle calls him, said after it was all over:

> The people of Seattle are 95 per cent American. We had police and troops enough to overpower the other five per cent, but we didn't need them. Martial law was never declared.
>
> I made the fight against the I. W. W. and their comrades, the Bolsheviki, because it was the fight any American would and should make. It was a fight for labor — for the real honest-to-God rights of labor against the I. W. W. and their kind, who will, if not purged from the union labor organizations of this country, destroy all that labor has fought for for half a century. The I. W. W. hate the labor organizations, such as the American Federation of Labor, worse than they hate our Flag. They hate Sam Gompers worse than they hate me. They hate every decent orderly constructive thing or being. They stand for disorder and tumult and the rule of a minority composed of themselves.

Born on the frontier, in a log cabin in Wisconsin 46 years ago, of Norwegian immigrant parents, Hanson, as a boy of fourteen, started out to make his own living. His father and his mother, in broken English, told him that America was a country of free people, and that freedom was one's most sacred possession; and that if the country's laws needed changing, it was to be done by lawful and constitutional methods.

Married in Wisconsin when a youth of 22, Hanson was badly hurt in a Texas train wreck. Returning to Racine, partly paralyzed, he bought a light wagon, and with his wife and one child started for Seattle. He traveled across the plains and mountains, arriving in Seattle sixteen years ago. He settled in a wooded spot, on which is now a fashionable residence district—Beacon Hill. He bought a small grocery store, and, recovered in health from the outdoor life across the continent, announced that he would become mayor of Seattle, a boast laughed at by his neighbors, but since made good.

Hanson has always been a fighter. He broke down political barriers whenever they barred his progress, was nominated and elected a member of the Washington state legislature, destroyed the Seattle race track gambling by passing a law against betting on horse races; killed a proposed "red light" district inside the city limits, and finally "Bull Moosed" in 1912. Two years later he ran against Senator Wesley L. Jones, for United States senator in the senatorial state primary election, and was beaten. This was in 1914. In 1916 he campaigned in the East for Wilson. In March, 1918, he was elected mayor of Seattle.

Recovering his health after an attack of neuritis following the Seattle strike, Hanson was summoned to help the government in the Fifth Liberty Loan drive. Many of his alleged utterances published in the press, such as advocating "hanging bees" for I. W. W.'s he has vehemently denied. He holds that newspaper reports of his acts and words are frequently inaccurate. His position regarding the I. W. W., he has stated to the writer as follows:

The anarchist must go, but we must ourselves teach the ignorant the truth and greatness of our Government. Ninety-five per cent of the crimes against our Government is the fruit of ignorance. The cure is not less democracy, but more. Some one has said that if a man was brought out from a dark mine into full sunlight, his eyes would be blinded. This man has also said: "To cure it, would you return him to his darkness, or would you allow him to grow accustomed to light?" It is all

bunk to reason with traitors. When they start, death should face them. If one is kind to them, they believe one afraid.

This is how Hanson regards the red element:

Bolshevism in Seattle is dead. No other city need fear them if the methods we employed are used. First, the I. W. W. leaders must be removed from their places of power, by the rank and file of labor. I believe in union labor. At least 90 per cent is loyal and true. The other 10 per cent must be driven from the labor organizations. A man who will not leave his union for the good of his country should be forced to leave his country for the good of all unions.

The duty of every patriotic American citizen is, first, to stop the influx of antagonistic aliens; second, to assist on the passage of a law whereby the aliens in this country should be compelled to register their addresses; third, to enact national laws making the I. W. W. and kindred organizations outlaws, and fourth, to encourage in every manner possible public works of all kinds in City, State and Nation.

It was indeed fortunate that at the time of our attempted revolution in Seattle, the people were prosperous. Had they been hungry, no one knows what would have been the end.

The mayor or his deeds did not break the revolution. I helped, but the patriotic public opinion of our people was the real force back of me. The aliens and that mongrel breed who call themselves pacifists and internationalists were swept off their feet by true Americanism.

Seattle came through 100 per cent. This insurrection was so completely quelled that the loud-mouthed agitators disappeared as if by magic. The heart is out of them. No martial law was declared. No soldier guards were used. Not a United States soldier or sailor ever left the armory. We swore in our volunteer policemen from every walk of life, gave them rifles and cartridges and told them to shoot if any one started anything. Nothing started.

PAUL C. HEDRICK.

[How would it do to add to your list of candidates for the presidency in 1920, the name of Ole Hanson? — Editor of the UNPARTIZAN REVIEW.]

A NEW ENGLANDER PROTESTS

IF ever I edit a magazine — and of course I believe, like everyone else, I could edit with marvelous skill — one feature I vow I'll have: honest dealing in matters of locality. I'll engage a force of assistants from all the corners of the world, to pass judgment on every article or story I print, in which locality plays a part. Never mind the expense! I can't be bothered with that now; I have a protest to make.

I protest against the employment of the blind in "writing up" New England. "Blinded" is likely a fitter word: for at home they must surely have eyes to see — these well-graced writers who visit us in search of "copy." Blindness, however, or at the least of it semi-blindness, smites them, every one, the instant they set foot on New England soil. No longer can they see what is spread before them. Our past they can see— or, better put, their own curious conceptions of our past; and they note with relish our oddities of conduct and speech. But to the infinite variety of our rich New England life today, they are blind — blinded by what men wrote years and years ago.

Here is a case in point. Recently a writer with a pretty turn for satire went to Boston. A satirist, mark you, in Boston! The chance for mirth! For Bostonians have their foibles. And their chief foible, today, is this: though they revere their town, as well they may, they pattern themselves after New York. If they invite a guest to a cup of tea, if they buy new clothes or go to the play, first they ask themselves: "What do they do in New York?" The frivolous side of New York they mean, for the "high brow," in Boston, has had its day; culture has lost its vogue. The efforts of Bostonians to live down their repute, if skilfully set forth in print, would rock

the world with glee. When they try to be gay, Bostonians — my King! my King!

That satirist passed the foible by! He prattled instead, with his consciously light and airy touch, of the love of Browning and Emerson he expected to find in the primary schools. Pray, how far back does that joke reach? Yet he is reputed a skilled observer.

I think of a second instance. Summer before last a lady from the West, a truly intelligent person, went "exploring," to use Jane Austen's pleasant word, into Connecticut. If she looked out the window from her train, she must have seen the Georgian (and Tudor and Jacobean) villas of the semi-rich that ornament the borders of the Sound; she passed through thriving factory towns, and over farming lands with crops all ripe for harvest. But these left her cold: the lady was seeking — New England! Only at the end of a two-hour run did she find it, a land as quaint as that of Jane herself, the inhabitants whereof walked in brocade, as though to the measure of a minuet, in their stately great houses dusky and cool, filled with inherited treasures — portraits, mahogany, and silver spoons thin as egg-shells. New England! The western lady saw, to be sure, one feature of New England, and a gracious; but why call a part the whole?

The like of these, the satirist and the lady, are annoying enough, but we natives find the poets and novelists worse, who spend short seasons in our "summer colonies" of city folk, and think they know "us," from passing the time of day with the woman who sells them berries, or the man who mows the lawns. From these writers we may always look for tragedies, no less — tragedies about stern women and silent men, stalking up and down against a background of bleak and stony hills. Bleak! If only once we could read a New England tale for which "a bare bleak hillside" did not form the setting! Have

these writers no eyes in their heads? Or are we natives in error? Stony — something too stony for comfort, we must admit our fields too often are. But bleak? Can our rising upland pastures, rose-pink with hardhack in bloom, lovelier than any Scottish heath-clad hill — can these be bleak? Do beds of hay-scented fern so sweet that strollers long to roll in them, make for bleakness? Or do clumps of fragrant healing herbs — catnip, penny-royal, mint — thriving by every gray stone wall? What ails these writers? Do they forget our cherry trees and shadbush, that transform our lanes in spring to bowers of virginal whiteness? And what of our day lilies, escapes from gardens our grandmothers tended, day lilies in splendid flaming patches? The devil's paint brush paints whole fields with its dusky, tawny orange. And the white and yellow of daisies, banded with the sorrel's brilliant red which, when stirred by the breezes in June, form resplendent stretches of waving, dazzling color. They are pests, these gorgeous weeds; but they do not tend toward bleakness. What do the people mean? If they have winter in mind, we must concede that our river valleys and our wind-swept hills, in January, do grow cold, if they like the word better, bleak. But if they think cold must needs be dull and gray, let them study some pictures by Dodge MacKnight, snow scenes — in New Hampshire. *They* make one feel the cold as no words can do, however skilful the writer; *they* tingle. But they show as well, by rose and golden and lavender shades, the kindly warmth that glows along with the cold. And there you have New England!

But the odd thing is: not only authors from abroad misrepresent us: there is a native school which is much to blame. This set of novelist and poets, like those from outside, love tragedy, and they have a passion for the past, when girls wore spencers and pumpkin hoods; the ways of their women are strange, and none of their men, however urgent the need of speech, can say boo! to a

goose. Why this insistence on the past? New England lives, with all its romance — and more, as Mrs. Dorothy Canfield has shown us. And even tragedy, if tragedy one must have, can surely stalk in modern serge as darkly as in homespun. But why force the note of gloom? Even in the old days, women were not all grim, men gaunt, borne down to the ground by misery. Sarah Orne Jewett saw life differently.

And Miss Jewett *knew*. We all have read how she came to know: a country doctor's daughter, she made the rounds with her father, and she got to know his patients, with some of their joys and sorrows; thank God that she, in her sympathy, could understand them both. Every year that sympathy grew. I knew a woman who sold her honey. "She always set me a chair," she said, "and we had a good visit, and it was just that way with everybody who went to the house." There you have it! Miss Jewett did not move to New York, and sit in her study whipping her memory for incidents she had heard as a child, or contriving little artificial tales of a fixed pattern. To the day of her death, Miss Jewett "visited." An hour, indeed, with the honey woman, should have furnished her with themes for a dozen stories. If you let her tell it, that woman was a woman of parts. She knew how to farm, she could cook with the best, she knew how to fashion a frock. No man, far less a woman, could beat her in a trade: *she* knew their tricks and manners. In our community she helped us all, according to our needs; me she told what to serve my pigs to make them thrive, viz., more salt, with a dash of sour milk. She gave the minister points for his sermons. For all of us she had wise counsel; when I complained of a neighbor who borrowed too much, "do what I used to do with my tools," she advised (she was a skilful carpenter, as well as a bit of a plumber). "I had tools in my shed I was always ready to lend — nobody knew about the good ones I kept locked in a chest upstairs."

But with all her "faculty" she had not succeeded in saving money, and when she sat down near us she was poor. Nevertheless she was a woman of parts: she received help with grace.

From my friend and her kind Miss Jewett learned one aspect of life, and she had other sources to draw from, in her wide experience. Miss Jewett had no taste for the impossibly picturesque, and she never dealt with the grim or mincing ghosts of an imaginary past. Those ghosts need not be so stressed in literature. I repeat: New England lives. Right in our bustling factory towns life teems today with reactions between native and foreign stocks that make for poignant drama, if only one can see it. The late Miss Anna Fuller could. Even in our own hill town, of little above three hundred souls, life throbs, life of an amazing intensity. We have tragedy, and sometimes crime; we see plenty to make us laugh, yet more, by way of kindliness, to bring tears to the eyes. We have foreigners among us, too, who have done us good, "French" and "Polanders" alike: for they have taught us that "outlanders" are not necessarily to be scorned. Our own nearest neighbors are French. We resented their coming; they live on a farm that made part of our own, in our palmy days ninety years ago; we shall never like strangers there. But they have proved the best neighbors that ever were. Of that family alone I could tell, if I might, something to show what life on a farm may offer in the way of dramatic "material." The head of it — namely, the wife — is a woman to see and know. Not Linnæus himself or Asa Gray loved flowers more than she, and when she stands — straight, tall and commanding — among a riot of brilliant blooms, her dark handsome face flushes, and her black eyes shine, and in her drolly broken English she speaks of her blossoms with words a poet might use. Her small husband stands by, ready to tease, but in his face he shows his admiration, and sometimes he gives it voice. With their

sturdy sons and girls about them — grandchildren too, clinging to Madame's skirts — they make, to quote Jane Austen again, truly "a fine family piece."

Feminine ascendency runs on that farm. When my grandfather's great grandfather "took up" the land, he made a present of it to his son, one Abel. With his bride on horseback behind him, Abel rode from Massachusetts through wild forests to our hill top in New Hampshire. The bride, my ancestress, was a notable woman, a "driver." Quicker than any man she could fell a tree; she was grand at piling logs. In middle life, she found the house she had built from those logs too small. A new house she ordered, across the valley on a neighboring hill. "But there ain't no road," poor Abel objected. "There will be," returned Ma'am Stead, the driver. And the path before her great new house became the highway, because the snow could be easier cleared.

At the last Ma'am Stead had troubles. But she held her own. Her husband died. Her children married and left her. When quite alone, she withdrew to one half of her house, and had a married daughter home to live in the half across the entry. That entry! She scrubbed her half of it, the daughter scrubbed hers — and a strip a foot wide remained unwashed as long as the old lady lived. Though famously neat, both women rated justice higher than petty neatness. To the day of her death Ma'am Stead retained her spirit; if there came a time when she had to brace it with spirit from outside, who shall blame her? One Sabbath day, thus braced, she drove to church, accompanied by a little great granddaughter from the city. With an air she stalked to her pew, three rows from the front, and from her deep pocket she drew, slowly and with some stir, a pillow case, which she used conspicuously for a handkerchief. Her great granddaughter blushed, to see her ancestress's — eccentricity, let us say, betrayed. But who cared? Everybody knew Ma'am Stead.

Little girls from the city are perplexed by our ways today. A cousin of mine, a lady from Philadelphia, brought her small daughter to stay with us, to meet another cousin, a Bostonian. Whenever we foregather, this Boston cousin and I, we fall into a manner of speech that betrays our nearness to the soil. We relish it, and it gives our indulgence countenance to read that Stevenson and his friend Charles Baxter, among themselves, always talked the broadest kind of Scotch. My wife does not hold with it; people will think us ignorant, she is ever warning. Sure enough: "Don't they know any better?" I heard my Philadelphia cousin ask her mother. "Cousin So and So just asked Cousin What's His Name: 'May I borry the coat (how suggest by spelling the peculiar long o of old New England?) hanging in your cluset?' And he said: 'So do.' And Cousin So and So said: 'Much obleeged.' I don't understand: they seem like educated people."

We are educated enough, at all events, to speak the speech of our forbears, when we choose to speak it at all, correctly. Though that speech is no longer in common use, a stranger who wanted to reproduce it could find in every country village men and women who use the idioms of good Ma'am Stead, and pronounce their words as she did. By a little attentive listening as well, a stranger might also discover that most of us, even those who live on farms and gather of an evening at the village store, no longer speak that way, although our speech is something quite our own. If these strange writers listen, however, they make poor use of their ears: for the dialect of the average New England story — or play, not to miss a chance for a flip at the present state of the stage — is enough to make a native swear. Why can't people hear for themselves?

It is clear they cannot. Nor can they see. They can only imagine — mostly, vain things. Not to hamper

their imaginations needlessly by observation, they ignore the present and confine themselves to the past.

The past! If only I had a ready pen, I could beat them on their own ground, for I know the traditions of this neighborhood, by way of Ma'am Stead's descendants, since the days of the Revolution, when the tithing men came to collect their tithes — and never came again. But why bother with this eternal past, when we have the present? There is "character" enough to be found today, if that is what the story writers wish. We do not want for it here in town. Right in the Street, which runs but a scant half mile up hill, we have the man who lives in the tavern. It was built before 1800, that inn, of warm red brick that looks rose-pink in the glow of sunset, and upstairs it has a dance hall of proportions so just that an architect of skill today would be proud to claim he had planned it. Ladies in brocade never minced and simpered there, but many a reel, to fiddle and drum, has been footed it over the fine spring floor. Coaches rolled up, on their way to Keene, and one fall day, about 1810, a new little coachman, only five feet six, snapped his whip with so smart a crack that he jerked himself off on the grass; he had to drown his shame in rum. But I was telling of the owner today. A lazy fellow and poor, he lived in a cabin with his shrew of a wife up mountain, till one great day he inherited enough money to buy the tavern. The shrew, though agreeable enough to the change, never ceased to nag. But presently the host, from the security of his bar, rebelled: "It's not proper," he said, "to speak like that to the man who runs the tavern. I want you should stop it." She did; at first from amazement, and then from lack of need to nag: for he worked as hard as woman could ask. And now, in these license-less days, he prospers as a farmer.

A Bohemian lives next door — not a Latin Quarter person, but a Czech, who reads their palms for the silly

girls who motor out on Sundays from the mill town eight miles away. Though she earns tidy sums, she will never grow rich: for at every auction for miles about she buys whatever she sees that she cannot possibly need; nothing worth having attracts her. Her husband scolds, in a tongue that sounds very angry. But what can he do? Hers is the art that earns the money.

Beside the Czech lives a Yankee widow, in a very untidy house and yard. We don't like it; we keep our places neat. In the Street and on the farms alike we have our gardens, and we tend them, and we don't limit ourselves to one old tiger lily that comes up of itself, as the story writers would have people think. Our gardens are something to see, a combination of old and new — New England, in truth. Hollyhocks we have in every corner, flaunting ten feet high, and we like our old garden pinks, and "boy's love," and cinnamon roses too. But still we may fancy a crimson rambler over the door, and we study our catalogues intently. Bulbs are now in fashion; you can find scarcely one garden so poor as to want for tulips in spring, or a clump of lilies from Japan. Our houses, too, we try to keep fresh with paint. So we do not like the way the widow does. Yet how can we blame, when we know it is sentiment that moves her? As neat a woman as ever was, she married a sloven, the kind of man who piled things up in the yard, and left the sleigh outdoors all summer. When he died, nine years ago, we looked for a clearing up. But instead she left the sleigh right there in the dooryard, and she never moved the kerosene can in from her front piazza. "*He* liked it that way," she explained.

Though we do not approve, we condone. A couple up the street, though, we cannot forgive. By nature neat people both, they don't agree, and to show their spite they refuse to keep things clean, she indoors, he without. Their place is a shocking sight, far worse than the widow's, for there are two of them there to make dirt, and they

keep cats and dogs — again for spite; she hates cats, and he cannot abide a dog.

A family two doors off we also condemn, but I am not sure that we do right: for they live in strict accord with their philosophy — enjoyment of the present. From the grandfather down through the father and mother, with all the uncles and aunts thrown in, including the children, who range from four to twenty years, all spend their time enjoying themselves. Of course the elders do a little work, just enough to keep a roof over their heads, but it is very little indeed: they haven't time. Croquet, in the season, demands many hours, and so does pitching quoits. They dance a good deal, too, to the jiggling rhythm of a tin-voiced gramophone. In the fall they hunt, the men, that is, untroubled by the harvesting that ties other men at home. They always have time to fish. When a brother comes home with a string of trout, they entertain at dinner, saving not so much as a fin for the next day, let alone a rainy day. But here is where their philosophy proves its worth: when the fish won't bite, and work, toward winter, is hard to come at, then they sit down to their dinner of beets, if beets are all they have in the house, with as keen a relish as though they were eating turkey. Soon, of course, some neighbor is sure to help them out. The life is gay, and not without an economic merit of its own. Still, on the whole, we don't approve of it.

And — but here I sit chattering about freaks and oddities quite as though I were a writer on New England! The deeper my shame, for I, a native, know from looking about me the life that abounds on our hills. When I hear in the town the whirr of the mills, and see the throngs on the streets when the shifts are changed, mentally I shake my fist at the authors who people New England with gaunt old maids and fragile ladies eighty years old. And when at home I view green fields of tasselled corn waving neighborly to stretches of yellowing grain; when

I walk along our roadsides all purple and gold with golden-rod and asters; when I gaze across the valley at the hills, always lovely, be they sharply etched in brown and white by winter's cunning hand, or feathery brown in early spring, green with summer leafage, or orientally gorgeous when the frosts of autumn color them — looking at the hills I find myself muttering: "Bleak!"

Bleak! If only we had a Charlotte Brontë to do for us what she did for her native Yorkshire! Or if among us a Thomas Hardy should arise, to interpret the beauty of our country as he interpreted Egdon Heath! But the writers who honor us are of a different walk of literary life. The lesser ones, themselves unseeing, copy the most lurid features of Harriet Beecher Stowe; they do us great wrong. Others, of course, have written admirable tales, for which we must be grateful. But some day a novelist of greater worth will come, who will set us down *as we are*, different from Californians and middle westerners, no doubt, but still recognizably human beings. And he will picture our land in its full glory of beauty. Then, of course, the smaller writers will follow suit. And New England will live again, in literature, the life it has lived these three hundred years in fact.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE MURDEROUS BOLSHEVIKS

THE last day I was in Moscow, Aug. 25, 1918, I saw Bonch Bruevitch, a close friend of Lenin's and a member of the Peoples' Commissars. He wisht me a pleasant trip to America, but surprised me by saying, "Will you promise to write and publish just exactly what you have seen of us Bolsheviks? Don't hide the bad things. We realize that we have much that is wrong, won't you just tell both sides, the good and the bad, of Bolshevism? Promise to tell the truth."

The first Bolshevik I encountered was in Turkestan, just after the Tsar's overthrow in 1917. His one ambition seemed to be to bring education to the mass of the people. Ivan, as I shall call him, had been brought up in a little interior village in a peasant hut. As a boy the great contrast between his father working day after day in the fields, and the owner of the rich estate nearby made him wonder. He had longed for education, but had never had a chance to go to school. He had pickt up reading and writing himself by studying the alphabet in the early mornings, and in the winter by the kitchen fire. The difference between the children of the village and those of the rich landlord, who spoke English and German and had books, made him envious. At times his peasant father did poorly on his land. Perhaps in the three year redistribution he had drawn a poor lot. Sometimes they had to borrow flour to keep from starving. He remembered that once all they had to eat was flaxseed, and the neighbors, being little better off, refused to lend. Ivan summoned up courage to ask for bread at the landlord's kitchen, but was driven away emptyhanded and with curses.

Yet he always accepted his lot as a matter of course. He felt that God gave the landlord and the peasant each

his place. Then one never to be forgotten day a soldier came back from the Russo-Japanese war, bringing the strange story of a revolution in Petrograd. He brought circulars about a workmen's council. They said that all the landlords' estates were to be divided among the peasants. A great joy filled the heart of Ivan. He resolved to find out more about this new truth which seemed to come from God. He eagerly askt all the returning soldiers for more circulars. After a long search he found a copy of a little paper with a message from Trotsky, the President of the Petrograd Workmen's Council. He became converted to the new idea that the land ought to belong equally to those who work it and thought, "Then the landlord will not be able to build palaces, to travel abroad and to dissipate, while we peasants drink Vodka, toil on and starve." His mental pictures of golden Utopia and liberty did not come true. Some said that the Tsar's nobles had deceived him. Ivan kept his dreams to himself, of an impossible era.

During his early manhood Ivan workt in the fields; he married; he suffered in silence. The war came. He was torn away from home and received only twenty-five cents a month from the government. His wife was allowed no money, and was supposed to earn her living from the land. He knew not why the war had come. He only knew he hated the death and disease. "Even if Germany conquers," he askt himself, "what difference will it make to us peasants? Won't we still be in the same fix, working for our bread, perhaps with different masters?" For three years, from fear and a certain habit of obedience which had been instilled into him, he served faithfully; He had been wounded, disabled and freed from active fighting, but he was not sent home. Then came the revolution and freedom. He was wild with joy. Now the land would be theirs, now education would come. He became one of the active soldiers in the Y. M. C. A. club which we had started in Turkestan. He would sit for

hours, without a cent of pay, writing letters home for soldiers who couldn't write. Even when his release came, because he had been wounded, he stayed on for days as he wanted to help. He called himself a Bolshevik. When he left he said, "I'm going to take this club, this education back to my home village. It will be an ideal village with all the land communized and everyone will read and write."

This was in June, 1917, while Lyov was still in power, yet even then we found other Bolsheviks in every Soviet.

Often they would say: "We want no revolution unless it is a complete change. We care little for political freedom and equality, as you have it in America, unless with it we can get industrial freedom and our land."

Besides these earnest active men each regiment contained a great many soldiers who just wanted to be lazy, to eat sun-flower seeds, and go out with the girls. One officer who lived in the same house with me reported at his regiment every morning. He said: "I always feel like saluting the soldier deputy when I enter. I can do nothing without his approval. Instead of ordering the men to drill, I have to respectfully enquire if they care to exercise." Today the soldier representative met me saying "It is no use this morning. We had a big blow out last night and the men don't care to drill. I didn't dare protest, I only turned round and came home."

Another Bolshevik was first called to our attention by a speech denouncing the United States which he delivered in front of our Y. M. C. A. hut. Some concern in America had employed him twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. Once he had been taken sick, and when he came back his job was gone. He had applied at the Y. M. C. A. and had received a religious lecture but little real help to get a position, — so ran his story. Our secretary won his confidence and secured him as a teacher of English. However as he was a Bolshevik the colonel in charge of the camp naturally ordered him discharged. Our secretary complied, and the teacher, who was a Jew, has been our

bitter opponent ever since. He has twice attacked us in the papers.

When the Bolsheviks demanded control, and started fighting for it in Moscow, I was bitterly opposed to them. I decided to help by carrying in the wounded.

I was sent to a medical station, in the entrance to a "movie" in the heart of their positions. Outside was a big square faced by a big red church, which was already peppered with bullets. In the center of the square were stationed four pieces of artillery. Every few minutes three inch shrapnel shells, were fired at the Kremlin or the military staff. Every time one went off the entire windows in the hall of the theater would pound in as though they were breaking.

Once we were called to bring in a wounded soldier. Carrying a stretcher with a Russian, I hurried out. We got just beyond the shrapnel guns. The bullets from the enemy, only three blocks away and entrenched behind street barricades, were falling like rain. The Russian soldiers by the guns yelled to us: "Don't kill yourselves by going out." It was a false report. We turned back, much to my relief. A second time we were summoned by telephone, and we sallied forth again. This time we went farther in front of the barricades only to be met by a soldier who said: "It's a dead man, don't go down now, wait until it's dark."

On returning, the Bolshevik nurse told us an interesting tale of her morning experiences in the hospital in No Man's Land between Bolshevik and government pickets.

"The government made a sally, and tried to hold the street about our hospital. Some one, either a wounded Bolshevik or a student, fired out of the window. Instantly the cadets came pouring into the hospital, shooting right and left. One of the men, crazed by the fighting, shot and killed one of our nurses, yelling that we had done the shooting. He then aimed at the nurse standing beside me, and fired. The bullet entered just at the left of her

eye and passed out, scarring the face and leaving a trail of blood. I was so dazed that I just stood spellbound. He then turned his weapon on me and pulled the trigger, but it failed to go off. They are d—— cowards on the government side. They're nothing less than murderers."

As dusk came on, the "movie" filled with nurses and stretcher bearers. With the bullets flying behind us, we went back to the hospital.

One of our best Y. M. C. A. workers was a fellow by the name of Pianoff. He was the son of a well-to-do peasant and had entered the war as a private and by hard work had won a commission. When he saw his old comrades hard pressed by the Bolsheviks, he rusht to do his part. He was ordered by the commander to transport ammunition from one side of the city to the other. As the Bolsheviks had nine-tenths of the city, he had to drive through both fighting lines in an automobile. Dashing down the streets at full speed, he operated a machine gun to keep off the Bolsheviks. On one trip the engine stalled, but Pianoff kept his gun going, and the soldiers at bay until it jammed. Then the Bolsheviks closed in, killing the driver and the two soldiers who were riding on top of the munitions. When my friend woke up, he was in the hospital to which we came. Both of his arms had been shot full of holes. One arm was soon amputated. Today this man is in America and he now says: "Russia needs an education of her people and agricultural help. But of course America should not give her guns or fight her."

The hope of the government was that reinforcements would come from the front. None came, and the Bolsheviks won a complete victory.

Now just who are these Bolsheviks, and how did they originate? Some time between 1891 and 1893 there were formed in Russia little socialist circles known as Fighting Societies. To these organizations belonged hundreds of students, whose aim it was to teach the workingman to

struggle for higher wages and for revolution. This was the origin of Bolshevism. Later these agitators formed the Russian social democratic party. When Lenin and other leaders were exiled abroad, they still continued to work for a revolution. In 1900, Lenin and Martoff published in Switzerland a paper called *The Spark*, with the idea of teaching the Russian people that they must overthrow the government. They were in favor of a violent revolutionary change which would immediately place all the power in the hands of the workers and the peasants. They were opposed to any compromise with propertied representatives. In 1903 the Russian Social Democratic Party held a conference at London. Here differences arose between two factions, but Lenin secured a majority vote. From this time on, his party was called Bolshevik, which means *majority*, while the opposing faction was called Menshevik or *minority*. Both parties and their leaders Lenin and Martoff, are working today in the Soviet at Moscow. When the world conflict came, the Bolsheviks felt that it was imperialistic, and that all the powers were fighting for the spoils. Consequently those in the Duma voted against the war credits, as also Kerensky did. They did not oppose war, but they opposed war for imperialistic aims. Yet they were opposed to a separate peace. Lenin speaking in the Soviet in June, 1917, long before he took power, said: "For us there can be no separate peace; we reject it just as we do any agreements with capitalists; for us a separate peace means an agreement with the German bandits, because they are robbers just as much as the others. We will recognize no separate peace with the German imperialists. Our alliance is with the oppressed classes and the oppressed people. We are not Tolstoians. If the revolutionary class seizes power, that class will conduct a revolutionary war, not in words, but in reality."

After the Bolsheviks were long in power, the American Ambassador finally permitted the Y. M. C. A. to deal with

them. I took the sweeping privileges granted us by the Temporary Government, to Mr. Lunacharsky, the Commissioner of Education. He was living in the Winter Palace, where Mr. Kerensky had formerly had his headquarters, more I think to protect them than because he wanted to stay there. Mr. Lunacharsky received us most cordially. He was a man of about sixty, of very pleasing appearance, and most affable. We explained our work and asked for the endorsement of our Kerensky permit. Mr. Lunacharsky seemed quite pleased. He said "We want to help the Russian people in every way possible, and I am glad to endorse your old permit."

His assistants were equally kind. The office at that time was in the greatest disorder. They did not even have trained men or women to typewrite out a permit: a soldier using one finger of each hand laboriously pounded out mine.

I now had to go to the famous Smolney Institute, to see about the evacuation of our building in Petrograd. Smolney used to be a very aristocratic girl's school, but under the Bolsheviks it had at the entrance an armored car bristling with weapons, and machine guns poking out of the windows guarding the approaches. At the entrance were red guard soldiers with fixed bayonets. First of all one was required to get a "Propus" or permit. Afterwards one could wander down the halls or go upstairs to the different offices at leisure. I think I have never seen anywhere more dirt or confusion than I did on that first visit. Evidently the Bolsheviks had other things to do than attend to the cleaning, for dirt and odors on which you could almost hang a rifle, were everywhere. It was a scene of activity, however, and soldiers, workingmen and others were passing out and in constantly.

At this time all the banks were nationalized. Every person was entitled to so much per month to live on, but nothing more without a special reason. If one had a large factory, he was allowed to secure money for his workmen. It is said that men of wealth offered checks for one hun-

dred thousand at a discount of twenty-five thousand for cash.

I went to the Commissioner of Demobilization and secured his endorsement to draw a million rubles for our work. The bank refused to honor this without the signature of the War Commissioner, Podvoisk. Within two hours I had found him and he signed at once. When I returned to the bank, they said that under no circumstances would they pay my check without the signature of Trotsky or Lenin. I hurried back to the Commissioner of Demobilization, who gave me a personal letter to Trotsky. I then went to Trotsky's office and saw Joffe, who later became ambassador to Germany. Joffe was very cordial, and gave me a pass for both the Tvoritsky Palace and Smolney, to see Trotsky. As this pass was providentially not dated, it served me ever afterwards. I hurried out to Smolney only to arrive after Trotsky had left for the All-Russian Conference of Soldiers, Workingmen and Peasant Deputies. There was nothing to be done except to rush over to the Congress. Trotsky was making a brilliant speech on the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty. He was saying, "I shall never sign an unjust peace." He kept his word: he never signed the peace. He is a brilliant orator, the best in Russia; and at the close, the applause was deafening. Suddenly Trotsky strode rapidly off the platform to the left. I was stopped by a guard, just long enough to prevent my catching him back of the scenes and it was now nearly midnight. However I learned there would at once be a night meeting of the Peoples' Commissars, so I rushed back to Smolney. The red guard, with his fixed bayonet, said: "Trotsky has not yet come." I paced the floor, talking with the guard who told me that they often worked all night in conferences. Soon I saw Trotsky coming. There was a self-confidence and a masterful look in his face which must have been inspired by his speech. I showed him the letter from the Commissioner of Demob-

ilization. He first said: "Wait until morning," but I assured him that it was impossible: "I have followed you all day, and in the next twenty-four hours you may go to Brest-Litovsk." He laughed and took me into an inside room, where I told him of our work under the Kerensky régime, and showed him my papers from the soldier deputies. He seemed quite interested, and said: "We want to help any movement which is genuinely trying to help the people." I assured him: "Ours meets that requirement, didn't you see our work in America?"

"Yes," he said, "I saw it when I was in jail at Halifax."

"Well, wasn't it good work?" I asked.

"A little conservative," he replied.

Nevertheless he seemed assured that I simply wanted to help the Russian people. He went out into the room where the Peoples' Commissars were meeting, and askt if they knew me. Apparently the report satisfied him: for he came and signed the check for a million.

Delve into the past life of Trotsky, and what do you find? A revolutionary leader who has all his life fought for the Revolution. As a Jewish student, full of fire for his people, and with the vision of the terrible injustice toward his own race and the mass of the common people, is it any wonder that he became a Socialistic Radical while in the University?

He organized secret revolutionary societies, and in 1900 was arrested. After over two years in prison waiting for a trial, he was exiled to Siberia. Two years in the Tsar's prison would be enough to break the health of an ordinary man, but not Trotsky's. Siberia could not hold him, and he soon escaped. He once more plunged into revolutionary activity which seemed to him the only way to genuinely help the people under the Tsar. Going abroad he tried to reconcile the differences between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks, which had resulted from the conference at Stockholm in 1903. Upon the Revolution of 1905, he became a member of the Petrograd Soviet,

and soon rose to be chairman of the Executive Committee. He was the most daring figure in that Soviet, and often had the courage personally to make demands on the Tsar's ministers. When the Tsar broke every pledge he had given to the Russian people, and suppressed the Revolution with blood, Trotsky was again imprisoned and sent to Siberia. Before he reached the end of his journey, he escaped again. With colossal courage, he broke his way through hundreds of miles of untracked snow, and went abroad. Until the Revolution of 1917, he worked on for it never despairing that it would come. Whether you blame such a man or not, or whether you call him a crazy fanatic, you must admit that his life has inspired the very thing he is now doing. Indeed the Tsar's régime has done its work, and Trotsky is one of the products. He is much more erratic than Lenin, and probably represents the radical element in Bolshevism, while Lenin represents the conservative wing, if you can imagine one.

It was a dramatic night when the Bolsheviks held a conference to decide on the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty. Maria Spiridonova, who later helped kill the German Ambassador, was in favor of the ratification, but her party was opposed. I remember how hotly she argued with one of her executive committee. She said: "But how can we fight? For you and me it is all right, we can fight for the glorious revolution, but how about the vast majority of our peasants? They don't understand our revolutionary ideals, they don't realize what a precious thing this liberty is, they'd never fight for it."

Her opponent answered hotly: "Russia will be disgraced in the eyes of the revolutionists the world over, if we sign the peace terms."

Maria Spiridonova replied: "The world will know that Russia signed only to get herself a breathing spell. Germany must have a revolution before many months, and when that comes the peace treaty will not mean anything

any way. If we don't sign, we'll be crushed from all sides at once: for the Allies will not help us, and we can't get enough peasants to fight for us."

As the delegates streamed into the main hall, there was an excitement in the air such as had not been seen at any congress which I had ever attended. Excited soldiers and revolutionists standing near me in the galleries, were speculating as to how the vote would go. Lenin took the floor and, in a long and enthusiastic speech advocated the ratification of the treaty. He reiterated the arguments of Maria Spiridonova, and brought in new and effective points. He showed that the Russian revolution was standing on the threshold of a new era in international affairs; that in trying to fight the world, it was necessary to make concessions; that they must try to secure the socialistic order in Russia first, and not defy the entire world.

Following Lenin there appeared representatives of the Left Social Revolutionists who had voted in caucus against ratification. They argued with great sincerity and splendid patriotism that Russia had defeated Napoleon when he captured Moscow, and they could not be beaten now by a German invasion. It was rumored that some Bolshevik representatives, including Peters, who later became the head of the terrible committee against counter revolution, would break with their party. This daring revolutionist, criticised the world over for the number of men he has executed, had the courage to break with his party and vote against the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk treaty. But even in spite of this insurgent, the majority of the convention voted to ratify the treaty, and I came home at 4:30 in the morning thrilled and disappointed, but convinced that the great majority had done what they thought would be for the best interests of Russia.

Some time later I went to see Trotsky with an American radical socialist, Mr. Miner. Mr. Miner carried with him a book, entitled *Our Revolution* by Leon Trotsky, printed in New York. Trotsky received us very quickly, and was

very much interested in the book, a collection of his own speeches. I remember that he said at once: "Why, the profits from this book should not go into the pockets of any private man, but should go to help socialism in America." We spoke about President Wilson, and Trotsky seemed to feel that the President was too much influenced by his so-called capitalist circle of advisers. "He doesn't have the chance to see the situation in Russia, as it really is."

Trotsky talked forcibly and energetically, at times gesticulating to emphasize his points. When I askt for his endorsement to continue work in the Red Army, he was very cordial and said: "I will talk the matter over with the military council, and you will hear from me in a few days."

A little while before, I had occasion to see Mrs. Lenin, who was working in the Educational Department. She is a very quiet, little elderly lady, who was most courteous and pleasant and promised to do all she could to forward our work. Her own work was really enormous. She was always meeting some committee or some representative of a local educational board. I remember once she said:

"We are having great difficulty preventing the requisition of our educational buildings. Lenin has issued a decree placing them under the protection of the Director of Education. The trouble is that we are surrounded on every side by enemies, and have to develop a very large army to protect ourselves. This army needs buildings for its supply department, its barracks, its general staff, commissary department, etc. Sometimes they simply take possession of educational buildings, and we have the greatest difficulty in ever freeing them. They have a regiment of soldiers and we have not."

Mrs. Pokrofsky was a charming little lady who was a cripple. She spoke English and did all in her power to help us. I think she was secretly troubled at many of the things that happened under the Bolsheviki. Anyway I know her husband sent her to Switzerland. Some people said it was to avoid the dangers incident to the possible fall of Bolshevism.

Bonch Bruevitch, the Commissar and friend of Lenin, was a most interesting man. He lived in the Kremlin, and always gave me every co-operation in our Y. M. C. A. work. He once said, "the Bolsheviki have not yet worked out a revolutionary code of morality." This would indicate, I suppose, that for them the end justifies the means. Of course the Bolsheviki say that any one who declares war practically accepts that doctrine. "Killing thousands of men with shrapnel or bullets is not a very uplifting thing and the only reason any country can approve of it is that they believe the end justifies the means."

Once, I was told, he admitted that the Germans had sent arms and ammunition against the Allied forces which had landed in North Russia. He told me: "The Germans are tremendously happy that the Allies have sent troops to Russia; for it takes men away from the other front." I interpret this to mean not that they were in league with the Germans, but simply that they were willing to play the German troops against the Allied troops. Mr. Sverdloff, the brother of the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Soviets, said, "At one time the Bolsheviks actually considered the possibility of withdrawing from the battle area, and letting the Germans and Allies fight as much as they wanted to in Russia, without interference from the Soviets."

The feeling in the early part of the Bolshevik régime was bitterly hostile to Germany; but as they found that the Allies would not give them any recognition or help, they became less and less inclined to declare war on Germany. Indeed many of them said: "The Allies are most stupid in their Russian policy."

Chertkoff, the publisher of Tolstoi's works and the closest friend of that great writer, was also a friend of Bonch Bruevitch. Of course he disapproved of the Bolsheviki because of their policy of killing. Nevertheless, he was also strongly hostile to Allied intervention.

The Bolsheviks gave him 15,000,000 rubles to distribute the works of Tolstoi throughout Russia.

I often had to see Chicherin, the Foreign Minister. He had served in the Tsar's embassy to London, but had been disgusted at its diplomatic hypocrisy. One time I saw him right after the German Ambassador, who was later killed. As soon as I began to speak, Chicherin carefully closed the door so the German could not hear. I came to ask his help in securing a steamer for our Y. M. C. A. Agricultural Department. He did everything in his power to help us, including writing four letters to various departments.

Chicherin, dressed in a ragged suit with an old sweater, looked anything but a foreign minister. His assistants told me that he lived most frugally. Once he hired a Russian by the name of Bisk, a graduate from Oxford and a splendid fellow. Later it was discovered that he had before been employed by the English Government in the Censor Department. He was temporarily suspended, as the Bolsheviks thought he might be a spy. After a thorough investigation he was reinstated. I believe Chicherin was always trying to do what he thought was right.

I often saw Peters, whom we have heard so much about as head of the committee against counter revolution. He signs the death sentences. He was a Lett, and spoke Russian with a slight accent. He had been in London, where his wife now is. He was a most sincere young fellow and a violent revolutionist. He hated Germany like poison, and even opposed Lenin on the issue of peace with her.

Peters tried to explain to me why they had to shoot some men. He said: "We are trying to inaugurate the new order of the friendly workmen. Some men cannot adjust themselves to this order. We have tried keeping them in prison; they escape and foment counter revolution, or they go abroad and urge that our workers be publicly crushed. We have tried it, again and again, and

it has resulted in the deaths of thousands. Many of our commissioners have been killed. Lenin himself was shot at. We now believe that there is no other way than to kill off some who never can adjust themselves to the new order."

I disagreed with him and told him so. I asked "What about Maria Spiridonova and Sablin?"

He said, "They will not be shot."

After Lenin was seriously wounded, and Uritsky was killed, Peters became too violent, and when Lenin recovered he took away Peters' power. Soon a general amnesty was proclaimed on the anniversary of the Revolution.

Lenin is the heart and soul of the Bolshevik movement. His life story itself reads like a novel. He was born forty-seven years ago in the city of Simbirsk. His father was a noble and wealthy. When Lenin was only a boy, his brother was hung by the Tsar for belonging to a secret society in the University. Of course Lenin grew up to hate the Tsar's régime. It was perfectly natural that he should study Social Democracy in the University, and of course he was exiled to Siberia. When he came back he became the leader of the Social Democratic party. He wrote the best book on the land problem of any one in his party. He was soon exiled abroad. He worked awhile in Switzerland, and editd a radical paper jointly with Plehanoff. At the 1903 conference of the Social Democratic party at London, there was a split, and Lenin's faction obtained the majority.

He then advocated no compromise with capital, and has supported the same policy ever since. I well remember the first time I saw him. It was soon after he reached Russia, at the all Russian Congress of Soldiers and Workingmen Deputies. He was poorly dressed compared with many of the other delegates, but there was a certain fascination about his manner and enthusiasm. He was advocating the immediate adoption of the socialistic program in its entirety, with no compromise to capital.

Lenin was repeatedly hissed, and when he closed, there was only a little hand clapping on the extreme left. Later his arrest was ordered. He continued to preach exactly the same program. When he had won the Petrograd elections, he seized the power and put into practice the things he had previously advocated in theory.

In appearance he is like a middle class business man or a professor. He is a little bald. When he speaks he has a good command of language, and great power. He knows how to pick his words so as to win a crowd of peasants and soldiers. In talking with him one is impressed with his quiet commanding influence.

Here is a characterization of him by Mr. Buharin, a prominent Bolshevik: "An old revolutionist, Lenin was baptized on the road of revolution by the blood of his brother, who was hung by Alexander Third's executioner and the hatred for his oppressors has grown strong upon him. A man of great analytical mind, Lenin is at the same time possessed of an iron will that leads him along the road which he considers right. He is as firm when fighting 'against the current' as when working among 'his own.' Revolution is his element. He is a hero of the revolution, consistent to the end, scourging every kind of half-heartedness and lack of firmness, hating capitalism with the sacred hatred of a revolutionist who has earned in return the hatred of the rich."

Of course many Americans who were in Russia at the time thought that Lenin was a German Agent, working for German gold. Lenin may have been unconsciously forwarding German aims, but if so he was doing all in his power to cause a revolution in Germany at the same time.

It seems hard to believe that Lenin would have appealed for economic and military co-operation from the American government, had he been acting under German orders. Yet he offered to refuse to ratify the Brest-Litovsk peace, if such help was given by America.

Would he have offered to allow America to take control of all the railroads of Russia, in order to prevent military and other supplies from falling into the hands of Germany, had he been a German Agent?

Would he have gone to the British High Commissioner and offered to have the ships on the Black Sea controlled by English officers in order to keep those ships from the Germans, had he been their agent?

Lenin waited in vain for answers to these offers, and the Germans gained accordingly.

I remember when Lenin finally formally received the German Ambassador to Russia after he had already been in Moscow for some time. The Ambassador said, in effect, "Germany hopes now to be the friend of Russia. We have always wanted to help her people," etc.

Lenin replied curtly, "Unfortunately I have not been brought up in the Diplomatic School, so I will only say what I believe. We hope that Germany will live up to her agreements, so that we will not be forced into war with her again." Does that conversation sound like the agent of Germany?

Whether one considers Lenin a dangerous fanatic or a brilliant social reformer, all who know him pronounce him sincere. His friends idolize him. He makes bitter enemies, even among the revolutionists, as he did of Spiridonova; but I never heard any friend or foe who knew him, challenge his sincerity. Whether you believe he ought to be hanged or whether you believe he ought to have a statue erected in his honor, he will go down in history as one of the outstanding men of his time. Personally, I am profoundly sorry for any man who was in Russia studying the revolutionary forces, and thinks Lenin was working simply for German gold. I could paint a black picture of Russian life under the Bolsheviks, but after working under them, and in spite of them, for over a year, I believe them to be human.

JEROME DAVIS.

THE PASSING OF PSYCHE

IN common with others, I know not how many, I have always had a fondness for the mythological figure of Psyche. She represented to me the world of art and poetry. Religion especially was her province; and altogether she was a shining presence, as fascinating as she was comforting, and nearer to the heart of things than any other goddess in literature.

All this has been changed of late, however, since Psyche has been modernized and brought up to date. The psychology which was a part of my education had to do with consciousness. It rested on the assumption that I had a real self, and left me with the pleasing conviction that my mind enjoyed a respectable standing outside the world of matter. Change and uncertainty of course would have to be met, but I was thus able to enter life with a sense of inward stability. The whole subject, to be sure, was somewhat remote and obscure. Psychology could not be expected to appeal to many, and certainly then it did not. The very word was academic; no one dreamed that it would ever become a part of popular speech. But here again the unexpected happened; and from being the property of scholars, psychology has entered into familiar life and conversation. We all have our psychological moments and states and outputs now, and everywhere in mart and street we use its terms which threaten to inflict us with a new jargon. To-day without psychology we could not possibly discuss war or business. Our very newspapers bristle with the word and its variations, and at any moment we may expect the children to adopt it into the vocabulary of play.

All of which would be very diverting, not to say reassuring, if it were not for a feeling of bewilderment which comes over us at times. Something seems to be wanting,

and we wonder what has really happened to us. There was a radiant presence which we miss in all these changes. Ready-made imitations abound, but where is Psyche herself? We do not recognize her in that utilitarian substitute which the war office has given us, that poor bedraggled pseudo-Psyche who is after all but a creature of "strategems and wiles," without mercy and without faith. We have a State Psychology to reckon with now, but, alas! this Psyche, too, is but the patroness of politics. Even Business has taken her over, and, crowning honor of all, she has at last been admitted into the Civil Service regulations. We shall meet her in every bank and factory, and wherever there is advertising to be done, there is she, the very soul of publicity.

One cannot imagine modern life without advertising; but why this frantic and fantastic effort to give it an ideal, not to say devout standing? Why could not the soul have been left out of this vulgar publicity and display? Even the churches are putting puffery in place of prayers. Is it any wonder the editors, too, are declaring that it is almost impossible now to get an article on any subject, from love-making to wood-sawing, without the first word of the title being "the psychology" of something or other?

Undoubtedly the advertising columns are human, and possibly they may be diverting; we have all met persons who preferred them to the solider sections; but what are we to think of an age which goes to them for its literature and art? We may sigh for the idyllic days when the landscape was protected by a blessed ignorance from bill-boards and posters, but there is a deeper regret still that religion and so-called psychology should cater to this perverted taste. Up to a point the application of psychology to advertising may be legitimate, but in most effective advertising, while there may be some science, there is more plain, everyday common-sense, and no trace of the soul whatever.

Reconstructed by physical tests and measurements, Psyche thus walks solidly among us, the presiding genius of a practical and materialistic age. Actions alone interest her, what the New Psychologists call "behavior," the "responses which persons make to situations in which they find themselves." "Behaviorist" psychology in its search for the soul does not stop with even the human animal, but it finds the lower organisms still more illuminating. And finally, having thus located the soul, it proceeds to "apply" it in ways most comfortable as well as most uncomfortable for us all. Psyche, we are told, never changed and never grew old; but since she stepped out into the arena of competitive strife, she begins to look a little worn and aged. She was once only divine, but is now "dynamic"; yet it is difficult not to question this apparition sometimes and refuse to believe it can be Psyche after all.

If this indeed be psychology we say, it is psychology with Psyche left out. The figure disguised as the boon companion of strategists and salesmen, we do not find convincing.

Very likely, however, we are wrong. By the pragmatic test we are told the transformation "works." Nothing so practically successful could be aught but the genuine thing. Even Psyche herself, if she ever wakes up and, rubbing her eyes, takes in all this portentous "newness" and the worldly prosperity it has brought to us and to her, must at last be assured that her identity has been preserved. Psyche "applied," Psyche "vocational," how near to our business and bosoms it all brings the soul which we used to put off into the distant future and which so often looked shadowy and unreal to us! Surely a Psyche who has enlarged our incomes and gained for herself such undoubted standing in the world of affairs ought not to be denied.

But why, after all, one sometimes wonders, should science do this thing, and adopt as a symbol a personality

so intangible and illusive? What has Psyche to do with Science, that Science should be so willing to be known by her name? The New Psychology by any other name would work as well, and have the added merit of consistency. There is no test of science which is not material; it is her boast that she deals only in objective fact; why then should she teach and prophesy under cover of what to her must ever be a subjective illusion? Manifestly it cannot be a case of wilful perversion: for science, whatever else may be said of her, is honest. She has never attempted to disguise her lack of spirituality; her materialism is frank and open.

One can only surmise that science, though she seems so confident, was not as sure of herself as appeared, and was glad after all to carry over some suggestion of familiar helps in the great adventure to which she had committed herself. The Known is not so comforting and so sufficing after all that a touch of the Unknown and Possible does not go well with its most positive assertions. One likes Science the better for this one concession to sentiment, however he may question the fairness of the proceeding. It is probably no more unfair than the similar act of trespass on an alien territory which so-called Christian Science committed in its choice of a name. Whatever else Christianity may or may not be, it is not science; and both religion and science ought by this time to be able to stand on their own feet without artificial support.

So far there has been no claim that this misappropriation by religion has injured the cause of science. There is reason to fear, however, that the cause of religion may suffer from the claims which science has put forth in the name of psychology. The very word in its present use is confusing and misleading. Why not verbal accuracy as well as any other kind? If words, too, are facts, why not respect them and try to live up to their origin and history? Words have a way of reacting upon us when we juggle with them; to debase a great word is to blind the eyes of youth and to discredit the greater meanings which

it carried in the past. The mischief may be beyond recall now; and perhaps Psyche herself has already become so domesticated in the camps of her captors that she would no longer care to return to her groves and temples. It may be, too, that religion is stronger than we thought, and that it is possible for religion and science to go on in the future as they have gone in the past — exchanging empty compliments and patting each other playfully on the back without too serious consequences on either side. If only one could forget the well-attested fact that assault by indirection is always harder to meet than frontal attack.

Of these two understudies of the goddess I am almost tempted to prefer that pathological deity, the therapeutic Psyche of Christian Science, although there is a shade too much of worldly prosperity mixed up with her heavenly perfections to make us wholly at rest in her presence. Even here, too, at times, we miss the note of eternity, and are reminded how difficult it is to keep our souls clear of our bodies, even when we prophesy. But at least she is engagingly free from guile; she never comes to us with a threat. Whatever we may think of her medicament, the catch-word by which she practises is certainly an arrestive and most needed challenge for our time. When she demands:

"How are you thinking?" she does not, like the New Psychology, try to answer the question: she expects us to answer it ourselves to the betterment of our souls and bodies alike.

It must be confessed, however, that the answer is not always easy. Most of us are not thinking at all. The nearest approach we ever make to it is to disguise our minds with an appearance of seriousness, and do a little worrying on our own account. Our mental processes have no vital relation to the life we are living.

The late Elisha Mulford, in that helpful series of pamphlets which was known as the White Cross Library, printed

at the top and bottom of each page the legend: "Thoughts are Things." If thoughts are indeed things, it is evident that they are also often very uncomfortable things, which fact may account for our growing reluctance to be burdened with them. Seeing that our Puritan forbears did not really enjoy their souls, we are taking a lesson from them, and learning to carry our souls more lightly; which might meet all the requirements of the case, were it not for that still insistent demand of "How are you thinking?" which no one can wholly set aside with safety. To shift the burden of the world's thinking, and eliminate the disciplinary features of religion and education alike, is not only another way of destroying Psyche, but it is also another way of bringing destruction on ourselves. If one will and must think — and certainly at this late day it is difficult to wholly escape the infection, — if so be that one happens to be stranded in the world, with only a mind with which to meet its many perplexities and difficulties, the necessity for straight thinking would seem to be apparent.

Straight thinking, however, need not make that other claim of the ponderability of thought or insist that mind is all there is. It is doubtful if even Psyche at her best estate would have gone as far as this; while one can be sure that hers was not the notion that nothing is sacred from her "penetration," peaceful or otherwise. In the modern Psyche, there are many things to like and be thankful for, and in time the most unsympathetic among us may learn to accommodate himself to her ways. There is one wish, however, which will not down — it goes deeper than a mere matter of taste, although it is that also — that she should refrain from invading territory which is not properly her own, and that for our sakes and hers she should duly restrain her curiosity. We prefer to be her friends, and not her prey.

We would enjoy whatever comfort there may be in the conviction of "man's unconquerable mind"; but it might

be well to remember that man's all conquering mind may easily take itself too seriously, and may go too far. There are some things which even man was not intended to conquer, some things which every conqueror is bound to respect. Even the defeated have secrets and sacrednesses which should not be violated. A wise Psyche, be she never so uncannily efficient, will occasionally remind herself of Austin Dobson's "Gentleman of the Old School," who

> Never troubled his repose
> With fruitless prying.

Nor can we forget our own sense of security and repose of mind, which left us when Psyche lost her shyness, and intruded where she once had to be invited. Let but the door-bell ring, and who can any longer feel safe, even in his peaceful home or office? He may be admitting only some New Psychologist in disguise, who before he knows it will have him enmeshed in the web of a too intimate knowledge of his mental processes, directing him with deadly certainty to ends he does not foresee or would not willingly have. To "shop" was once a pleasant adventure; it has now become a fearsome risk, which only the most competent are fitted to take. The simple wiles of the ordinary uninitiated salesman might perhaps be met, but who of us is equal to the salesman psychologically trained, who would exploit us for his own or his employer's benefit?

These illustrations of the doubtful blessings of Thought, suggest what we have to face in the future which Science with fatal competency is preparing for us. "How are you thinking?" indeed! Rather is it a question of how someone else is thinking, and of what is likely to happen to us in consequence. The perils of present existence are not all of our own making. Even the schools are undermining our old securities, and only they can enable us to safely thread our way among the snares and pitfalls which the new knowledge has set for our feet. If only in self-defense, we shall all have to become New Psychologists. If there

ever was a case where homeopathic treatment was indicated, it is here.

Poor as the resource may be, it is at present as near as we can hope to come to a restoration of Psyche. The new Science of Psycho-analysis promises little here, and Psycho-synthesis does not yet exist. Even Science herself is vaguely dissatisfied, as if she had done her work only too well, and already looked back longingly to a discredited past. One by one her leading representatives are going over to the camp of the spiritualists, and lending themselves to Psychical Research. Up to the present moment no *materialization* has quite recompensed us for the loss of Psyche, but it shows how hard it is to wholly do without her. Even Science is finding out that it cannot live by bread alone.

THE DUTY OF SELF DEVELOPMENT

A STORY

HENRY ROGER MASON sat at the dinner table, regarding with slightly elevated eyebrows the vacant chair opposite him. The winter wind blew gustily against the windows, but Mason failed to notice it. The vacant chair was pusht back, and the napkin lay unfolded upon the table, beside the slowly melting ice. Robbins, the butler, moving noiselessly and with immobile countenance, placed a demi-tasse before Mason. Robbins also poured some Chartreuse into the tiny glass at Mason's left hand. Then the butler moved, still noiselessly, to the pantry door and disappeared, the swinging door closing behind him. Somewhere outside the room, chimes sounded, as if at a considerable distance. It was eight o'clock.

Mason sipped his coffee. Each movement of his body, his arm, his lips seemed to exemplify the principle of the elimination of unnecessary motions. Methodically he moved to the sideboard for a cigar. Yes, after all, Robbins had forgotten to pass the box of cigars to Mason! At this very moment, Robbins reëntered the room, noiselessly, saw Mason at the sideboard, and withdrew. But there was an instant's flash of understanding in the eyes of the two men. Robbins had been in the family — let's see, ten, or perhaps twelve years.

Mason lighted his cigar, stood by the sideboard, and regarded the two vacant places at the table. He lookt at the candles on the table, flickering a bit. One of them suddenly puffed, and went out. Mason took his cigar from his lips, and his eyebrows closed slightly, over his eyes. A lightning-like glance shot toward the door, through which his wife had but recently gone. He found that he was holding his gold match-case in his left hand.

Alice had given it to him on his birthday, the one after their son Roger was born. Tiffany had made the case and engraved the monogram. Mason laid the match-case down upon the sideboard. It was the first article that had come from her to divest himself of. There would be many others, that she had given to him, others to put away. These studs in his shirt; the cuff links. He had no interest in them any longer. He had in his room a half-dozen sets of links of his own choosing.

Yes, for them both the "Day" had unquestionably come. The dinner tonight had given no previous warning that it was to be the last in a series stretching through twenty-five years. No, twenty-six. He was forty-eight last November, and they had married at twenty-one.

And tonight was the night. Mason drummed upon the sideboard, softly, with the fingers of his left hand, and kept looking at the two chairs. Some way, they seemed to be the only things in the room he saw. Although, once in a while, he looked at a full-length painting of her, hanging upon the side wall. On the other wall was a similar one of him. That had been a queer, and disagreeable, fancy of hers, to have them hanging in the dining room. "So that when we grow old, we will always have our youth still with us!" So she had said — more than once. Mason had no interest whatsoever in growing old, or in being reminded of it every night at dinner. That was one reason why he had insisted upon a breakfast room in the house.

Mason wondered where Robbins stood in this affair. Not that Mason had any doubt, of course, but Robbins had been with them so long — and was the only one who knew. Robbins had always spoken so reverently of Alice. Yes, Mason would take Robbins with him.

Take? That indicated to Mason that he would be the one to leave the house. Well, he had thought that through, long ago. He would deed this house in the New Jersey suburb to her. Temporarily he would put up at one of his clubs in the city — perhaps go South for a

couple of months. The War was over. He had been desperately busy, a dollar-a-year man, ever since May, 1917, and had earned a rest. A couple of months of golf, in Florida. And free! He felt especially done up tonight. Only from the dollar-a-year work, though.

Would she try to justify her side of the break, while he was away? He doubted it. More likely, she wouldn't say a word. She was a thoroughbred, he thought with pride. All the Stantons since before the Revolution had been thoroughbreds. And he frankly admired the way she had acted during these recent very trying years for them both — so far as their friends were concerned. The perfect wife — to all the outside world. Indeed, the whole thing had been excellently handled by them both, proving that an inevitable and impending break doesn't have to be a regular melodrama. He lighted another cigar.

This thing had been coming definitely, for more than three years. It was two years, nearly, since he had quietly suggested to her — on another evening like this — that she might go to Reno. He wouldn't contest anything. He knew he had been decent about it. He didn't want to remarry. Nor did he have an attachment, outside the law, down town, as some men he knew did. If she wanted to remarry, she should have the chance. But she had said that for the sake of Roger, she would do nothing then. The War was on them. Roger must not carry from Plattsburg to France this tragedy — she had called it a "tragedy."

Mason had agreed, with a smile. She had kissed him, that night, because at times she lost control of herself. Since then, they had lived in a kind of fairly comfortable neutrality. It had become so customary that he had ceased to think much about it. This business at Washington kept him there for more than half the time. And she had plunged into a lot of war work, the kinds that women do. It wasn't anything with a uniform. That was one thing they were agreed upon, in their own war work. No

uniform. Roger wore the khaki for them — and was a captain. Indeed, when they conversed, it was more often than not about Roger. He was neutral ground for both. Both carried Roger in their hearts, in their own ways.

Robbins pusht the door to the butler's pantry noiselessly open, and withdrew. But Mason understood. Robbins wanted to clear the table, with Hawkins. So Mason past into his den, a remarkably systematic room, just behind the dining room, and built out over the back yard. He sat down at the huge center flat-topped desk, an invitation to any student or desk-worker.

This was Mason's fireside. He would mightily hate to give up this special room. Here was where his *History of Manhattan Island* had had its beginning and had developed. He past his fingers over a pile of manuscript. In those pages were people never yet known to present-day citizens. People with whom he, Mason, had lived through weeks and months, as he brought them out of musty, forgotten, and often tattered documents. They were real to him — even more so than many of his business associates, with whom he luncht at his down-town club. More! He was in part giving them life! They were his creations! He walkt with them through the paths of old Manhattan, while, daytimes, he actually played the Wall Street game, and made money so remarkably that he was known on the Street as "Lucky Mason."

And a part of the impossible that was culminating tonight was that Alice hated it all — for some reason. So she went to many things, evenings, and those were the times when he made most progress, often not going up to his rooms till toward two or three in the morning. Yes, it was a wonderful den, but he would have to give it up.

He was glad, and also rather proud, that there wouldn't be any nasty circumstance connected with this divorce or separation. No court business, with sealed papers, and big type in the yellow papers. Both he and Alice would say, with perfect honesty: "Incompatibility."

As a matter of fact, a good many more people, if they were as brave about it as Alice and he, would be doing the same thing. He thought of the Archers, who were not brave, and he pitied them.

He had done everything he could think of for Alice. She had her very generous separate allowance, added to her own income. Whatever she seemed to want, in clothes, or jewelry, or vacations, he always provided for her. She could absolutely go her own way. He would be the last one to interfere in a single plan of hers, for herself.

He had done his part really far more than most of the men he knew had done theirs. He had made a lot of money. He belonged to his two clubs in the little town — to several other clubs in New York — besides having a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Often they went up to Newport or Bar Harbor in the summer. And not once had he allowed a suspicion to cross his mind as to her misuse of the freedom he gave to her.

He relighted his cigar. And yet, while he had consistently pursued this policy of the broadest liberality toward her, she had, with the years, grown petty-minded, demanding more and more of his attention, everlastingly suggesting innovations in their lives, urging him to get more into public life, asking him to give up his evenings, suggesting things for him to do, and even forcing him by her manner to do inconsequential things, when, as it was, he had too little time for his *History of Manhattan Island.*

He had summed it up a thousand times. It wasn't any one thing, or any one time, that made her an impossibility. It was cumulative. He had a right to his time — but she was constantly crossing his path with her own lines of living. She simply didn't and wouldn't understand the strain he worked under, daytimes. He wanted to do nights what he liked best. And, moreover, she never seemed to see that in this *History* he was erecting a monument to — not himself — but to her and Roger.

No, he had done what he could. He had kept all

scandal out of his life. He was willing that "incompatibility" should cover the case. His own friends would understand. He had been pretty white about it all. They would put two and two together.

The door opened, and she came in. She had changed her gown, and was dressed for the street, even to hat and coat and veil. His first thought was that she looked every inch his wife. His second feeling was one of shock. Somehow, he had anticipated a long discussion — terms, in a sense. But, going just like this — The thing was happening very quickly.

He rose, drew from the side of the room a chair, and placed it for her. She had often spoken of this habitual attention, even a quarter of a century ago.

"Thank you, Henry!" Her voice was low-toned, quiet, and mellow. There was not a quiver in it.

"I'm going over to Douglass and Margaret's tonight," she continued. "I telephoned to her — and Peter will be here with the car in a moment." Her hands were in her lap. Mason admired her grit. She was like a woman calling for a moment in a down-town office, on a matter of business. It would be hard to find her equal. One hand went to her face, for an instant. An unconscious gesture, one he had loved, before they were married.

She was waiting for him to speak.

"I don't know that there's anything to say, Alice. We've both been coming up inevitably to this thing for years. It's a pity, but we're wise. I want you to come back here after I've gone.

"Gone!" The hands clasped each other, convulsively.

Mason smiled, collectedly. Almost as though amused. "Oh, nothing of that sort. I appreciate your concern." The hands unclasped. "I'm deeding the house to you, Alice. Arbuckle will take care of all that, and your allowance of course will go on —"

"No allowance! No!" Her voice rose somewhat. She

rested one hand on the desk. "John, I've enough from my own income to get along with. I shall take nothing more from you, of course, except a few things from — our first years — and those Dora has packed."

She paused. It was some time before she continued. Mason was outwardly calm, but this was a different Alice. A new situation. So detached. Detachment was what he sought, but this felt a bit queer, and uncanny. For the first time, his wife — the mother of Roger — was speaking to him as to an acquaintance. Somehow or other, she kept suggesting to him, in voice and figure, and that little gesture of the hand, the Alice of twenty-five years ago. The veil had much to do with that, of course, and the subdued light. The hat, too, that covered the graying hair.

She rose. "John, I'm not even going to say good-by. I have dreaded this night worse than death — much. It is here. It shall be as brief as possible. I don't need to tell you that your reputation will always be sacred with me — you, the father of Roger."

He raised his hand in protest. Somehow, she was like a woman in an office down-town, talking to a lawyer. This den of his seemed rather office-like. Something had gone out of it.

"John, I must say one thing to you. It is awful to say. But I don't believe you should go through life without knowing it. But first, about myself. I have always been weak, feeble, unhelpful to you. But, John, I have tried — tried — twenty-six years. I just couldn't be what you wanted. So, forgive me for what I couldn't be."

Mason was touched. He had such a curious feeling. This was Alice, and yet it wasn't his wife!

"But, John, this is what I must say. I owe it to myself. If I have failed to fill your life, you have destroyed mine."

"Destroyed?" he said. He put into it just the right amount of conciliatory sympathy, much as one speaks to a child.

"I have had twenty years to learn that word, John," she said, evenly. "You have been a criminal, John, a worse criminal, I believe, than the burglar you caught in this room one night. You are a wrecker by nature, John. I don't believe you ever knew it. You have lived what you call a successful life, and there isn't a man or woman probably except me, and two other persons, who wouldn't say you had arrived, and were a made man. I can tell you in one sentence what you have done. You have built up just your own life, but at the expense of the weaker person. You have failed to live the life of the other fellow, along with yours. You have never been a chum or a friend. You have forgotten what love is, except of yourself, though you don't know it.

"Do you remember the night when Mr. — what was his name? — came here, after he had been ruined on the street? You told me that night that it was part of the Wall Street game, and that you were sorry that I had seen a man who couldn't be a good sport and take his medicine. No, you have deliberately built up just your own life, and you point to it with pride. And only two souls in the world, besides you and me, know that you would not hesitate to kill any one in your way. There are so many ways to kill." She paused.

"You said that there are two others who — know, was your word. Who are they?"

"Robbins is one. Robbins is now in the butler's pantry, with tears rolling down his cheeks. That man has prayed nightly, on his knees, John, for you and me, for years. He saw me coming down stairs a few minutes ago, and he told me then, sobbing, when he saw what I was going to do. He says he must come with me. He told me that you had been his hero — a long time — his model, so to speak, till he discovered you. You've killed something in him, too. He said to me tonight that he'd almost rather be dead than see this night. We've been his home and family to him."

"Robbins is going with you?" Mason repeated the words thoughtfully. He was making adjustments. First, his wife. Then Robbins.

"Who is the second — person who — knows, as you put it?"

"This is the hardest thing to tell you. Roger!"

"Roger!" Mason's exclamation was not modulated, this time. It was the cry of a father. Then the man spoke, before he thought. "You have poisoned his mind!"

"John!" The anguish in the woman's voice recalled Mason to himself.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I didn't mean that!"

"I have two letters, John, from Roger, in my suit case. One was written from Plattsburg. I had never once spoken of you to him save as a wife and mother should. But he wrote me that he had had to go away — from you — as well as into the army for the love of his country. Roger saw you clearly, as the refinement of selfishness. He went away, partly because if he had stayed longer here, he would have said and done things that a son ought not to say and do.

"I have one recent letter from him from overseas. He speaks about the great fundamental virtues of the trenches, the comradeship, the sacrifice of life itself for your buddy, if necessary. The elimination of self-seeking, of merciless individualism, over there, among our boys. And he wrote me that what he had said in the letter from Plattsburg, he meant even more now. He said: 'The greatest thing in the world for Father would be six months in the trenches. Here are the real values in life.' So I know that Roger will come with me, when he comes back. But he will make his own choice."

Her voice fell away. For the first time, it trembled. The hand of Mason that reacht into the desk for a cigarette was shaking a bit. Things, never before presented to his thought, were being bluntly said.

"You are not leaving me much, Alice."

"You haven't left yourself much, John. For ten years I have skilled myself not to notice the things that were my despair. I forced myself to invest you with imaginary qualities of comradeship, chumship, guardianship. When you threw me on my own resources, and were merciless while you thought you were simply working out a philosophy of living, I kept clutching at the figment of the husband I had dreamed you would be. But the time came —

"Now, John, you must build your life without us, Robbins, Roger and me. God grant that you can do it. You have your *History*, your clubs, your business. I have nothing — except Roger — and old Robbins. That's the division of our possessions tonight, John. And now, good-by."

Husband and wife stood facing each other. There was nothing more to say, yet she did not go. Her eyes past the room in review, and rested upon the manuscript. Mason did not take his eyes from his wife. He had always admired the fellow who stood up against him, who fought him in business. Alice had turned into an antagonist. At this moment he was closer to her in thought than he had been for years. The most paradoxical thought flasht across his mind: "Why didn't she fight me sooner?"

Alice turned to go, but paused on the way to the door. For there sounded out, suddenly and in considerable volume, a song, sung by many voices. The singing came from the street. It was the song of the long, long trail. Every word was distinct, even through the several rooms that separated the den from the street. Why were so many persons singing?

As the words sounded out, Alice clasp her hands involuntarily, as if in prayer. Music was dear to her. Singing was to her an intimate form of self-expression. But she had sung little in recent years. She turned toward Mason.

"What can it be? And just on this evening!" Alice half whispered the question.

Robbins knockt at the door, and entered. He spoke. "The lawn is full of people. They are singing to Mr. Roger's service flag, in the music room window. A gentleman has come to the door, and asks Mr. and Mrs. Mason to come to the window." Robbins waited for the answer.

"We'll come, gladly, Robbins. Please tell the gentleman." It was Alice who spoke. Robbins left the room. "It is a beautiful thought," said Alice, as though speaking to herself. She hurried through the dining room. She had not askt Mason. Again he admired her. He followed.

Alice opened the window. She raised her veil, to see better, but she could not distinguish the faces below. She felt that her husband was standing beside her, a bit back from the window.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mason!" She recognized the voice of Mr. Archer, their neighbor, who had two sons over there. "The neighborhood is taking this evening to sing before all the houses in these three blocks, where there are service flags. It's a community sing. We're remembering the boys over there. We're singing to them. Singing the songs they sing. They deserve it. We want you and Mr. Mason to come and sing before the other houses. Over in the trenches the boys have all workt together, and for each other. Let's do some of the same thing here. We're going to sing once more, now. Please join us after that.

They sang again, to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

"Our sons have gone to battle, in the lands across the sea,
With the wrath of consecration, they have fought for liberty,
They have saved the world from horror, and have died to make
man free,
Their souls go marching on:
Glory, glory halleluia
Their souls go marching on!

"They are coming now among us, from the lands across the sea,
They are marching now among us, on their way to you and me,

They are sitting by their firesides, from the mountain to the sea,
Their fame goes marching on.
Glory, glory halleluia,
Their fame goes marching on."

In Alice's eyes the tears started. Her neighbors, her unknown neighbors, had singled out Roger, and other men in khaki and blue. It was a kind of commemorative service. And how strong and resonant was the singing! What a wonderful idea! There must be many men in the group.

The shadowy throng started to move eastward. A voice rang out. "Philip Winslow next!"

Alice turned to her husband. "I'm going with them, John. Don't you want to come — for such a good cause?"

Mason knew instantly that he and Alice stood at a crisis. She had yielded, to a certain extent. She had been swept away by an emotion. She had suggested a further joint action. She asked him to do something with her. If he went, it would mean, most likely — No, the thing had gone too far to change, now.

"Thank you, no!" he answered. "It's a pretty bit of sentiment, this singing, but it doesn't particularly appeal to me. The war is over. Let's not keep it up. The men are coming home. Why fan up this sentiment? It was useful during the war, but it isn't needed, now."

"John!" Her tone was incisive, but at the same time sad. "The service of neighbor to neighbor doesn't stop with the end of a war. It's never over! Here are neighbors, all doing something together, for each other. Can't you see? Why — oh, why must you be so blind? It's just these intangible, these imponderable things, that make life possible, and bearable. These things that are done for the love of man. Can't you even honor your own son, in honoring others?"

She had gone. Mason went back to his den. Automatically he sat down at his desk. Automatically, his hand reacht forth to bring some of his manuscript closer, where he might work on it. He wanted to prove to him-

self that he was superior to all buffetings, even in such a crisis as tonight. "The strongest man in the world is the man who stands alone!" He remembered having read that sentence somewhere. He chose from among a half-dozen fountain pens one with a very fine point, and resumed the reading of the proof of Chapter Six, beginning half way down Galley 19.

But Robbins knockt gently at the door. "There's a gentleman calling, sir, to see you. He says he is Lieutenant Dexter, from Mr. Roger's company. He says to tell you, sir, that he has just returned from France, and must see you at once."

The pen hung poised over the proof. Mason thought quickly, in business. Now, like a flash of lightning, a possibility struck Mason's mind! Roger! Mason fought against the overwhelming thought. He looked at Robbins.

Robbins spoke. It was very unusual for him to speak of his own accord. "I'm afraid, sir — terribly afraid. The way he lookt, sir —"

Alice came up the steps to her husband's home. Peter was still in front of the house with the car. She had told him she would be but a few moments.

Robbins opened the door. She told him how wonderful it had all been. Robbins had a nephew over there. Alice and he had often talked about their boys. But tonight the old man's lips quivered violently. He started to speak. He motioned her to the music room.

Alice was startled. Had, after all, something happened to her — her husband? She hurried through the portières. In the room were Mason and a young officer. They were standing. She waited for Mason to introduce this officer to her. But he didn't. His face was almost contorted, with an emotion that she had never seen upon it.

"Alice," he said — and the tone was one that she had not heard for years. "Alice, we have — bad news — Roger is — is —"

She knew. She tried to meet the shock, as it prest in upon her. "Wait just a moment, please!" She sat down. The men watcht her. Mason came to her side. He placed a hand upon her shoulder. The officer was suffering. She stared at a point in the wall. There was a small picture there — some painting.

"Is he dead?" The question was askt so evenly that Mason was surprised. Mason's eyes askt the officer to answer.

"We very much fear so — Mrs. Mason. Officially, he was reported missing on the field of battle — on November 10th, the day before the armistice. But won't you let me come tomorrow, and tell you what I have told Mr. Mason? You will be more proud than ever of Roger. Tonight I have simply come directly here, to tell you of Roger, and to bring a number of things that Roger wanted brought to you and Mr. Mason — in case — You know we fellows always left our most precious things and messages that way, back of the lines.

"Let me say, Mrs. Mason, that there is just a bit of hope. We didn't find Roger's body. But, on the other hand, — it was a terrible day, and many of our boys were — not easy to recognize afterwards."

Still she sat, motionless. She gave the impression of listening, listening, so long as he would speak. She said: "It is so good of you to come to us. Did you land in New York, today?"

"No. Two days ago, in Norfolk."

Mason spoke. "You came to New York, and then out here? Just for this? But you live near here?"

"No, sir, I live in Mississippi. But don't think for an instant about that. You know what Roger would have done, sir, for me. And I'd just got to tell you that Roger went West because he cared more to help a lot of his boys in his company than to play safe, as he might have done, that day. He died, sir, for others — absolutely. Everyone loved him, everyone admired him, from the start.

He was a kind of father to his whole company, in spite of the boy he was."

Alice rose. She extended her hand to the lieutenant. "Please stay with us, tonight. It will so help me to feel you are under this — roof. Tomorrow you can tell me so much that I want to hear. I can't — tonight."

In the music room, there was silence after the lieutenant had gone, save for the sobbing of Alice. She sat in a chair, by the window, and behind the lowered shade. Before her was the service flag of Roger. Beside her sat her husband; he stared fixedly into vacancy. His right hand held his wife's hand firmly in his.

The chimes in the hall sounded seven o'clock. Through the lowered shades of the windows in the den, the first morning light began to penetrate. The single bulb on the further wall, shaded by a reddish hood, gave but a dim glow.

On the large couch Alice lay, covered with a Navajo blanket, the reminder of one of Mason's western trips. She had not wanted to go to her bedroom again. "I can't leave this house — Roger's home — tonight, John. Please keep me somewhere." She had spoken as one asking a favor, in an emergency. Somehow, the request had cut him to the quick. But he had said nothing, save that he was glad she felt as she did.

He had tuckt her in, upon the couch. He sat down beside her. He placed his hand so that it would be very near hers. After a time, between the spasmodic sobbing that she could not check, they talked of Roger.

Toward two o'clock, she had said, suddenly: "I want the package that Lieutenant Dexter brought." Mason had unwrapt it. It seemed to tear his heart wide open, as he saw his wife lift out from the simple cardboard box his own son's watch, a diary, a locket, and then two letters, one of which she handed to him. He turned on the center chandelier.

He had read his son's letter to him — but in a wholly

new attitude of mind. He remembered, as though it had been burnt in upon his mind, the words of Alice, but a few hours before. "Roger saw! He left this house, because if he had stayed, he would have said things, and done things, that a son ought not to say or do."

Roger had written to his father a very business-like farewell letter. He would be all that a father wanted a courageous, loyal son to be. The father need have no fear that he would not hold the name of Mason high. One sentence stood out, through the night, and kept returning to Mason's memory: "If you have loved me, and if I don't come back to you both, treasure my mother, ceaselessly, the most wonderful woman that God could have given to us."

Alice had not shown him her son's letter. It had, in some way, seemed to still her grief. Finally she fell into a troubled sleep, clasping her letter tightly.

And there, in that den, Mason had past the night, seated at times at his desk, and at times beside his wife. He came back, and back, to take her free hand. He listened to her breathing. He felt the pain when her features twitched. Once she wanted some water, and he went into the butler's pantry and drew it, good and cold, from the faucet. She thankt him, with a little smile.

It was seven o'clock now. For more than three hours he had been reviewing, for the first time in his life, the years of his union with Alice. That is, trying to see both sides. Year by year, and almost month by month, he had tried to relive the past. He sunk himself deep into recollections of the earliest years of their marriage. One question he applied to each event, as a test: "Did I do this for us both, or for myself alone?"

As the hours past, one by one, in this night of mourning, a new world seemed gradually to reveal itself to him. With an inevitability that was at first uncomfortable, then alarming, and then finally filling him with a sense of despair and actual mental nausea, he faced for the first time

this fine career of his, that he had placed upon a pedestal, and had pronounced good. He found himself like a man in a trap, the trap of past facts. Wherever he turned, he saw a career that he had inevitably directed into those channels that would bring satisfaction to him. If Alice was thereby accommodated, or Roger, well and good, but if not, he did what he wanted to, and always he had found good reasons for the deed.

He had been so subtle about it all. Like a delicate poison, that makes progress in the human mind by imperceptible degrees. A progress that no outsider sees. He went back again over certain years. He askt himself what he could have done that would have made him a chum of Alice, or of Roger. It was not hard to see, now! He couldn't find one salient event of all the years that couldn't have been easily turned so as to unite them in comradeship. The outstanding fact was that, through the years, he had given attention to their lives only subordinately. And he had excused his culpability by calling it giving complete freedom of action to his wife and his son.

And now Roger had gone, forever! When this central fact surged in on him, along toward morning, it wrung from him the cry: "Oh, my God!" For he saw now the years that could have stretcht before the son and the father. It would not have been too late.

He caught his wife's lips moving, in words. He wouldn't pry into her intimate hours of sleep, but the words were audible. "Roger wouldn't run away. Roger stayed to help the other boys. I was running away. I wouldn't stay. Roger—"

It was getting harder and harder for Mason to bear. Alice was shifting upon herself, now, the blame once more. She had dropped the load, only to pick it up again.

Then Mason did, wholly unexpectedly to himself, something that he had never done before, since he was a boy. He went down upon his knees. before his sleeping wife. Emotions were racking him, yet the physical body could

not easily give vent to them, for years and years of control had hardened the muscles of emotion.

He acknowledged God. He askt for a chance. He formed his billowing thoughts into a kind of halting prayer. He stated his findings. He askt for light and strength. It would be hard to change. He would make mistakes. But, never again would he be a murderer of souls. If there was a life beyond, would Roger guide him to be a father such as Roger wanted him to be, a husband who might atone to Alice for twenty years of neglect and — yes, torture!

He must have fallen asleep thus, for he woke suddenly, to find Alice looking at him with a strange expression. She said nothing, but her hand rested upon his head. But he spoke:

"Alice, don't go away. I need you. Give me time, and help me. You are so wise. I can see now partly. I want to see, fully. I've lived one life. I want to live another — before it is too late. Roger —"

The wife raised herself upon the couch. She seemed to draw the man up to her. She placed her hands upon the sides of his face, and drew him to her. She kissed him upon the forehead.

"I won't go, John. I won't run away. We have a way to go, together. Roger leads. We are not old. Many years are before us. I have tried to think it out. Can't we try to make our lives a kind of — monument, to Roger?"

Mason drew his wife's hand to his lips. Slowly he raised his eyes. He seemed to try to find words. "You — understand. You've always — understood!"

"John!" Alice spoke in a whisper. "Suppose it turns out — supposing Roger is not — gone, but a prisoner! God may mean — in just this way — to get you and me ready — for his homecoming!"

"Yes," he said, "We can help each other — help each other wait, and hope."

O. E. Lewis.

FEDERAL INCORPORATION AS A REMEDY

THE Civil War saved the United States as a nation. Many of us hope that the recent war may teach us to think and act nationally. Among the fields in which such a development would be most desirable, none is more conspicuous than that concerned with the incorporation of business enterprises. Here we have relied upon state action long after the corporations concerned have ceased to be merely local in the scope of their operations. Here the need of a rigid policy of national supervision and control is attested by the evils that have developed, and confirmed by the experience of other countries. Moreover it is already clear that the Federal government will have to look largely to taxes on the incomes and excess profits of corporations for the huge revenues made necessary by the war. Had the plan of national incorporation and national regulation advocated in this article been adopted before the war, the framing of these taxes, which caused so much controversy and delay, would have been comparatively easy. We cannot now correct the omissions of the past, but this is an added reason why steps should at once be taken to bring American corporations squarely under Federal control through Federal incorporation as a vitally important reconstruction measure.

Under the Federal constitution Congress has control over banking and interstate and foreign commerce. It has made use of its control over banking to create the National Banking System. It has not, however, required banking corporations to incorporate under Federal law as a condition to carrying on the banking business nor even as a condition to membership in the recently created Federal Reserve System. As regards interstate and foreign commerce it has not even enacted a Federal incorporation law to permit national incorporation, although

it has created a few Federal corporations by special statutes. As a consequence of this negative policy, virtually the whole task of creating and regulating corporations has devolved upon the states. A few facts will show how large this task has become, and how unsatisfactory has been its performance.

Owing partly to the looseness of the corporation laws of many of the states, a larger and larger proportion of American business has come to be carried on as corporate enterprise. This is not primarily because of the advantages incorporation offers as a means of drawing together large aggregates of capital. A study of current reports in regard to the companies chartered by different states shows rather a predominance of small companies. For example: of the 206 corporations created by the state of Delaware in February, 1918, 93, or nearly one-half, had nominal capitals of only $100,000 or less each; and twelve, nominal capitals of $10,000 or less. Of twenty-four corporations created by the state of New York on a recent day, picked out at random, nineteen or more than three-fourths were found to have capitals of only $50,000 or less, and twelve, or one-half, capitals of only $15,000 or less. It was clearly not the necessity of incorporating to secure the capital required that caused these twelve little enterprises to secure charters. Some of them may have incorporated to take in subordinates or to gain permanency of existence. Making full allowance for these factors, however, it will hardly be questioned that the principal motive that led to these incorporations was the desire to secure the immunity from personal liability, which the charters conferred, coupled with the very modest fee charged for this privilege. As a result of the pernicious competition on the part of several of the states to secure revenue by selling charters of incorporation, incorporation laws have been so framed that the business man may now acquire important privileges by incorporating, while assuming few or no additional obligations beyond the pay-

ment of the nominal incorporation fee. Here we have the explanation of the fact that American business has become corporate business as has that of no other country. Practically the whole field of transportation, in which, according to the Census estimate for 1912, some fourteen per cent of our national wealth was invested, is controlled by corporations. From controlling some 65 per cent of the value of the products turned out by our manufacturing industries in 1899, corporations had come to control 79 per cent in 1909. The proportion of mineral products credited to corporations in the same year was 91 per cent. According to the returns of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1912 there were in the country in that year 288,352 corporations of all classes. These reported aggregate capital, including $32,000,000,000 bonded indebtedness, of $92,000,000,000 which was just about one-half of the estimated total wealth of the country in that year. Some of these corporations are, of course, engaged in purely local enterprises, but the great majority of them were engaged in businesses that transcended state lines. Surely when half the wealth of the country is controlled by corporations, and the majority of these are national in the scope of their operations, it is time to consider seriously a national incorporation policy.

The argument for national incorporation, based on the dominant position corporations have attained in our national business life, is strongly reinforced by a study of the way in which state incorporation may now be acquired. In 1889 New Jersey altered her corporation laws to permit the holding company. By this opportune change she soon acquired for herself the distinction of being the recognized "mother of the trust" of the succeding years. One hundred and seventy of the three hundred and eighteen largest industrial combinations in existence January 1, 1904, had New Jersey charters. The large revenues New Jersey was able to secure through selling charters to trust organizers, caused other states to engage in the same busi-

ness. Maine, Delaware, North Carolina, and South Dakota have become conspicuous competitors for this business, and the relaxation of their laws, and the lowering of their fees, have forced more conservative states like Massachusetts and New York to follow their example. As a consequence, incorporation, from being regarded as a privilege entailing commensurate responsibilities, has come to be looked upon as a right, comparable with the right to cross a toll bridge on the payment of a fee. The privilege of limited liability has been extended freely to anyone willing to pay for it, and without any adequate safeguards to protect creditors from its abuse or the public from losses due to unwise investment in shares of stock bearing on their face, with the sanction of a sovereign state, the declaration that their value is $100 each, although they may really be valueless.

Convincing proof of the perverted use which some of our states regularly make of their right to incorporate business enterprises, may be secured by merely addressing an inquiry to the secretaries of state. In response to a request for information, the Secretary of State of Delaware sends an annotated version of the corporation law of that state. In addition he permits the name of the inquirer to pass to a trust company which has offices in all the leading cities of the country as well as in Delaware. In the preface to the pamphlet sent by the state, the advantages of incorporating in Delaware are clearly set forth, and it is asserted that "no state has on its statute books more complete and liberal corporation laws than these." These advantages, as officially described, are:

"Corporations may conduct business in this or any state or foreign country.

"Stockholders' and Directors' meetings may be held out of the State if desired.

"Original stock and transfer ledgers may be kept out of the State, if duplicates of such books be kept at the principal office in this State.

"Stock fully paid up is non-assessable, and full paid non-assessable stock can be issued for property, labor and services.

"No stock or bonds issued can be *taxed* by this state, when the same is owned by non-residents of this state or foreign corporations.

"State tax is about one half of that under laws of other states, offering proper security to stockholders.

"Delaware corporations may confer upon the holders of bonds or debentures the power to vote to the same extent and in the same manner as stockholders."

The corporation law of Delaware was deliberately amended in 1899 for the purpose of attracting business away from New Jersey. Its "advantages" are clearly thought of, even by state officials, not from the viewpoint of protecting the interests of the creditors or even of the shareholders in corporations, but from that of attracting promoters.

The pamphlet sent by the trust company referred to sets forth at somewhat greater length the merits, from the point of view of incorporators, of the Delaware law. From the twenty-three advantages which it enumerates the following deserve particular emphasis:

"Great latitude is allowed in the creation of classes of preferred stock.

"Bonds may be issued to any amount and are not taxed and may have voting power if stated in charter.

"The State requires no report upon the business condition of a corporation.

"The method of taxation, which bases the annual tax upon the stock authorized does not necessitate inquiry into or report upon the intimate affairs of the corporation.

"Stockholders, officers and directors are not liable for corporate debts.

"There are no restrictions as to the amount of indebtedness that may be created, nor is the stockholders' consent required.

"Corporations are specifically authorized to hold securities of other corporations."

To these may be added still another advantage not mentioned in either pamphlet. Delaware is the only state in the Union which has not reserved to its legislature the power to alter and amend charters of incorporation. A Delaware charter is thus an inviolable contract which is both perpetual and unalterable, except at the instance of those controlling it. Nothing could be more eloquent of the need of national control of corporations whose business extends beyond state lines, than the prominent position that the next-to-the-smallest state in the Union has won for itself among the wide-open charter-granting states.

The ease with which advantage may be taken of Delaware's law is shown by the following letter from a Delaware trust company:

"If you will send us the enclosed form, entitled, 'Memoranda for Preparing the Certificate of Incorporation and By-Laws,' the name of your proposed company, the names and addresses of at least three parties who will act as incorporators (none of whom need to be residents of this state), the amount of authorized capital you desire, par value of the shares, and a brief statement of the object and purpose of the company, we will prepare you a charter and all the papers connected with the organization of your company, and forward to you for execution by your parties. After they are executed and returned to us, we will have the charter granted, organize your company by proxy here, electing the board of directors whom you will designate, and then forward the records of organization to you, with a draft of directors' minutes outlining the action necessary to be taken by your directors at their first meeting, which may be held wherever you desire."

As we pass to the newer west, the methods of soliciting corporation business on the part of some of the states become even more objectionable. In answer to an in-

quiry, the Secretary of State of South Dakota sends a ninety-six page pamphlet containing the Incorporation Laws of South Dakota, 1915–16. To remove all doubt as to the purpose of these laws, this pamphlet displays conspicuously on its back cover the pregnant words:

No annual reports required to be filed in the office of Secretary of State. No annual franchise tax. No taxes whatever, except upon taxable property owned by a corporation within the state.

No wonder that a South Dakota trust company sums up its comparison of the corporation laws of "six leading charter states" by saying that "these tables show that when cost and advantage under a given system of laws are considered South Dakota easily stands first, while Delaware comes next in order of excellence." Its comparison is confined to six states for the significant reason that "The company's management have found that as a practical matter the business of incorporation is confined to a very few states." How could it be otherwise under the conditions that have been allowed to develop?

The inquiry of a would-be-incorporator in South Dakota comes to the attention not only of a South Dakota trust company, which finds it worth while to maintain an office in New York as well as in Pierre, South Dakota, but also of the Librarian of the Supreme Court. That obliging official writes on the *official stationery of the Supreme Court* that for a fee of $10 for the first year and $5 a year thereafter he will secure the charter and act as resident incorporator, director, and agent, and maintain the domiciliary office in the state. He adds: "I will furnish you my power of attorney or any stockholder you may designate to represent me at all meetings of the stockholders and directors. You can have one share of stock issued in my name and I will assign it back to the company for your protection." Could courtesy be carried further or service rendered more cheaply? The only fear the communication arouses is that in dedicating the library of the Su-

preme Court to the uses of a personally conducted trust company, the gentleman may be led to neglect somewhat the more proper, if less remunerative, duties of his office!

A characteristic of incorporation under the laws of South Dakota seems to be swiftness as well as cheapness. "In nineteen cases out of twenty," writes the president of another South Dakota trust company, "we are able to get the charter into the mails within ten hours after the application is received."

The principal advantages offered by South Dakota are: (1) There is no tax of any kind, beyond the charge for incorporation, on corporations which do not own property within the state. This is an important consideration since practically all of the other states impose annual franchise taxes, which within a short period, will amount to more than the charge for incorporation. Thus a corporation capitalized for $1,000,000 and paying six per cent dividends would be taxed $1500 annually by New York. Even Delaware exacts $50 each year from such a corporation.

(2) The "organization tax" is the lowest charged by any state. For a $1,000,000 corporation it was only $30, as compared in 1916 with $100 in Delaware and $500 in New York.

(3) Stock need not be subscribed before securing the charter.

(4) Charters may be renewed indefinitely.

With these attractions, the only circumstance which prevents South Dakota from succeeding New Jersey as the "mother of corporations" is her distance from the financial centers of the country, and uncertainty as to whether she may not modify her policy, as did New Jersey in 1913 when she passed the Seven Sister Acts.

The most conspicuous defects in the incorporation laws which American states have enacted as a consequence of this pernicious competition are the following:

(1) They encourage the use of dummy incorporators and dummy directors, by failing to impose adequate personal responsibility on incorporators and directors.

(2) They make no effort to cause the nominal and the actual capital of a corporation to correspond, either when the corporation is first launched or afterwards.

(3) They impose no special restrictions on the activities of unscrupulous promoters, with the absurd result that our main reliance for the protection of innocent investors is the post-office department enforcing the law against using the mails to defraud.

(4) They do not require annual reports.

(5) They impose no adequate restraint on the issue of bonds.

(6) They permit holding companies, with their inevitable tendency to diffuse responsibility and confuse the interests to be protected.

(7) Though they incorporate businesses to be carried on all over the United States, their guiding motive is not the best interest of the whole country but "revenue only."

In striking contrast to this wide-open, *laissez-faire* policy which we have adopted toward corporations is that of our enemy in the war, long so disconcertingly efficient, Germany. Her incorporation law of 1884 was the result of a characteristically thorough study of the whole problem. It was revised some thirteen years later with the codification of German business law in the *Handelsgesetzbuch* of 1897, but without important changes. The viewpoint from which the German law proceeded is what some of our legal writers characterize as the "old fashioned" theory, that since the state grants a charter declaring that the capital of a corporation is such an amount divided up into shares each worth such an amount, it is the duty of the state to prevent the actual capital from becoming less than the nominal capital, so far as this is humanly possible. Various regulations were im-

posed in the effort to bring about this result. Thus a corporation might not be launched until all of its capital had been subscribed and at least 25% had been paid in, the shares indicating clearly how much had been paid in and how much remained to be paid. Certain information relating to the history of the organization had to be included in the articles of incorporation, and its accuracy had to be attested by the organizers or promoters of the company and by the two boards of directors — the managing board and the supervisory board, which each corporation was required to have. Such attestation carried with it personal responsibility, not only for misstatements but for misinformation whose falsity might have been detected had the person concerned exercised the diligence and care of a prudent man of business. Included in this information had to be an appraisal by a qualified accountant appointed by a local chamber of commerce of any property taken in exchange for stock indicating that it was worth at least the par value of such stock. These and other safeguards were designed to eliminate all "water" from the capitalization of a German corporation when it was first launched. Even the issue of shares to reward the promoter was forbidden, his only means of profit being to sell the stock at a premium at the outset or to subscribe for it for himself and derive his benefit from the success of his creation, like any other stockholder.

No amount of governmental regulation can insure the success of a business enterprise or prevent the impairment of its capital through business losses. The German law attempted to protect others than shareholders from such losses when they occurred, by requiring full annual balance sheets, for the accuracy of which the members of both directing boards were responsible; by prohibiting the payment of dividends unless the balance sheet showed a clear surplus of assets over liabilities, including capital stock at par and a safety-reserve which had to be gradually built up to equal ten per cent of the capital stock; and by

providing for the reorganization of the corporation through a receivership whenever the assets fell below the liabilities exclusive of capital stock.

The net result of these regulations was that the privilege of incorporation was only sought when there was strong reason for believing that through it the proposed business would be assured a degree of success that it could not have hoped to enjoy as a single enterpriser or partnership organization. Get-rich-quick and wild-cat companies were discouraged, since the only way the promoter could make a profit was by frankly asking more for the stock offered for sale than the appraised value of the assets, including money in the treasury, amounted to. German corporations, of course, failed, as do American corporations; but the losses from such failures were much less apt to fall on creditors, since receivership and reorganization tended to come more promptly when a business had been unprofitable. Most surprising of all, it is the well-nigh unanimous testimony of students of the subject that these severe regulations did not interfere in the least with the enormous expansion of Germany's trade and industry after 1884, and that corporate enterprise played as important a rôle in this expansion as was compatible with the best interests of the country. The requirement of annual balance sheets served as a needed check on recklessness and dishonesty, and was found quite consistent with the protection of business secrets and the promotion of all legitimate business interests.

It is much easier to see the defects in our corporation system and the merits of the system of another country, than to decide on the proper remedy. There are, however, very convincing arguments for *Federal Incorporation* as a step toward better conditions. The most serious lacks in our American incorporation laws are the direct consequences of the fact that several of the states have come to regard the sale of charters as an important means of se-

curing revenue, and of the resulting competition to make the terms of sale more and more attractive to promoters. There is no effective way of combating this abuse within state lines. It is true that New Jersey under the leadership of President, then Governor, Wilson, did amend her wide-open corporation law by enacting the Seven Sisters Acts. But the loss in revenue that this entailed soon set up a reaction, and a new corporation law has recently been passed, which largely repeals these laws. The convincing argument in favor of this reactionary step to the New Jersey legislature was that New Jersey had merely injured herself without benefiting anyone by her restrictive legislation. Corporation promoters had found Delaware and South Dakota eager to grant the charters they desired, on even more favorable terms than New Jersey had imposed, and the corporation situation for the country at large had been no whit improved. The only way to make American corporations subject to uniform and adequate regulations is to require them to secure charters from the Federal government, under such limitations as Congress may impose through a Federal incorporation act. Congress, of course, has no power to require corporations whose business is confined entirely within a single state, to incorporate nationally. But as regards these corporations — public service companies, etc., — each state has an adequate motive for itself imposing suitable restrictions. Since their business is confined within the state, each state may properly require corporations engaging in such business, to secure charters from itself. If it does not impose suitable regulations in connection with the grant of such charters, it has only itself to blame, and its own citizens will be the only or principal sufferers. Congress clearly does have power to require corporations which engage in interstate or foreign commerce to obtain national charters. The decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court have given broader and broader definition to the phrase of the constitution, "commerce among the states and with foreign

nations," until it may now be said to include every business which involves the transportation or sale of products across state lines. Thus a Federal incorporation law which laid down the rule that no company incorporated after it should become effective, should be permitted to engage in interstate or foreign commerce except under a national charter granted in accordance with its provisions, would bring all new companies whose business should be in any sense interstate, squarely under national control. Since new companies are coming into being by the hundreds and thousands every week, in a country of which expansion and change are the dominant characteristics, bringing all new companies under Federal control would in a few years radically modify the corporation situation.

There would remain, however, the hundreds of thousands of old corporations which now engage in interstate and foreign commerce on the basis of their state-granted charters. A very simple way to deal with them would be to require them to secure licenses from the Federal government as a condition to continuing to engage in interstate or foreign commerce after a specified date, and to make the conditions imposed in connection with the license identical with those applying to national corporations chartered under the Federal incorporation law. If, then, privileges, such as the right to initiate litigation in the federal courts, were extended to national corporations but not to state corporations, and the fees required for the substitution of national for state charters were made moderate, old companies would be brought squarely under Federal control, and an increasing proportion of them would, as time went on, become also national corporations.

There is great room for differences of opinion as to how far a Federal incorporation law should go in the effort to subject American corporations to the restrictions from which they have too long been free. In the writer's view,

it would be desirable to include at least the following limitations:

(1) No Federal corporation should be allowed to begin business without a bona fide capital of at least $100,000. This may seem at first thought undemocratic — to shut out the small business man and favor the man of wealth. It is not so in reality. The privilege of incorporation and limited liability should not be granted lightly. Only where the business is such a character that a single enterpriser or a number joining together as partners cannot provide sufficient capital, should this privilege be extended. This means, under present conditions, that a minimum of $100,000 is not unreasonable. Moreover, if corporations are to be made more responsible, and creditors and "innocent investors" are to be protected, they must be subjected to a certain amount of governmental regulation. As a practical matter this means that their number must not be allowed to become unmanageable. Cutting out the thousands of small shoe-string enterprises would greatly simplify the task of Federal supervision.

(2) Regulations should be imposed similar to those of the German law calculated to ensure that the bona fide assets of the corporation are worth at least as much as its nominal capitalization. The most important of these is to require promoters, officers and directors personally to subscribe to the appraisal of all assets to be submitted with the application and to make them thereafter personally responsible for the accuracy of such appraisal unless they can show that they were themselves deceived. Other regulations calculated to eliminate the dummy incorporator and director would also be necessary, but they could easily be devised.

(3) Every national corporation other than common carriers under the Interstate Commerce Commission, should be required to file with the Federal Trade Commission an annual balance sheet setting forth fully, clearly and exactly the financial results of the year's business,

and showing as a separate item the difference between the assets and the liabilities at the close of the year. This should be signed by the officers and directors, and they should be personally liable for its accuracy. .

(4) No dividends should be permitted unless the balance sheet showed a surplus over and above the liabilities including the capital stock at its full par value, and the dividend should never exceed such surplus.

(5) Minority shareholders, say ten per cent, should be given the right to require the directors to call a special meeting at any time, and to require an independent audit by a certified public accountant of the balance sheet presented by the officers and directors.

(6) These regulations, supplemented by examinations that may under existing law be made at any time by the Federal Trade Commission, would go far to bring corporate enterprises under the salutary restraint of publicity. This in itself would prevent many of the grosser abuses that have occurred in the past.

A regulation that is even more debatable than those proposed, relates to the right of a corporation to own the shares of stock of another corporation. This has undoubtedly served as a useful means of giving greater flexibility to corporate business. On the other hand the abuses due to the division and confusion of responsibility that result from it are very serious. On the whole, it seems to the writer that the "holding company" has been a source of evil rather than a benefit, and he would, therefore, favor a provision in the Federal incorporation act which would either prohibit it or limit it so severely that it would no longer be resorted to except as a extraordinary and temporary expedient.

The chief aims of the regulations that have been outlined should be to bring home to the officers and directors of American corporations their personal responsibility for the actions and policies of their companies, and to insure that those actions and policies shall really be pro-

motive of the public interest, as a return for the privileges which the public grants. These results were desirable before the war. In the world crisis in which we have become a leading actor they may prove essential to the preservation of our position as a leading world power. Federal incorporation will assist our business men to think and act nationally and to appreciate more clearly their obligations to the United States government. The closer union between legitimate business enterprise and the government which this will bring about, should react advantageously on both. It should cause business enterprise to be sounder, more orderly, and broader in its scope. It should assist to make "democracy safe" in the only way in which it can be made safe in the long run, by making it more efficient in the promotion of the common good. We are entering upon a period of reconstruction. The last two years have taught us the advantages of group action on a national scale, and at the same time have emphasized the limitations on efficient governmental activity. We should lose no time in making needed changes in our governmental organization. One of these changes which should command the support of all thoughtful citizens is national incorporation of all national corporate enterprises.

HENRY R. SEAGER.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS

"AND where have you been?" said the Lady, graciously indicating a seat at her side. "Are you a hero, by any chance, and do you say *beaucoup* and *toot sweet*, and have you brought back from France a brand new Past and the Croix de Guerre?"

"Alas, no," said Carter, "Pasts are not kept in stock in Columbus, Ohio. The sort they have out there are the private property of the inhabitants — crude homegrown affairs. And as for war crosses —"

"You poor thing!" said the Lady, "Is *that* where you have been?"

"Oh, it might have been worse," said Carter, "at times it *was* worse. This is a big country. And a chap who was not sent to France had a chance of being sent anywhere in all the length and breadth of all the bigness of it. You see there were other chaps who had nothing to do but to send people. That's what they were for. Mostly majors. And they had to send somebody. It was war, and we were all frightfully in earnest being military. If you are going to be military you *must* give orders and you *must* have orders given you. It's got to be done, even if you have to sit up nights thinking of something that can be ordered."

"It sounds silly," the Lady said.

"I know," Carter admitted, "But it was really very serious. Were you ever at a girls' school?"

"Ages ago," said the Lady.

"Well, do you remember — ages ago — how all the good little girls — of course, *you* were not one of them — how all the good little girls workt their heads off and sat up nights on the sly, and got their eyes red, and headaches, and studied and agonized over that examination in English Literature under Professor Highfellow; and how failing on it seemed the most terrible thing in the world — a disgrace that never could be outlived?"

The Lady smiled a little — a very little smile. "I *do* remember some girls like that," she said. "It seems a long time ago."

"It isn't really," said Carter, "It was just day before yesterday. And only yesterday we were all like that. I mean I was, and the others. You see we really didn't know any more about what we were trying to do than those little girls knew about the English Literature they had got by rote. We had books too, and people stood up in front of us and lectured, and we took notes feverishly — just as you didn't use to do — but we could not learn every word and we couldn't tell, any more than the little girls could, which words were important and which were not. Unless, of course, 'omit' was written on the margin. Which wasn't often. But we did know that failing — that not making good — was a disgrace we never could live down. Never. I think the world hardly ever saw such a lot of serious, frightened, striving creatures as the citizen officers of the Army of the United States in this war."

"And the older you were, the more terribly and childishly afraid you were. I do not mean of bullets and things — they were a long way off. Nor even of falling out of airplanes and getting all messed up. We behaved decently enough that way, even though we were scared. It was the other sort of being afraid. You might be forty years old, and you might have handled pretty big things in your own silly peaceful line, and bossed a lot of men, and been as cocky and self-important as you pleased. That did not help any. You just naturally trembled at the approach of a major, and shivered in your boots if you had to speak to the colonel. Especially if the colonel was under thirty, and you knew that he was really only a captain of infantry a few years out of West Point."

"I used to thrill at the sight of West Pointers, myself," said the Lady. "Ages ago, again, of course. I may have trembled too — but it wasn't usually in boots. *We*

didn't wear boots at hops. They were wonderful creatures those West Pointers."

"They still are," said Carter.

"I am not sure," said the Lady, "somehow the heroes from over seas have dimmed their glory. It may be the Sam Browne belts. Or the overseas caps. I don't know. One's idea of a soldier now is different. But I want to know about Columbus, Ohio. I can't imagine you in Columbus, Ohio. What was it like?"

"It was like going to school all over again. It *was* going to school all over again. You went to classes, and you recited, and you missed your lessons, and you crammed for examinations, and you were scared to death of being flunked. And sometimes you were flunked. That was awful. And you were fearfully proud and flattered when an Instructor deigned to notice you on the campus. The Instructors were mostly second lieutenants, just hatched."

"But," said the Lady, "I understood you were a captain."

"So I was," said Carter, "all of that. But they were Instructors. And this was school. To be sure, some of them said 'Sir' to me. I took it mighty kindly. There was one, particularly, who was detailed to coach me in the Manual of Arms. He was an uncommon nice boy — from Alabama. 'Left shoulder harmmss!' he'd say in a crisp military manner, and then, softly, 'Sir, I don't think you did that quite right, Sir.' And I'd do it over again."

"I should like to meet that boy," said the Lady. "Did he teach you a lot?"

"I got so I could toddle along with the company and not spoil the formation entirely. Usually I was No. 3 man in the rear rank — a fearfully responsible post, I assure you — and once in a while the red headed little second lieutenant of Infantry, who was the company commander, would step up alongside and say 'Get your elbow a leetle closer to your side, Cap'n, Sir.' Which meant that my rifle was being carried at a rakish and forbidden angle,

and that maybe the major's eye was looking that way. I really tried very hard, but I never was anything but a fourth rate private soldier."

"Your own rank seems to have got fearfully mixed by this time," said the Lady.

"It was," said Carter, "you see I was a Casual Student Officer. Army Regulations are very explicit on one point. It is not Rank which confers authority, but Office. I had no Office. It was my duty and my privilege to obey orders from superiors — majors and lieutenant colonels especially — and it was equally my duty and privilege to obey orders from second lieutenants and Instructors when I was attached as a volunteer to their rightful commands. I couldn't lawfully give any orders — and, besides, I did not know how."

The Lady's glance strayed toward the window. Carter hastened to recapture her attention.

"You know," he said, "It was a co-ed school."

"Were they yeomanettes, "the Lady asked swiftly "Or is it goblets?"

"Those young persons," said Carter with dignity, "are the affair of the Navy. This was an Army school. But, you see, we borrowed a perfectly good University to have it in. And the University went on all the same in its civilian academic capacity. And in that part of the country all Universities are co-ed. So the co-eds were there all over the campus, going to their classes while we were going to ours. Only, of course, we marcht — or rather we were marcht — to our classes, and they went to theirs singly or in bunches after the usual campus fashion. It will always remain a matter of wonderment to me how these co-eds and our young men managed to use the same campus and the same lecture halls for two entirely independent schools, and not get any more mixed up than they did. In war time too, and young things and second lieutenants mostly. The girls of Ohio are very sensible girls, I think."

"Were they *all* sensible?" asked the Lady, pointedly.

"Some of them," said Carter, "were very pretty. There was Dorothy Lucile, for instance, who was a flower garden sort of young person. A handsome young second lieutenant was mad about her. But he was an Instructor with faculty privileges. Besides he was a hero. He had fought in Flanders, and had a wound stripe — the only one the campus boasted."

"What was that sort of creature doing in Columbus, Ohio?" asked the Lady.

"Instructing," said Carter, "and other things. I have seen him, for example dancing with Dorothy Lucile. We had dances occasionally like other school boys and girls. I have danced with Dorothy Lucile myself, and found her charming."

"No doubt," said the Lady, "you would. But how did it happen that you got into a party with co-eds? You weren't an Instructor, with faculty privileges, and you didn't have a wound stripe."

"I was a captain," said Carter. "There are also privileges of rank. Besides the handsome lieutenant who was a hero, and I, were friends. We often conversed confidentially. At least he did. And then, you know, I am quite in demand at parties. In spite of my age. In Washington, now —"

"Oh," said the Lady. "So you were there, too, were you?"

"I was," said Carter. "I'd conceal the disgraceful fact if I could. But, as I told you, I was one of those that got sent. I was never consulted beforehand, and after all it was in Washington that I met Griselda."

"It seems to me," said the Lady, "that the seriousness of army life is grossly exaggerated. These lighter moments —"

"Over there, also," said Carter, "there were lighter moments. And they are what all your returned heroes tell you about. The essential seriousness of it all remained.

But the seriousness related to the army, not to life outside the army. There wasn't enough left over. Hence Collette. And hence, also, Griselda. It was a New Year's Eve and she was driving her motor up and down Pennsylvania Avenue blowing her horn to celebrate. She explained that she had forgot to arrange a party."

"And you came along, I suppose," said the Lady.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't," said Carter, "I only heard of it afterwards. But I shall always be sorry that I didn't come along. It seemed a wasteful as well as an original way for a pretty girl to celebrate New Year's Eve all alone in that city full of strays and strangers."

"This original and wasteful young person — this night-riding goddess of the car, this Griselda —?" said the Lady, elevating superior eyebrows.

"This Griselda," said Carter, "was a young lady very highly connected indeed. And usually quite serious. A student of one of the learned professions — medicine, I fancy, or law. I met her under the most proper circumstances, and she gave me a lift afterwards, and talked about overseas lieutenants who were coming home covered with laurels, and how difficult it was to make up her mind which."

"Confidences, again?" said the Lady.

"Conversation," said Carter. "I mention the matter only because I am trying to make it plain to you that even those of us who do not say *beaucoup* and *toot sweet*, who have not brought back a Past from France in the best Paris manner, or seventy-seven millimeter Boche shells, or wound stripes, or war crosses — I am trying to make it plain that we also have seen life for a little, as we never used before — from a world outside of it. Because an army in war time is something strangely apart. And if you are of the Army, whether you are in Chateau-Thierry or Columbus, Ohio, the world *you* live in, dear lady (and that I used to live in quite comfortably, and have come back to live in a bit uneasily) is a thing objective. You can look at it. You can be a sort of guest of it,

even. But you can't properly belong to it. The situation is very like that of the little street boy outside the gayly lighted up Christmas party — the little chap that presses a wistful face against the colder side of the window-pane. He might get askt in, of course. But he couldn't stay. He couldn't really be a part of the party. Though he would have a wonderful time the little while he was let stay.

"It's only a difference of degree whether you are triumphantly billeted in Coblenz, or humbly lodged in Washington as an incident of military duty. Your work and your place are fixt for you. And both are in the Army. You do not belong with the civilians about you. Their ways are not your ways, and your contacts with them are taken lightly. For you are not as other men are. Your goings and comings are not of your making. Your tomorrow is not your own, and is as likely as not to find you set down among a brand new lot of civilians. You behave accordingly. I shall never cease to be grateful to Dorothy Lucile and to Griselda, bless their innocent young hearts, so ardently concerned with second lieutenants, and their little-motherly condescension to grizzled senior officers!

"The other side of the picture is a year of Army Paper Work accomplished in the spirit of unintelligent, but conscientious devotion with which so many of our army officers from civil life went at it and stuck to it. It is not inspiring, in spite of all the anguish of misapplication that went into it. Good intentions paved a Hell as usual. And I refuse to dwell upon that part of it now that I am honorably discharged for the convenience of the government."

"What is Army Paper Work," said the Lady.

"It is the really serious side of soldiering," said Carter. "It is correspondence in triplicate and by endorsement, and property returns on white slips and green with invoices and receipts in double sets of eight, and putting every thing into writing and not reading it. It is magnificent. It is what did not win the war."

"But we won it, anyway," said the Lady.

Henry Irving Brock.

THE LAMP OF EXPERIENCE

IF there is one circumstance more significant than all others in the events of the past four years it is the part that the United States has played in the world war and in the negotiation of the peace. Her entry into the conflict markt a crisis not only in her own history but in that of the world which, despite the huge discussion which it raised, is even yet not fully appreciated. For the first time in history the western hemisphere has taken its place in the world's affairs, not as an outlying province of Europe, but as a part of that greater European polity whose reality this war, and still more this peace, has finally revealed. Its voice is heard, its weight is felt, — and its strength has been thrown against the German powers.

And why? The immediate cause, all men agree, was unrestricted submarine warfare but behind that, and all the other reasons given, lies one far deeper and more fundamental, of far more import to the future than them all. It is our past and that of Germany; it is the slow, inevitable verdict of history. It has been a common device to justify the ways of God to man; it is still commoner to justify man's way to God. But it is not necessary to evade the issue in such fashion; we need but to recount the facts.

In the very months when the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America three hundred years ago, there was born that Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, surnamed the Great by his admiring countrymen who have attributed to him the greatness of Prussia. At his birth Brandenburg was one of the lesser states of Germany; before he died, thanks to his rigid, efficient bureaucracy, his army, and his adroit, unscrupulous diplomacy, it ranked among the greater German powers well on the way to the status

of a kingdom, which it attained in his successor's reign. At the same time the eastern coast of North America, from Virginia to New England, saw the beginnings of self-governing English colonies, between which and the autocratic state built up by Frederick William no contrast could have been greater. And had the Great Elector known of them, nothing would have seemed to him more fantastic and intolerable than the doctrines of liberty for which these colonists labored; nothing less probable than that these feeble settlements would one day challenge the absolutism for which he stood. For there was no more striking antithesis in the world of seventeenth century politics than that afforded by the states thus simultaneously brought upon the stage.

That contrast was heightened in the eighteenth century. While the American colonies grew into strength and sentiment of nationality, the Prussian king, Frederick the Great, breaking his covenants with Austria, wrested Silesia from her ruler's grasp and plunged Europe into twenty years of war. At the same moment that the colonies entered the war of independence, he crowned his reign by joining with Russia and Austria in the greatest international crime of modern history, the dismemberment of Poland, which was completed in the very years when the Constitution of the United States was for the first time giving form and substance to the principle of self-government.

Still more was the divergence of these states emphasized during the nineteenth century. While Prussia was reorganized by the third and greatest of the leaders who contributed to her rise, Bismarck, while German liberal efforts to unite the German people were suppressed by her, while her army was increased beyond its former strength and far beyond her people's wish, and plans laid for still greater and more ambitious wars, the United States was torn with the great argument of slavery. And while that civil conflict in America was waged from which emerged its last charter of liberty, Prussia fell in turn

upon Denmark, on Austria and her German allies, finally on France, and took her place at the head of a prussianized German Empire with the prizes of predatory power — two Danish duchies, a group of German states, two French provinces, and the leadership of Germany. Thus was the policy of the Great Elector crowned with success at the moment that the principles of the American colonists were vindicated in emancipation.

So runs the great historic parallel. Seldom in history have two states more tended from their very origin to conflict; never, perhaps, have two developments been so contrasted by the coincidence of their great epochs. Their deep-seated antagonism was long concealed by the accident of geography. Had the United States been in Russia's place, or had Prussia been in Mexico, the great collision would have come long years ago. The barriers of distance were broken down by the inventions which annihilated space; the United States and Germany were brought face to face, and their antagonism was inevitable. There could be no peace between a race which honored Winthrop and Washington and Lincoln, and one which deified the Great Elector, Frederick the Great and Bismarck; between a people which sought only power, and one whose goal was liberty.

It has been said with wit and truth that the United States won its freedom by a war fought on a preamble. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," so runs the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created free and equal . . . that Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is no less certain that she entered this last great conflict on the same ground; for, in a thousand varied forms, what was her battle-cry but the determination expressed in the opening words of her Constitution, "to establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity."

It is, one says, idealism. And that is true. We need not fear that word; nor hesitate to set our dreams against those of the Hohenzollern testament. Our enemies fought for their ideals, as we fought for ours, and we may welcome the comparison. We have made wars, not always with justice; but such wars are not our boast, and we have done what we could to minimize their evils and to compensate our foes. We have made mistakes; but as a people we have not knowingly committed crimes, nor have we reckoned them among the heroic episodes of our history. For the preamble of our Constitution is more than a form of words, more than a battle-cry; it is the fulfillment of a hope and the promise of a future. And here again we may well ponder the lesson of the past.

The entry of the United States into the world conflict still further emphasized — as it extended — the number of peoples engaged in fighting the central powers. The war became, in its final stages, literally *Germania contra mundum*, Germany against the world, not Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, but Deutschland, Deutschland gegen alles, Gegen alles in der Welt. This was the greatest of the Prussian grievances; it was the source of Prussian downfall. To their apologists it connoted but one thing — the jealous hatred of the allies who enlisted the nations of the earth to crush out German rivalry. This was not true. It was not allied diplomacy, nor English gold, nor Wall Street investments, nor threats of any kind, which allied the world against the Prussian efforts at dominance. The causes of the far-flung alliance lay deeper than the efforts of statesmanship; they are the very essence of history.

The first outstanding fact in modern development is that the Europeans have inherited the earth; and its chief corollary is the like fact that within a hundred years the number of Europeans has increased till they need no longer fear comparison with even the hordes of Asia. The

second great development of the past century has been the evolution of self-government; and this has been furthered and conditioned perhaps more than we fully realize by the progress of Europe beyond the sea. Nowhere in all its numerous and powerful societies do we now find a monarchy. Nor are the reasons far to seek. The frontier breeds free men; in any new society the dead weight of tradition and inheritance is thrown off, and colonies, whatever they may become in time, unless compelled by some external circumstance, begin as natural democracies, whose only titles lie in strength or skill. They tend to embody their liberty in political theory and practice. Read through the documents which they have framed to guide their national destinies. From the first state which broke away from Spanish rule to the new Commonwealth of Australia, they echo the Constitution of the United States, which goes, in turn, to the philosophy of the English school which laid down principles of self-government in the same years that Brandenburg's Elector was founding his militaristic, bureaucratic autocracy.

That influence has not been confined to the colonial world. From the time when the French revolutionaries found in American independence inspiration for their repudiation of Bourbon kingship, to the adoption of the Australian ballot system by English democracy, the influence of this back-wave of colonial sentiment and practice is evident in the history of Europe itself. It has involved two further principles. The one is individualism, the other the subordination of the state to the needs and demands of its own citizens. And if the study of modern development teaches anything, it is that the progress of civilization has been the product of the individual, not of the state; that unity in diversity, not unity in conformity is the true principle of sound development.

And what of Prussian contribution to expansion and democracy, to individualism and the theory of the state? The answer is self-evident. In the great movements of

colonization and self-government, the Great Elector's countrymen played but little part. This was not due, as their apologists declare, to their late entry into the extra-European field. Whatever his virtues as a colonist, the German was not a pioneer; he followed where the others led. Whatever their virtues as citizens, the German people have lacked the insistent spirit of self-government, which would not be denied. Among the great and various colonial societies there are none of German speech; among the numerous German states there was not one whose people ruled themselves — until their autocracy was overthrown from the outside. The desperate efforts to build up a German *imperium in imperio* failed and more than failed; for it united peoples everywhere to crush those old, belated, treacherous designs, and produced a new crusade of nationality and democracy. Thus the Prussian doctrines and practices have been out of touch with the great movements of the past centuries, they have not been influenced by the world outside; and they have found themselves opposed, in consequence, by the united power of a greater Europe bent on different aims and travelling a far different road to different ends than those to which Prussian ambitions addressed themselves. And they were overthrown.

Such are some of the great lessons of history. What of the third — the new unity and the new anarchy which the war has brought? From the great melting-pot of conflict have emerged two great alternatives, each of which, in some form, takes on the garb of internationalism, the one to strengthen, the other to destroy the old foundations of society. Despite their widely different aims they both go far to demonstrate that, whatever the future may bring forth, the world is more at one than it has been before. The war has done far more for European solidarity and democratic government than we can fully realize as yet. Of this the league of nations and the rise of new republics is but one phase, the propaganda of the Bolshe-

viks another passing phenomenon. Yet we must recognize that the anarchy which has assumed for its own purposes the mask of international brotherhood and in the guise of social equality has begun a raid on private property unparalleled in human history, is no less to be reckoned with than the dreams of world-federation.

Within four years we have had presented to us three separate and antagonistic ideals of internationalism. The one was that of Prussian dominance, the second that of a league of free societies, retaining their individuality but bound together for the common good, the third is that of a world-wide class war. Not one of them, save in its method and circumstance, is new; but their conjunction gives each a new significance. The first we have made impossible by force of arms; upon the second, whether by league or agreements or both, most men are now at one; it is upon the third that the great argument begins, an argument which goes to the root of organized society.

This is no time nor place to file a brief for the perfections of that society as it is now constituted. To any one conversant with the world, it is only too evident that there exist gross and unjust evils; less, no doubt, than what have gone before, but still repugnant to our present sense of what is right or even expedient. Long since, the remedial agencies of society have bestirred themselves to cure these ills of the body politic and economic, and they have, each in its way, done much within the past hundred years to alleviate the more flagrant abuses of rampant industrialism. They have, for the most part, addressed themselves to details; but there have been general solutions proposed as well. One has been the adjustment of social burdens and benefits by an individual or a state, all-powerful if not all-wise, the regulation of national concerns, industrial as well as political, for, but not by, the people. At the other extreme has been the dream of the confiscation of all

property, its management and redistribution as chance or a so-called socialistic government may direct. Somewhere between these has been the slow and continuous betterment of conditions by the people themselves through their own constituted authorities. The one extreme has been the method of the German autocracy; the other the plan of the socialistic groups which for the moment the Russian revolutionaries pretend to represent; the last has been our way and that of the liberal governments in general.

To these various solutions, the events of the past four years have given prominence and perspective. There have been those among us who, dazzled for a time by the apparent efficiency of Germany, sought the remedy for all our ills in strengthening the powers of the central government. They would have made our government a more or less enlightened despotism, tempered, if at all, by popular support or disapproval, a presidential rather than a parliamentary system, in effect a dictatorship. There are those who, dazzled by the flame of revolution, sought to undermine all government. For a time, under stress of war, each side made head; nor has either as yet, apparently, abandoned all its hopes or even its practices. So much is evident, in America as elsewhere.

But if our history goes to prove anything, it is that the United States is still far from the acceptance of either an autocratic socialism or a socialistic autocracy. Each of these has, in a fashion, sprung from the German mind during the past century, while parliamentary individualism has made way among us. And unless we misread the spirit of our people, Bolshevism and dictatorship alike will fail to replace our beliefs or practices.

It may be that the pendulum will swing back, that we may revert to a less representative form of government; it may be that we may go forward to a still wider liberty. But we are not now so much concerned with forms as men were a hundred years ago. Our problem is rather with

the function and spirit of administration, with what we call the social and economic side of government. To this oncoming question of "social justice," the approach is not that of the political pioneers of a century ago — the path of liberty. It is the far more tortuous and thorny road of equality. That is as yet a little-charted way, nor have the guides who have thus far offered their services commended themselves to us by action or by word, whether as realists or idealists.

Yet this much is true — that times have changed and will change still more if our society continues to progress; for change is the law of life. Without adopting either pure socialism or autocracy we shall learn from each, and thus slowly alter our organization to fit new needs. But we have long been pragmatists, not dogmatists; experimenters, not theorists; and it is little probable that we shall find the guide for our feet in the *ignis fatuus* of mere theory; it is far more probable that we shall seek our light from the lamp of experience. And if we have learned aught from what we have achieved, we must realize that the ideals we have long pursued — justice, tranquillity, defence, the general welfare, and liberty — are still as worthy of our ambitions as they were when our Constitution was in the making; that without them, equality of whatever sort will not avail us much. For this is the teaching of our history. Tried in the fiery furnace of war, we have suffered much that should teach us humility. But we can face the future with as high a heart as either force which challenges democracy. We have not found the ultimate stupidity of popular government, great as it is, greater than that of Prussian autocracy; nor its justice and efficiency, deficient as they are, inferior to those of the Bolshevik.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

WEEDING OUT

"IT wouldn't be so bad," Camilla said, "if it weren't for the books. We really must weed them out this time."

One or the other of us always says that when we're performing that yearly rite of the American, "moving."

"Yes," I said, with a false intensity, "we really *must*."

One or the other of us always replies thus. And we always think we mean the dialogue as we never did before. Moving books is worse than transporting a menagerie. Mere packing of clothes and china and furniture is a light-hearted detail to it.

We inherited the most of our library, which might, I suppose, have been got over if we had been born with the proper attitude to literature. You often hear of people who inherit vast libraries and immediately sell or give them away, and can live in a happy freedom ever after. But we inherited a taste for buying more books along with the ones already bought, worse luck. We accumulate noiselessly and automatically — in our sleep, as it were. Send my sister Camilla down town for dress materials, and she is sure to return with a guilty look, a scant pattern of goods and some dingy thing from a stall which, she explains, she has needed *terribly* for three years. As for me, I have an insidious yellow glazed pig who holds just five dollars before he disintegrates and can be rescrewed. I, alas, am supporting the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on the instalment plan.

Camilla had on a pink bungalow apron and a head towel that made her look like an Egyptian. She stood on the top step of the library ladder with a huge dust-cloth.

"We *must* weed out!" she repeated feverishly, waving a blackened hand.

"I *know* we must!" I answered in the same tense voice —

something the kind of voice the head German spy gives directions in, in the third act of war-plays.

Then we attackt the book-cases. Camilla handed books down, and I packt them. The theory was that we were sternly to discard every book not inevitable to our mental growth. It was almost as if we were selecting the hundred best books for a desert island.

The first book on the top shelf of that case was a small red *Daily Strength for Daily Needs.* Aunt Laura gives us one apiece for Christmas whenever she forgets, so we have seven copies now.

"We'll sell *that!*" said Camilla and I in chorus hopefully. It was the first parting—and we did not mind it at all! We laid *Daily Strength* on the floor, to be the nucleus of the pile for sale. We began to look forward to a nice little sum from the secondhand book dealer. Camilla handed down another book.

"You don't want this old Spanish dictionary, surely?" I askt innocently.

Camilla screamed, and plunged after it.

"Oh, indeed I do! You know perfectly well I'm going to take up Spanish when I have time!"

Camilla, like the young man in *Dombey and Son*, has her walls hung about with the things she is going to take up when she has time. Not that she ever has it. So I said nothing more, while she put the dictionary away, and added to it for the same purpose a harmony book, a phrenology manual, a treatise on illumination, and an Anglo-Saxon dictionary.

"Shall we keep this?" she queried next, holding up a ragged volume, with obvious tenderness.

"Oh," I said wistfully, "that's the plan-book!"

It was the book of our hearts. In it dwelt many plans variously suitable for the Adirondack bungalow we are going to have when our joint savings amount to it. As a matter of fact they never will, and I know it, and so does Camilla, but neither of us says so to the other, and we have

a glorious time with the plans. It is unnecessary to sell your dreams to an unemotional old-book dealer. I shoved it in a box along with the shiny *de luxe* Bulwer set which someone gave me once when a plain cloth Stevenson would have been much — oh, so much more appreciated! Nobody even dusts Bulwer, much less reads him, but he is so glistening and proud and new looking that we wouldn't dare throw him away. And, too, some folks say he is going to be revived.

"This pile of paper Duchess novels," said Camilla negligently, tossing them down from the top of the case. "You don't want them, do you? And they do take up such a lot of room!"

"I suppose I don't," I said meekly. Paper novels, especially when they are called trash, have small excuse for official book-case existence, though they may save your soul alive never so often when you're tired or blue, and be never so useful when you have tonsilitis, and read too fast for library books to keep up with you. I made up my mind to get *Molly Bawn* and *Airy Fairy Lilian* in cloth the very next time, instead of another Everyman Jane Austen. And I let Camilla pile my fourteen ragged Duchesses around the discarded *Daily Strength* on the floor.

"I won't keep Miss Mühlbach!" she said fiercely and disconnectedly at the next shelf, "I won't, I won't! They're a horrid shape and we never read them, and the dates are all wrong anyhow."

I fully agreed with her, but duty forced me to remind her that Arthur intended to read them some day when he stayed home from the office. That settled the Mühlbachs, of course: for Arthur is the man of the house, and his wants are sacred. We packed them meekly, though they are all different nubbly sizes and shapes, and very faded.

"We'll keep Gibbon, of course, and Guizot," said Camilla when the last Mühlbach had been packed. We had to keep some more *Daily Strengths* that we'd wanted to discard, to fill in the corners.

"Oh, yes," I agreed without enthusiasm. They were standard works and as such had their passport to immortality. Neither of us had ever read them, or even vaguely supposed that possibly some day we should. I don't think any member of the family ever has or ever will, except a dingy elderly man of all work we once had, a treasure-trove of Arthur's, named rather neatly Henry James. Henry James had managed in his checkered life to read everything his name-sake had ever written, together with everything else, we found, that the educated person should read but hasn't. He was very interesting. But he never washed, and was usually either tapering off a quiet spree or beginning one, so we had to part with him. He was as far as the third volume of Gibbon when he went away, and we think that for that reason he was rather sorry to go. We think of him whenever we look at the Gibbon, which is cut as far as the reign of the Empress Eudocia.

I packed Gibbon and Guizot and Green — why do historians run so to G's? — without farther incident, then found myself halted for lack of supplies from above. I looked up. Camilla, one foot on the steps and one on a shelf, was suspended in midair, immersed in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

"I just want to read it through once more before we throw it away," she explained hurriedly when I roused her.

"I'll pack it," I said sternly. "You can read it through after we unpack. You haven't time now."

"All right!" said Camilla so swiftly as to make me certain that she'd been playing for just that result; and swept on to the next row. "What about Arthur's Henty books? Nobody wants them."

"Arthur *says*," I responded in my character of Devil's Advocate, "that he wants those and the *Storyland of Stars* for his children, in case he ever gets married."

Camilla laughed scornfully. "The children won't be specially grateful if they take after him," she said, handing them down, however, as she spoke. "Mother had to pay him ten cents a volume for reading them, and he held her

up for fifteen for science books. And he skipped all the facts he could, at that."

"I know," I admitted, "but he'll dragoon the children into reading them for nothing; see if he doesn't. Parents always bring you up the way they weren't themselves."

Camilla handed me another armful of Henties, of which there was a set of eighteen, bound shakily and showily in red; and reminded me that if I stopt to philosophize I'd never get done.

After that things glided on for awhile. We packt without question the subscription set, thirty-five volumes quarter morocco, of the *World's Best Literature*, that they once lured father into buying. We have nearly everything in it, out of it, except the Code of Hammurabi, which we don't really need. But you can't in decency throw away books you're still paying six dollars a month on. Then we packt the miles of Pulpit Commentary Uncle Joseph left us when he died. It seemed disrespectful to his reverend memory to sell them. We had never realized before the full difficulties of elimination.

It was long past dark when we had done, but we sat down on nailed-up boxes, and surveyed our deed with pride. The weeded-outs comprised a row of *Westminster Reviews* for 1845–9, my fourteen Duchesses, Milton's prose works, *Convict Horrors of Siberia*, *Deeds of Daring by the American Soldier* (two vols. quarto), *A Broken Wedding Ring*, six old *Godey's* that we had misgivings over, *Poems of Charlotte Elizabeth*, a duplicate copy of *Mill on the Floss*, and two *Daily Strengths*. There were to have been some government reports on silk-weaving in Italy, but Camilla had claimed them for scrapbooks. We added, nobly, a set of little red leather books, dated in the fifties, and called *Dick's Works; a Compendium of Universal Science;* felt that we had done well, and telephoned for the secondhand man.

He came next day, a stealthy and saturnine man with a cavernous voice and the manners of a disappointed prelate. He spoke to us sadly, walked down the hall as if he

were a procession, and halted before the shelves where we had massed our sacrifice. Here he pointed slowly to each book in turn, muttering meanwhile what might have been either an exorcism or an invocation.

"We mustn't expect too much for them," we whispered, crushed by his demeanor, and taking hold of hands. "Twenty-five dollars at the outside."

He turned.

"I am sorry to say," he told us in a dim and far-off voice, "that the store cannot use any of these."

He murmured some sentences of consolation — doubtless he was used to it — paced slowly to the front door again, and let himself out like an undertaker.

I was the first to recover. I pounced on my paper Duchesses and packt them rapidly before Camilla could say anything more about them. When they were safely nailed down I glanced at Camilla furtively. She was smiling dreamily, and packing the *Westminster Reviews*.

"I've just remembered a series of articles in these I wanted to read," she said raptly. "And Lizzie would have been lost without *Convict Horrors*. She reads it every night when the dishes are done."

"And they say *Godey's* are quite valuable now," I assented.

"It really was a very good thing," said Camilla. . . . "We have had professional approval of what we kept, or at least disapproval of what we discarded. If we ever move again, though, we really must weed out thoroughly."

"We certainly must," said I.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE TWO IDEALS

SECOND PAPER

V

IT is obvious enough that we live in a time which puts paramount value upon possessions. Our economic organization, our political and social institutions, our press, our churches, our educational system, the forces of respectability equally with the forces of labor, all coöperate to encourage property ideals. Creative idealism is not entirely absent; still for the vast majority its relation to the chief concerns of life is accidental. But who can avoid the suspicion that our program is ruinous? Wealth incalculable has been swept away, and a heavy mortgage has been placed upon the future. Irrecoverable treasure of life and genius has been offered up, and the spiritual life of the time has been poisoned with hate. Love of truth, and feelings of human brotherhood, so exceedingly slow of growth, have everywhere been sacrificed for war morale. And the war simply magnified what was true before it began and what is true still. There is something profoundly wrong with our philosophy. We are betrayed by a deceptive ideal. For what we call society, civilization, life, is the ideal in action. The choice before us is clear: a new idealism or ruin. Nor is there any other way out. The world is gradually but steadily getting smaller, so that the struggle for possessions is bound to become keener. Production may be sped up, but has its limits; invention, discovery, and schemes of conservation may relieve the tension again and again, but here there is a limit also. There seems no escaping the conclusion that in a world where there is always a limited amount to be shared, a civilization based upon the principle of possession, the principle that the most desirable goods of life are those which if gained by one individual must be

lost to the rest, bears the seed of destruction in its bosom. Unless we do away with it, it will do away with us. The minority idealists are right: the world must be remade.

It goes without saying that this is not a simple matter. To discover defects in our social system is easy enough, but it is not easy to give conceptual form to a better one, or to devise the concrete instrumentalities through which the ideal may become actual. Still, these difficulties must be faced. Wishing for a bétter state of things in the abstract, however ardently, comes to nothing. Specific improvements must be thought of, and a way found to their realization. Longing must be changed to vision, and vision must be translated into fact. And this goes against the grain. It is not natural for men to deal rationally with social evils. It is much more natural to hypostasize the evil as a person or a group, to devise some means of taking vengeance, and to accept emotional satisfaction in lieu of a reform of the conditions responsible for the evil. We have then to see to it that the world-wide demand for a new order is not side tracked into an attack upon symptoms, and that it does not become "a war in the night, no man knowing whom he strikes."

Perhaps nothing is more essential, to begin with, than a recovery of a living faith in human nature. In spite of our outward scorn of theology, most of us are at heart disciples of St. Augustine or Calvin. We believe in original sin and predestination. Beliefs and ideas that are suppressed, rather than outgrown, have a way of reappearing in a new guise, thus getting their revenge. This is the case with man's total impotence and depravity, and God's absolute and irresponsible sovereignty. We no longer employ the old terminology, and that is the extent of our reform: it is word deep. We still think of human nature as essentially base and essentially unchangeable. Our Postmaster General was speaking for many another man in his reported interview. "No man," he is quoted as saying, "has any more sympathy than

I have for the poor fellow bent over working with a pick for $1.50 a day. I'll do all I can to lighten that man's burden. But," he added, "do you know why that man can't make more money? It's up here," and he pointed to his forehead. "It's the shape of his brain. It's fatality. God Almighty did that, and you can't change it. You're challenging Providence. Distribute all the wealth in the country with absolute equality, and what would happen within a year? It would all be back in the same hands." There it is: the damnation of the many without remedy, the election of the few to favor, and the helplessness of all to change the decree. The most noticeable difference between the Augustinian or Calvinistic and the Burlesonian theology is that in the former God does business on a credit basis, while in the latter he pays cash as he goes.

Moreover, the people who escape this theology are exposed to other influences subversive of faith in human nature. The greater part of a man's life, as Gilbert Murray has said, "is rigidly confined in the round of things that happen from hour to hour. It is exposed for circumstances to beat upon; its stream of consciousness channelled and directed by the events and environments of the moment." And there is enough, and more than enough, in the circumstances that beat upon a man's life from hour to hour, to convince him of human greed, as there is little enough, from this limited view, to encourage a belief in human improvableness. This is notoriously true of business and industry, and even if not notorious is true of the professions. Indeed, even those who rise above their immediate environment and attain to some appreciation of human life in its historical aspect are by no mean certain to escape. By many such emancipated souls all so-called progress is regarded as illusory. Unquestionably, a most profound and comprehensive demonstration of human achievement was placed before us when it was shown that man has not crawled down

from a being that was almost an angel, but has struggled up from a creature that was not even an ape. Nevertheless, what has been the effect of the doctrine of Evolution upon our belief in man's inherent depravity and unchangeableness? The writers who, on the strength of Evolution, have placed a higher estimate upon human nature, or have put a more hopeful interpretation upon man's destiny, may be counted on the fingers of one hand: John Fiske, Henry Drummond, Lafcadio Hearn, Mrs. Annie Besant, — there are not many others. And these are not generally thought to have made out a good case. By the majority, the discovery of warfare as the law of animal survival has been accepted as a justification of its adoption as a rule of conduct among men. "Survival of the Fittest," which for Darwin and Spencer and Huxley meant the survival of those that *could* survive, has, in spite of their express warning, been taken to mean, the survival of those that *should* survive. Thus the great philosophic concept which is the peculiar contribution of our time to the history of thought, and which deeply colors our whole attitude toward life, instead of liberating us from the notion of human nature engendered by the stress and strain of our immediate environment, has become an instrument of its perpetuation. Somehow nothing seems so difficult for man to do as to overcome this tragic idiosyncrasy, this insistence upon his own baseness. Is it the unconscious memory of those long ages when man was brute among brutes?

VI

There are, then, many influences at work to perpetuate the belief that while the external conditions of life may be altered and improved, organized society must continue to be primarily the tool of the acquisitive impulse. To free ourselves from this error is the first step in the direction of a radically better world. But how shall this freedom be achieved? By actually organizing life around

a different impulse, — the impulse to create. This conception of society has been forcefully brought to the attention of the English speaking world by Bertrand Russell. In his *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, already referred to, called by Lord Cromer "a thoroughly mischievous book," and in his *Political Ideals*, Mr. Russell has presented a brilliant plea for a society which gives its first attention to the utilization of the creative impulses of men, instead of, as the present one, to the exploitation of the acquisitive impulses. Such a world would be a world in which the accumulation of goods naturally possessed individually would take the second place, and the creation of goods which many can share would take the first place. As such it would be a world free from some of the worst ills of our present system.

Is such a reorganization of life possible and feasible? Let us remember what is proposed. It is not proposed that we shake off the qualities of human nature as "dew drops from the lion's mane," nor that we build a Utopia on purely imaginary foundations. The proposal amounts to a new orientation of life; an orientation favorable to one deep-going impulse of human nature rather than to another. We all recognize that it is possible for an *individual* to organize his life around the desire to create rather than the desire to possess. Indeed, each of us is acquainted with people who successfully exemplify this principle even under present unfavorable conditions: artists of various kinds; those who find an outlet for the creative impulse in business or industry; those who are devoted to the more remote goal of social reconstruction. The number of people in the world who put possessions second is large, even if it is small in proportion to those who do not. The proposed change would increase this number, until what is now the exception would be the rule. It would do this by making the creative effort an essential instead of an accidental function of life. So fundamental a change is not without its difficulties, and

they are great difficulties, but there is no reason to regard them as insuperable, certainly not for beings who could stage the world war.

The defect of much so-called reform is its random character. There need be no confusion, however, in connection with the particular reform in question. Two of the most vital functions of society — industry and education — offer promising opportunities to substitute creative effort for acquisitive activity. The problem is the same in each case: to transform the environment from one which demands uniformity, and secures it by offering factitious rewards, to one which encourages initiative, adventure, and growth. And in each case enough of a beginning has already been made to demonstrate that the thing is feasible, and that large returns will accrue to mankind from a reorganization of industry and education with this end in view.

It is well known that the motivating force of present-day industry, on the side of labor and on the side of capital, is the desire for possessions. Whether the business is conducted on a hit or miss plan, or is scientifically engineered, the objective is the same — larger financial returns. Even what is known as welfare work is frankly acknowledged to be for this purpose. The one question in industry is, Does it pay? In response to this demand machine production has replaced handicraft and the laborer has become, as Helen Marot puts it, an auxiliary mechanical device. "A worker," she says in *The Creative Impulse in Industry*, "is a perfected factory attachment as he surrenders himself to the time and the rhythm of the machine and its functioning; as he supplants without loss whatever human faculties the machine lacks. If it lacks eyes, he sees for it; he walks for it, if it is without legs; and he pulls, drags, lifts, if it needs arms." In other words, industrial efficiency demands that man himself become, as far as possible, a machine.

But man is after all not a machine. One of his elemental

desires is to vary from routine. Nor is this a superficial aspect of his nature. It is the push of the same forces which in the course of the ages separated him from lower forms of life. Man's inherent antagonism to behaving mechanically is an organic protest against being forced back into a stage of life outgrown. Industry meets this bias of human nature concerned only for the interest of business. It overcomes the creative instinct through an appeal to the acquisitive instinct. By a system of rewards in money men are persuaded to devote their physical and mental energies to assisting machines in efficient production, without themselves being directly interested in either the process or the things produced. The factory-hand does not work because the work appeals to him, but because he wants the money reward he will get for doing the work. Thus present-day industry transforms the process of making things, a form of activity which is normally enjoyable for its own sake, into a meaningless and often galling routine, endured for the sake of something else. And something fine and full of promise for humanity is suppressed and ultimately killed in the workman when work has become the exploitation of his energy and skill rather than the liberation of his creative potentialities.

Agreeing, for the moment, that the business man's problem is limited to getting the greatest possible cash return upon his investment, and that the most direct way to this end is to regard the factory hand as part of the machine, society's problem is not so simple. Life is more than industry. The production of goods is of great social importance, but so is the development of the capacities of men, and the evolution of a commonwealth which enriches life. A form of industrialism, therefore, which frustrates a fundamental human desire may not be accepted as satisfactory. At the same time we cannot, on any large scale, go back to the handicraft stage of industry, with its superior opportunity for workmanship as against toil. Machine industry has justified itself in

terms of production, and will therefore not be surrendered by men. Nor can we solve the problem by turning monks, as suggested in Mr. Cram's brilliant essay, *The Great Thousand Years*. Going back to former times is as bootless as trying to recover a lost opportunity. Hope lies in a new society ahead of us, not in a return to a condition of life left behind. And the goal is simple enough to state, whatever difficulties may be connected with its attainment. Man, the inventor of machines, must rescue himself from slavery to them. He must connect adventure with industry not only for the entrepreneur and the manager, but for the mass of workers.

It is generally assumed that innovations of this sort are opposed only by capital. But there is no doubt that labor is also strongly opposed to them. Labor has been only too thoroughly steeped in orthodox industrial philosophy. As Helen Marot says: "It would be a brave man who would undertake to convince the twentieth century adult wage earner, involved in modern methods of machine production, that his poverty is less in his possession of wealth than in his growth and in his creative opportunity." Nothing else could be expected from the conditions under which the laborer has worked. During the war, however, the laboring class was specifically called upon to coöperate in the one consuming social project of the time, and was assured over and over that its part in determining the momentous issue was a most important one. As a consequence, the temper of the laboring class is changing. Labor is demanding creative opportunity. And there is every reason to believe that this demand will grow stronger in the years just ahead of us, especially in America. We may therefore presently witness a conflict between creative and possessive idealism in American labor.

VII

Now, fortunately, beginnings in the right direction have actually been made, and with encouraging results.

According to these experiments, two things are gained when the worker is given an opportunity to exercise initiative. In the first place, his productive efficiency is decidedly increased; and in the second place, his attitude toward his work is distinctly improved. This is what industrial idealists like William Morris have claimed all along, namely, that creative industry would yield more than possessive industry does, both in general terms of life, and in the production of goods. Mr. Robert Wolf, not in any sense a visionary, but a manager of a successful industrial enterprise, in the Bulletins of the Taylor Society for March, 1917 (part of which appears in Miss Marot's book), testifies to both changes. On the basis of a two years' experiment, described in this report, Mr. Wolf says: "The opportunity for self expression, which is synonymous with joy in work, is something that the workman is entitled to, and we employers who feel that management is to become a true science must begin to think less of the science of material things and think more of the science of human relationships.... *It is beginning to be understood that when we deny to vast numbers of individuals the opportunity to do creative work, we are violating a great universal law.*"

This is by no means the common view. Business men and workmen look upon industry as entirely a private venture for private gain, not as a social enterprise for the general welfare. And the public agrees with them, since the public gets its concept of life from business. Gradually, however, people are coming to believe that necessary functions of society should not be conducted without reference to the common good, and gradually the conception of what constitutes a necessary function of society is being expanded to cover enterprises which were formerly permitted to go it alone. The agitations of the coming months will undoubtedly emphasize the social aspects of industry, and will demand such changes in the present predatory system as will allow for a larger

measure of participation, on the part of labor, in the adventure connected with business.

The situation in education is analogous to that in industry. A process which is normally enjoyable for its own sake is rendered unattractive because it demands routine behavior, and this loss in direct interest is made good by an appeal to the acquisitive instinct. As we suffer from machine industry we suffer from machine education. In machine industry compensation for the absence of joy in the stipulated tasks is in terms of money; in machine education compensation for the absence of joy in the stipulated tasks is in terms of grades. Of course there are differences between money and grades, but both are devices for artificially stimulating activities which have about them a large element of the disagreeable, and they are both symbols of possessions. And since interest in what is done is at a minimum, and interest in the reward for doing it at a maximum, the result of the process is to stimulate the acquisitive instinct and to starve the creative. There are exceptional teachers who encourage their pupils to exercise initiative in one form or another, but they are educational heretics. Nor is this true only of elementary and high-school education. It is perhaps even more true of the universities. The large scale production which has been forced upon the institutions of higher learning has led to the elaboration of complicated machinery to insure a uniform product and to keep the factory running with the minimum of friction. As far as the influence of the universities is concerned society is well protected against the danger arising from the encouragement in the young of the desire for intellectual adventure. In education, as in industry, initiative and adventure is reserved for the few managers, not for the many managed.

Here, again, beginnings in the right direction have already been made. On the side of educational theory, as on the side of educational practice, great impetus has

been given to creative education by John Dewey. Able champions of the new education are making their appearance, and the number of teachers who are influenced by them is constantly increasing. Moreover, schools have been established where it is specifically proposed to give the desire for creative activity a chance. In these schools the problem of practically applying the new educational idealism is being workt out. While the public is, as a general thing, even less interested in its schools than in good government, men and women in many walks of life are using the new educational terminology. And what people have often on their lips they come by and by to believe in their hearts. Nor has higher education escaped contamination — especially in the case of the students. Thoughtful university students are becoming self-conscious in the matter of educational methods. As a consequence they are objecting to meaningless routine; are demanding an environment which fosters growth; and, as in the case of the Forum movement, are themselves attempting to supply that environment, at times against considerable faculty opposition. This particular movement was interrupted by the war, but the underlying causes of it remain, so that a renewal of the demand may be expected. And it will be a new university student who makes the demand — one who has witnessed, in many cases participated in, the recreation of the world on a stupendous scale. One does not live through an experience like that and remain the same person. Among other things one does not have quite the same reverence for things as they are. College students of tomorrow, women as well as men, will be less docile than those of yesterday. They will demand, even if they are not too clear about the program, that education be a coöperative adventure in discovery, rather than the development of skill in the reproduction of ideas, and a liberation of potential powers, rather than the performance of mental tricks.

These are some of the forces that make for a change in educational method, looking to the placing of greater emphasis upon the development of personality. If these forces succeed in becoming dominant in our schools, three things will happen to enlist the education of youth in the project of remaking the world for the better. In the first place, emphasis will be put upon the unique abilities of individuals, and opportunities found for their development. At present, when rewards are in terms of grades for doing the same thing, which, however, some are better equipt to do than others, every effort to give exceptional opportunity to exceptional ability has strong opposition to overcome. The result is that there is a persistent leveling down. Differences of ability will remain in any system, but a creative education simplifies the problem by offering opportunity to different abilities, and by emphasizing the joy that comes from the exercise of one's particular powers. Obviously, in the second place, such a change in education will tend to develop the creative impulse, and thus to shift the emphasis of life from the possessive to the creative basis. It is only because the desire for self-expression is so fundamental to human nature that the years devoted to schooling do not succeed in completely stifling it. By means of play, extra-curricular activities, and the refusal to assume the lock-step where it can be avoided, the creative powers are saved from atrophy. If now instead of frustrating creative effort education stimulates it, it will inculcate creative as it now inculcates acquisitive habits. Finally, such a change in education will introduce a new spirit into school life. In a narrower sense that is clear from the two changes just considered; but it is true in a broader sense also. Creative education will encourage devotion to a cause, and among others, the cause of a better world. It will develop insight into the ramifying effects of actions and institutions, and increase sensitiveness to the issues and interests involved. And it will add to the promotion

of a social temper in youth, the training which will make this attitude of mind socially effective.

VIII

This is the challenge of these supreme times. The hope of a new world is alive today in millions of hearts the world around. Never before in human history has the magnitude of this expectation reacht such proportions, and never before has hope of social betterment been supported by so great a determination that faith shall issue in deeds. May we not take courage from past achievement? No single one of us has passively accepted life; we have all insisted upon remaking it. Lookt at from day to day little may seem to be accomplished, and yet what a series of victories a human being wins in a life time! Unconsciously, at first, and then more and more consciously, we have refused to feel at home in the world as we found it, but have insisted upon finding a world in which we could feel at home. Disillusions have not permanently disheartened us; defeats have balkt us only for a time; in the very ruins of our hope we have found material for new dreams. In spite of squalor and meanness and vice there are few men of whom this may not be said in some degree. Even at the bier of one who has been stranger to great aspiration (type of the inglorious mass of us), we may, much more often than not, say in Stevenson's words: "Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy — there goes another Faithful Failure!"

And the record of the individual is magnified in the achievement of the human race. Laboriously the progenitor of man separated himself off from the brutes. With indescribable slowness the scope of life was enlarged, its rude economy enriched by discovery and invention, and beautified by the rise and development of the arts. Gradually the periphery of interest in others

was pusht out, so that whereas it was once inconceivable for a man to be vitally concerned for the welfare of anyone beyond the confines of his tribe, the time came when Terence could say, "I deem nothing alien to my feelings that concerns a human being." Granted that this outlook has never become the universal point of view, and that periodically great sections of mankind have been swept back into an attitude more nearly resembling the spirit of the tribe, yet in spite of stumblings and oscillations great progress has been made in the development of an intergroup, an international, and an interracial imagination, and much has been done in the way of creating instruments to make this imagination practically effective. While it is true that tribal feelings are dormant rather than dead, so that properly stimulated they can be aroused, the appeal which arouses them must now be made on a plane quite foreign to the tribal mind. Pure tribal spirit has been outgrown, and the trend of human emotions is away from it; so distinctly away from it that the outstanding temper of our day may be said to be the audacious hope of re-creating the world in the interest of all mankind. The hope may indeed come to little, for there are numerous obstacles in the way of its realization, but the hope itself is a great achievement, testifying to the momentum of the forces that actualize themselves in human life as social idealism. All this may encourage us to believe that a new world is possible — if we will.

To save human life from ultimate defeat may indeed be out of the question, for the cosmos appears indifferent to the drama enacted on our planet. But, after all, nothing can defeat man but man himself. It is predicted that as the earth now sleeps every year for a winter, as we sleep every day for a night, so by and by the earth shall refuse to awake, as we rest at last in the sleep that nothing disturbs. It is predicted that then the uninhabited earth shall, like the moon, "roll its pale corpse in space," until it collides with the no-longer procreant

sun, and the whole lifeless mass, ignited by the terrific shock, shall burst, to float a gigantic fiery veil in the boundless vast. Let it be so. Meanwhile millions upon millions of human beings will strive and suffer and enjoy. They will suffer more and more and enjoy less and less, or suffer less and less and enjoy more and more. And the chief source of their misery or happiness will be human beings and the structure of society. It will be defeat if in the distant future the coöperative adventure of making human life richer and happier is interrupted by a change in the cosmic weather; but a kind of defeat which is at the same time the highest form of victory. *Real* defeat will overtake humanity in so far as men, comrades in doom and agents of each other's woe or weal, institutionalize the "murky aboriginal demon in man," and go down the years estranged from the one friend they have — each other.

M. C. Otto.

I OWE IT TO MYSELF

THE Worm sat, listless, in the Pastry Shop and wondered how long you felt this way after the flu and why Providence wanted to visit such a beastly ailment upon an already over-burdened world. Occasionally she cought, hideously, whereupon the other customers watcht her with suspicion and moved away.

"Oh, you needn't worry," thought the Worm, "I'm all over with it now, — except the doldrums. If only," she sighed, "I had someone to chat with over my coffee."

The gods heard and chuckled, and the Acquaintance entered. She was a thin, discontented looking woman, who, because she had not succeeded in her profession, had sought to find in something she called Bohemianism a sense of superiority. The Worm swallowed unhappily and beckoned.

"How are you?" asked the Acquaintance, taking a chair at the Worm's table.

"Just getting over the flu," replied the Worm cheerfully.

"Oh, did you get it? . . . I'll have coffee and a roll. . . I've been to the country for a month, with Ellen Ramsay. You know about her, of course."

The Worm made a noise of assent. She had never heard of Ellen Ramsay, but she was in that weakened condition where one assents to everything.

"A wonderful woman!" declared the Acquaintance. "Well, how have you been?"

"Er — what? Why I — I've had influenza."

"Oh, yes," said the Acquaintance. "I suppose you ate something that disagreed with you. My theory is that everything comes from the stomach."

"Nearly everything did," responded the Worm, and grinned over her stupid little joke. The Acquaintance regarded her seriously.

"I hope you didn't take any medicine," she said, "Or waste your money on a doctor. My own theory is that no doctor knows any more about these things than I do."

"I like doctors," said the Worm. "They cheer me up. I'm willing to pay for being cheered up."

The Acquaintance shook her head. "You've probably been working too hard," she opined. "From nine to five is too long. You ought to have a winter vacation. You owe it to yourself. How do you like Miss James?" Miss James was the Worm's chief, a woman prominent in social research.

"Very much," said the Worm.

"I suppose she's good enough to work for," admitted the Acquaintance grudgingly, "but of course she is not a radical, is she?"

"I don't think so," said the Worm. But to tell the truth I never know exactly what a radical is," she added with a perverse impulse. The perversity grew out of the fact that most of her friends and acquaintances for the past five years had belonged to that ilk.

"A radical," said the Acquaintance, "a radical is — is — I'll tell what what a radical is. It's a person who wants to do away with every existing social institution."

"Heavens!" said the Worm. "Then I'm not one. I'd be lonely — horribly lonely. I'd rather keep a few of the little ones."

"It's all sloppy sentimentality," said the Acquaintance. "We owe it to ourselves to get rid of the whole thing."

"What's sloppy sentimentality?" asked the Worm.

"Everything. Take this question of marriage. Do you honestly believe in *marriage as an institution?*"

"It doesn't seem to work out well in individual cases," admitted the Worm, reluctantly, forgetting in the warmth of approaching argument, that she was theoretically quite unreconciled to the marriage convention. "But have you got something to take its place? Of course," she added with platitudinous heaviness, "the children have to be

considered." Furtively she pinched herself. This was a new tack for the Worm to take.

"That," said the Acquaintance, obviously trying to be tolerant, "is all sloppy sentiment. Conditions are changing. Today it isn't *your* children or *my* children; its *the* children. The children will be taken care of."

"How?" asked the Worm.

"Ellen Ramsay has the most wonderful ideas about these things," said the Acquaintance. "She has it all worked out."

"Has she any children?" queried the Worm.

"Three." The Worm admitted the Acquaintance had scored.

"In the first place," explained the Acquaintance, "she has taught them not to call her Mother. They call her Ellen." She looked at the Worm triumphantly.

"I don't see how that solves the problem," said the Worm. "And anyway," she added, with that sudden wave of filial devotion which comes to those who are ill and three hundred miles from their home towns, "she's taken a big thing away from them."

"Do you believe in that sloppy sentiment?" demanded the Acquaintance.

The Worm grew reasonably irritated. There are few things more annoying than to be accused of sentimentality, — especially for one who indulges in the practice of accusing others of that trait.

"Do you really believe," she askt, superiorly, "that everything which has been developed in the last five million years is sloppy sentiment?"

"Nearly everything," said the Acquaintance, a little staggered however by the five million years. "The important thing," she went on, "is to be self-sufficient. Ellen Ramsay is teaching her children to be self-sufficient. Even her baby of two and a half has to do everything for himself, everything. He has to dress and undress himself, if it takes hours."

"She must be a truly unselfish woman," said the Worm, while her lonely soul called for a little pair of shoes to button.

The Acquaintance hastened to defend her friend from this aspersion. "Ellen is not at all unselfish," she declared. "She believes in absolute self-expression, in the fullest development of her personality. She does not believe that any other individual has a right to stand in the way of her own self-expression, — certainly not a mere child. She believes that she owes more to herself than to anyone on earth."

"It looks as if one ought to owe something to one's own child," began the Worm, rather dazed.

The Acquaintance broke in: "Why," she declared academically, "should I sacrifice myself for my children? Surely my own personality is the most sacred thing for me. I can not see why I should forfeit my individual freedom because of the convention of maternity."

"Of course, if you feel that way," agreed the Worm soothingly, "it is perfectly right for you to stay single, and not have children. *I* don't think for a moment that you ought to have children. I quite agree with you," said the Worm, rejoicing in her own enthusiasm, "that if you object to children so thoroughly, you ought not to bring any into the world."

"You don't understand me at all," said the Acquaintance, somewhat hurt, "I have a strong maternal instinct. All children love me. Billy Van Dirk, the artist you know, was just saying to me the other night that I would make an ideal mother."

"Oh," gaspt the Worm, at a loss.

"It is entirely a question," explained the Acquaintance patiently, "of what I owe to myself, of the development of my own individuality."

"Why do you want to develop it?" askt the Worm, too curious to be polite. It was a question she had often wanted to ask of the self-expressionists; but the Acquaint-

ance merely looked blank. "This Winter," she said, "by way of illustration, I have been living in a flat with three other women who feel just as I do. Each of us has lived absolutely for herself. There is no questioning; no interference; it is ideal; each gets her own meals and eats them when she pleases. There is absolutely no silly deferring to others."

"I shouldn't like it," protested the Worm. "When I live with people, I like to eat with them. Unless," she added hastily, "they happen to be vegetarians. I used to know a vegetarian — she believed in self-expression too — she left home one night at eleven o'clock because one member of her household ate a ham sandwich. Perhaps," said the Worm, reflecting over this incident, "it is better for individualists to eat alone. But for myself, I shouldn't like it. Restaurants are bad enough. I'm a sociable soul, you know."

"That," ejaculated the Acquaintance, "is all sloppy sentiment."

The Worm put down her coffee and leaned back, with an outraged expression on her usually meek countenance. "See here," she demanded, "will you tell me why it is sloppy sentiment to eat dinner with a friend? Or to call one's maternal parent by the good old name of Mother? Or to help one's baby to undress? Why should all the really pleasant things that make life worth living be sloppy sentiment? If you want to know what I think, I think that you people who loaf around the Village and write rotten free verse and call yourselves radicals and talk about scrapping all the existing social institutions, are the absolutely sloppiest people I know. I won't go so far as to say you haven't any brains, but God knows you don't use them. You've got yourselves a lot of pet theories, and gone to sleep on them. And you call that being *radical*. Oh," cried the Worm wildly, "it's enough to make one sick of the good word 'radical.' Can't you realize that you're all a bunch of mossbacks?"

"Of *what?*" gaspt the Acquaintance.

"Of mossbacks," said the Worm ruthlessly. "You're years behind the times. All that old stuff about self-expression and owing things to yourself has been out of date for at least three years. It was only a step in the thought process of the human race; it was never a conclusion. Can't you see the futility of it all? Can't you see how narrow and intolerant and conceited and backwoodsy you are, with your old worn-out ideas about expressing your ridiculous stupid little personalities?"

"But," began the Acquaintance, with hackneyed phrase, "I — I owe it to myself —"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the Worm. "You don't owe anything to yourself. That's all sloppy sentiment."

Hastily paying her bill, she fled from the Pastry Shop. The Acquaintance, left behind, shook her head with angry self-satisfaction. "I always knew," she told herself, "that she would turn conservative sooner or later."

But the Worm walked homewards, happily, no longer an invalid, her strength increased, like the strength of Antæus, by the touch of mother-earth, by the quick and wholesome emotions which keep us alive in an artificial world. "There's nothing," said the Worm, "like an argument to make one feel like oneself again."

ELIZABETH W. BROOKE.

FINDING LADS O' PAIRTS

I SUPPOSE the thing that best satisfies the soul of a man at any age is to make a discovery. Teachers, too, have their chances to make discoveries. Everybody knows that Sir Humphry Davy, when askt what he considered his greatest discovery, replied "Michael Faraday." A teacher may, without being a genius himself, be all his life making discoveries of men who, though not Faradays, are away above the ordinary, and may find in that his supreme delight and compensation. To me Ian McLaren's *Auld Domsie* will always be a favorite character in literature. I can still feel, as I think of it, the warm glow of soul and of sense that wrapt me about when I first read that story; the complete satisfaction I had when auld Domsie slapt his leg on reading Geordie Howe's Latin prose and said, "He'll dae, he'll dae!" Then his words to the boy — without letting him know what for — "Tell yir father I'm comin' up to Whinnie Knowe the nicht on a bit o' business." The bit o' business, you know, was to urge the father to send Geordie to college. All my teaching, except for a single year, has been done in college or university, so that I have had little opportunity to find the "lad's o' pairts" at the interesting stage when auld Domsie found Geordie Howe, or when John Webb found Ed Mims or Annie Paschall. I have always liked to teach freshmen, partly because they come to college still somewhat unspoiled, and, as I used to say, "with no more sense than to want to learn something"; but I suppose at bottom it was perhaps because, without knowing it, I was on the lookout for a possible Michael Faraday.

I had the supreme good luck to make my biggest discovery in this line in my first year of college teaching — rather two discoveries in that year. But the supreme

value of one of these I did not completely realize till forty-two years had passed. I was just back, at twenty-three, from eighteen months of graduate study at Harvard and Leipzig, and was teaching Latin at Wofford, for my old Scotch preceptor still kept the Greek. The junior class in Latin numbered only six or seven, but to a man they were unusual. Why, the class came to me in a body one day, when for a few months, or perhaps it may have been only weeks, I had been picking my way gingerly along increasing the length of the lessons. The length of lessons used to be a college tradition, everybody knows. I raised a class rebellion in another college that got me into the New York papers once by ignoring such a tradition. These juniors suggested respectfully that they could read longer lessons in Cicero. They were already longer by one-half than I had ever been allowed to read at college. With delight I responded, "You may read all the Cicero there is, if you will. The way to learn to read Latin is to read plenty of it." I stopped assigning lessons and let them set their own pace, as my auld Domsie teacher had allowed us to do when I was preparing for college; and they read quantities of Latin. That was a great year with me; but who could not teach men like that junior class?

I offered that class as extra reading in Latin — voluntary, I am sure, not required — the *Germania* of Tacitus, and the test was to be a written examination with a five-dollar gold piece as prize for the best paper. Some people do not believe in examinations for prizes; I do. For me the supreme object in all higher education is finding and stimulating "lads o' pairts," the coming leaders of men. The winner was the youngest member, a boy of sixteen. He wrote — and writes still — a clear and beautiful hand, and his translations or answers to questions, grammatical or geographical, were as clear as his chirography. He appended a well drawn map of ancient Germany, made in the examination room — using, I remember, colored pen-

cils to shade it. As I think of his paper to-day, I recall a letter written me several years afterwards by Doctor Venable of the University of Virginia, in which he said that he had read mathematical papers from a Virginia college, offered in competition for a prize of $30, covering "a greater range of mathematics, equal in the searching nature of the equation, and greater in extent" than those for a $600 scholarship in a northern institution. I kept that paper many years and should have it to-day, but I thought how his only child, a daughter then at an eastern college, would appreciate such evidence of her father's youthful promise and early triumphs; so, when he was visiting me once a few years ago, I brought out his old examination paper — he did not know I had it still — and said, "Elizabeth ought to have that as a keepsake; give it to her from me."

After he took his A. B. he continued advanced study with me for A. M. — an innovation, for hitherto all graduates of three years' standing who applied for it had got A. M. *gratis*. His main study that year was the orator Lysias, and our plan of work was very simple. He was to read as much and as carefully as possible and come to me with his difficulties. These difficulties and questions he would bring written out on foolscap paper, and once or twice it seemed to me the combined sheets as he unrolled them would be a yard long. I had said to him at the start, "Don't take my word for anything. If you don't understand or I don't convince you, say so. We'll keep at it until it is clear." He took me at my word, and I learned some Greek that year as well as he. Once I remember the difficulty was with the function of a certain second aorist. After my explanation he modestly said, "I can't see it." And after repeated effort he still shook his head. Another grammar and another was pulled down, and at last his face lighted up, "Now I see it!" I had been right all the time, but doubtless that second aorist had become nearly as much clearer to me as to him

while we were working at it that night. I have never felt prouder of convincing a man on any question.

Naturally when I was given an assistant next year he was my choice, and we worked on together during the remainder of my stay at Wofford, and by letter to some extent after that. When in 1884 he got leave of absence to study abroad, I remember the enthusiasm of his first letter. "It is glorious; what I have been looking for all these years!" At the end of twenty months he had the coveted degree — three years is the usual minimum time — and he came at twenty-seven to be professor of Latin in ——— University; and seven years later he was unanimously elected Chancellor. I think that he was practically slated for professor of Latin in a leading Eastern university at that very time; and I know that several years later the president of my own university authorized me to ask if he would accept our professorship of Latin. But his answer was, as I knew it would be: "I am greatly tempted; but I have put my hand to the plow and I must not look back."

My other special discovery that year was a senior, who was reputed to be the best read man in college. I had the seniors only one hour a week in German, but he left in my mind a big interrogation point. Somehow I expected great things from him. In all the years that have elapsed I had seen him only twice, and then back in the 70's and 80's. I was in the South last summer, and knowing I should pass through his home town wrote to him. He invited me to pay him a visit. I went, and in the course of three days found the solution of the query that had persisted all those years. I had been told that he had a very large library, but I was not prepared of course to find one of seventy-five thousand [1] volumes. "Does he find time to read many of those books?" I have been asked. Well, he knew more about

[1] I mean that. I did not count the volumes, but I would not bet any money there were not 75,000 in those numerous and immense stacks.

every subject we discussed than I did, except my own specialty. And in that, I may say, he had translations of Homer I had never heard of. On the way out to his country home the first evening I told an anecdote to illustrate a literary point. Presently he mentioned very tactfully the name of the writer who had brought that story from Europe and where it could be found. That part I had not known. That evening he brought a volume out on the porch, where I was looking down the beautiful valley to a chestnut-clad mountain that shut in the view to the south, saying, "You may be interested in this," and pointed to a marked page. He had read a little paper of mine in which I had mentioned how graphically a certain favorite professor of his and mine had narrated the famous story of the attack of Lord Brougham on Canning in the House of Commons; but I had said I did not know his source. Here was the original story in a volume of essays on British statesmen and jurists. The next morning I told the good story about the three monarchs who got lost in a storm while hunting and asked a countryman passing in a cart to take them up. "Perhaps I should tell you who we are," said the senior, as they rode along. "I am the Kaiser von Deutschland; this is the Kaiser von Oesterreich, and that is the King of Italy." The countryman was not dazed — doubtless their cloaks hid any insignia — and quickly asked, "And would you like to know who I am?" "Yes." "Well, I am the Pope of Rome." My host slipt off presently to his library and brought out a volume with the duplicate of that anecdote; only there it was literary folk, not monarchs, that figured in the story, and Edmund Clarence Stedman was chief spokesman. I don't remember telling any more anecdotes during my visit.

The reader can guess that, while the law has been the vocation of my friend, his real life-work has been book-collecting. But one would have to be with him at his

home a few days in order to believe that, besides his immense library, he has made also a collection of Indian antiquities inferior only to the famous one of General Thruston at Nashville — now at Vanderbilt University — and a unique collection of gems, mainly from western North Carolina; and that his knowledge of ornithology and of early Carolina history is remarkable. Finally, he is the politest man I ever saw. I almost ruined my old Panama; for everything that wore a frock he lifted his hat to, and saluted everybody else.

At Williams College, where I taught only one year, one discovery stands out in my memory more distinctly than any other. It was a sophomore Latin class in which one day a bright-eyed quick-speaking young fellow suggested an explanation different from mine on a difficult point. I had not thought of his way of putting it, but felt at once that he was probably right. I said, "There is something in Mr. U.'s view, I think. I'll think it over and we will take it up again to-morrow." I found, on closer analysis, that he was right, and said to the class next day at the outset: "Mr. U. was right yesterday; I was wrong, and I can prove it to you" — and did so. It was running a risk to acknowledge before a class a mistake in favor of a student; but I commended his cleverness and invited such discussion. I lost nothing by being honest. It was always a good class, but after that we had livelier discussions. U. particularly was always on the alert for a nice point; always showing, however, the utmost respect for his teacher. At the end of the term that division went to an older professor. After a while I asked him how U. impressed him. "He's a bright fellow, sharp as a steel-trap. But he has one bad habit in class; he is always wanting to discuss some point. I came down on him heavily the other day and told him there wasn't time for that sort of thing in recitation." U. is a lawyer in Chicago, and it may be assumed, I think, that he has made good. What I thought of the class may

be inferred from a remark Dr. Bascom made to me some fifteen years afterwards: "They still quote sometimes at Williams a remark of yours about the sophomore Latin class of 1881–2, 'Twenty-three hours till I can meet that first division again.'"

Before I went to ——— University there had been an occasional woman student — admitted by courtesy of the faculty — and one had taken her M. A. The best feeder for our Greek and Latin courses was of course the Webb School, and one of the seventeen John Webb sent up for freshman in 1890 was a girl from Georgia, whose school work had been brilliant. But she had not had Greek. Mr. Webb said to me: "She ought to have Greek, and she wants it, but her family object on the ground of her health. Just let her alone. Don't urge her to take Greek; she'll come to it." She took freshman year without Greek, but at the opening of the sophomore came to me and said, "I am going to begin Greek and I want you to recommend me a tutor." I had been expecting this and had my plans all laid. "I am glad you are going to take Greek," I said. "I will be your tutor; only you can't pay me anything. The only charge will be that, when you finish the required course, you take the junior elective." Her class were then in sophomore Greek, and as they filed out at 4:30, she came in. That was the closing recitation of the day, and I rather expected even her work might be sometimes a little taxing to me at that hour, when one's vitality is apt to be lowest. But from the start it only refreshed and amused me. Only once did she forget an explanation that had been given. Her progress was so extraordinary that before the mid-year examination I told her she had better try the regular work with her class in the second semester. They had had by that time two years in preparatory Greek and a year and a half in college, she one-half year. I remember her big eyes of astonishment as she said, "If you think I can do it, I'll try." At the end of the second semester she led the

whole class by several points. I remember telling a very intelligent Nashville lady one day about the wonderful progress of my girl pupil. She listened with interest, but startled me by saying, "But tell me what is she going to do with all that Greek." I burst into a hearty laugh and said, "Mrs. B., I give you my word, I never thought of that!" It had never occurred to me that a woman who read Homer with ease the first year, mastered without seeming difficulty Demosthenes and Plato and Thucydides in the second, and Æschylus and Sophocles in the third, needed to make any apology for it. And I am glad Mrs. B.'s question seems as amusing to me to-day as it did nearly thirty years ago.

At the end of her four years with us she was awarded, on my recommendation, a five hundred dollar classical fellowship at Bryn Mawr, but at the close of her year there, on returning home, she fell a victim to typhoid fever. When her sorrowing parents asked me to write her epitaph, I think all I sent was

Annie Paschall
(dates)
Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur.

I have had women in my classes during all the twenty-five years since, but never found her equal, man or woman, except possibly once — and she will come later.

But I cannot omit one other find made at ———— before Annie Paschall's time. One Friday morning a sturdy young fellow with a ruddy face — somewhat freckled — stopped me as I was entering the back door of University Hall. He was from Missouri, he told me, a graduate of ———— College, and wanted more Greek. I had no distinctly graduate course then, and told him I should have to put him in the highest undergraduate course (junior elective), then reading Demosthenes *On the Crown*. But I added, "You may read outside as much as you please." We were just half through the book —

page 65 of D'Ooge's edition. I showed him the next lesson, but added, "You ought to read what is behind as soon as possible." "I'll do that by Monday" he said. As I went in the door I was thinking, "He must be a fool if he thinks he can read half the *De Corona* from Friday to Monday." But I didn't say anything. Monday his recitation was altogether satisfactory. After class he told me he had read the 65 pages behind and added, "I think I'll read the rest by Friday." He did it, and then I said, "You had better read Homer next." It was March — three months till Commencement. "Do you think I could read Homer in that time?" "A man who reads Demosthenes *On the Crown* in a week," said I, "can read all Homer easily in three months." He did it in six weeks — the first book or two somewhat slowly and carefully, then one book, and finally two, in a day. I see him at this moment again — one bright May morning about eleven, as I was entering the back door of University Hall. He was at the pump just lifting a cup of water to his lips. "How is Homer going to-day?" I called out. "Pretty well; I have read two books this morning." He was then in the *Odyssey*, and he went through at the pace of two books one day, three the next.

Two or three years later I was in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where two chairs in Wofford College were to be filled — Greek and English. I went to the resident trustees and urged my young Missourian for the Greek and a young Tennessean for the English. They elected both men, and then one of the trustees wrote me from Charleston: "We have elected your men; now you must introduce them to the people of the state through the papers." I did so and when I got home showed the paper to my two "lads o' pairts." "There's what you have to live up to in South Carolina; if you don't, my reputation is ruined." They made good. Four or five years later the Greek man, who was a forcible public speaker, was called away to the presidency of an agricultural college;

from there in succession to four colleges and universities. The English man — I haven't space to tell now how he was discovered — has been, in spite of enticing calls elsewhere, President of Wofford College — succeeding Dr. Carlisle — since 1902. When two leading trustees wrote asking me whether I would accept the presidency if offered, I said "No, get S." But what I taught him in Greek is not half as clear to me now as the return he has made for that and whatever else I may have done for him. If ever a former pupil knew how to encourage and comfort his old teacher, he knows. Witness these words from a letter of his: "You will never know how much your occasional messages mean to some of us. Even yet when I write anything, I think first of you in connection with it."

My first and biggest discovery was made in my first year at Wofford, the next biggest the year before I left ——— University. One day that year I said to a freshman: "Stop after class; I want to speak to you." He may have wondered what was coming; for that was my way of getting an opportunity to scold as well as to commend a student. "I just wish to say, Mr. B.," I began, "if you want to be a Greek scholar, God almighty has done his part; you can do the rest, if you will." His work was a fit response. Several years later he went to Harvard for graduate work, on a scholarship. I told my friends among the classical professors what they might expect, and he lived up to it all. One of his Harvard chums has told me that he was *the* man of their class, and he was sent to Europe on a Harvard traveling fellowship. One may guess what he has been doing all these intervening years from the fact that he is now head of the Greek department in one of the foremost state universities, and when he received the call by telegram to that place was at ———— talking with the president over a similar offer from there. It was hard to decline the other day a flattering request from him as President of the

Classical Association of the Middle West and South to read a paper — "scholarly or reminiscent" — at the Atlanta meeting in April.

When the president came in March, 1894, to offer me my present chair, he brought along the page proof of the catalogue. It was the students' names labeled "A. C." (ancient classical) — that most interested me. "A. M. P. (A. C.)" attracted me somehow more than any other name, because something indicated that her high school course had been brilliant. I found her a junior and all that I had hoped or imagined. And why, I wonder, as I now recall her excellent work in Greek, does the memory persist in suggesting itself of the way she would sometimes ask, as the class was about to be dismissed, "Won't you read us 'Lycidas' before we go?" Let one incident of her Ph. D. course indicate her quality. It was to be an oral examination in Pindar, and I noticed that she seemed out of breath. "Did you walk up the hill too fast?" "No, I am scared. I haven't had an 'Oral' since I was in school." "Oh, if you find it doesn't go well, I'll let you turn to paper and pencil." After a while when she was in full swing, rolling off the rhythmical Greek strophes or turning them into fluent English, I said with a smile, "Would you prefer to write now?" "No," she exclaimed, "I *like* this!" I kept a record of that examination — ten passages, I remember, read metrically in Greek and translated. As she read, I marked in pencil my estimate. At the close it was *ten times 10*. I was surprised myself; it was the only time I ever marked 100 in examination. Some years afterwards I found that record in my desk and gave it to her to keep. I have had two or three other students as able perhaps as she, but she caught the spirit of the Greek more completely, I think, than any other; and now she is looking for "lads (and lassies) o' pairts" in "extension" work.

One of her classmates has made a name for himself as

literateur as well as in classical scholarship, but Professor Hendrickson had discovered him before I came, and put his mark on him. But we are all proud of him. I shall pass on to one in whose making I might claim a larger share. The Assistant Professor had told me of the way in which a certain freshman rolled off, with evident great relish, his Greek hexameters. When the boy reacht my work it was easy to recognize that he had the stuff of scholarship in him, and soon I tried the same trick on him as on B— at ——— University, using the same words. The response was as quick and as satisfactory. He was an athlete, as well as a hard-working student, and I remember when he came, as a freshman, to tell me they had askt him to go on the "Varsity crew." I said, "Well you know what that usually means." "If I find it cripples my scholarship, I'll quit the crew," he said. "Very well, if you live up to that resolve, it will help, not hurt you. Join the crew." When he started East for the first race at Poughkeepsie, he brought me his Greek prose exercises covering the work of the two weeks of his expected absence. I had not thought of requiring that, but I knew I could trust my man for anything in the future. A friend had given me money for a $150 prize for the best examination in the junior Greek of a whole year, and A— was in the first competition. He was the first to enter the examination-room that morning, and I askt him, "How do you feel?" "Pretty good!" said he, with a look of the eye that indicated robust health and sound sleep the night before. "I am glad," I said, "you'll need it to-day." "I expected that," was his reply. The time allowed was five hours, and he was the first to leave the room — half an hour short of the limit. When I glanced over his paper, I saw that he had played with it. Everything was answered, and there were not a few marginal illustrative quotations from other Greek or Latin authors. Of course he won the prize. One of his competitors said to me afterwards: "I knew Andy would win. I stayed to the

end just because I knew you don't like 'quitters.'" A— too went to Harvard and took his Ph. D., and then he too was sent to Europe on a traveling fellowship. Being of Norse ancestry, he went to Christiania first and peeped in later upon several universities, going south through Germany to Athens. He wrote me letters about this or that world-famed classical lecturer, but the refrain was always this: "But he isn't in it with John Williams White." Of course I wrote J. W. W. about that, and doubtless the memory of such homage from such young scholars helped to sustain that great teacher-scholar as in these last years he was facing the certainty that he must go before he could finish his monumental life work on Aristophanes. If he could only have finished that, I doubt not it would have been the greatest work ever done by an American classical scholar. It is another story, but I cannot refrain from adding from a letter of White's written some fifteen years ago: "Pray Zeus not to send Charon for me before seventy. By that time I can, bringing out a volume a year for twelve years, finish my work." But cruel ill health crippled him, and Charon would not wait. So there lies that great mass of splendid material, like Minton Warren's Terence, that can never be finished as he intended. Why cannot the prayers of some of us lesser scholars avail to keep such men long enough to finish work which only they can do? Well A— is head of the Classical department in a far western university, where he can see from his windows blue mountains that cast long shadows across a great sparkling lake.

When I last crossed the desert those mountains look down on I was fresh from a visit to a younger contemporary of A—'s, who is now head of the department of Ancient History in a university on the Pacific coast. He won the same undergraduate prize which A— had won the year before him, and I remember writing A— when I read S—'s thesis, "He has beaten your record." When I heard he would compete for the first Rhodes Scholarship

offered here, I said to the President, "If S— competes, we'll win it." And he did. He came back from the far West to stand his Ph. D. examination with us, and I shall never forget the extraordinary respect shown him at that ordeal. The historical examiners seemed to me to be, as it were, asking the views of an expert rather than quizzing a candidate. It was the most brilliant Ph. D. examination I ever attended.

Mr. Gladstone wrote Mrs. Humphry Ward, in 1894, about a near relation of hers who had been winning distinctions at Oxford: "It is one of the most legitimate interests of the old to watch with hope and joy these opening lives, and it has the secondary effect of whispering to them that they are not yet wholly frozen up." The great statesman was then in retirement at eighty-five. If I should live to be eighty-five, I hope I shall not have ceased to find still the same joy in hearing of brilliant young scholars that are coming on. And may I still be working at some literary task, as he was then engaged on a new edition of Bishop Butler's Works, and have my perspective filled with plans, as his was even then "filled with other work, in the Homeric region lying beyond."

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

"AND THE MOURNERS GO ABOUT THE STREETS"

THE day was gloomy, and when dressing, I reacht, as my habit is on such a day, for a red necktie, when I suddenly remembered that I had just gone into mourning, and put on a black one. Instead of doing something to dispel the gloom of the day, I did something to confirm it.

I had more than once considered in the abstract: "Is it kind or is it even modest to do this thing? — to impose my gloom on all who see me — especially after the gloom has worn off?" And then came another question: "Is there remaining any gloom that insists on being imposed?" I have known grief that insisted on relieving itself by every outward sign, but this was not such a case. In the earlier cases, young lives, full of possibility, had been torn away from other young lives closely intertwined with them; here, one had gone in old age, when most of the ties binding to earth had been sundered, and when various illnesses had shown that longer life could be only a burden. Though the departing one was very dear to me, we had not, since early youth, had such frequent association that enough habits were destroyed to make life strange and pitiful, much less to fill every hour with gloom, as in my apparel I have done something toward doing for every one who comes in contact with me.

The present, alas! is specially a time for consideration — very temperate and tender consideration — of these things. Many families happily left intact by the war, yet find themselves suddenly bereft of some member who had thought to share in the welcoming home from camp or overseas of husband or son or brother. Men who have come alive through the hell of Chateau-Thierry or the Argonne are, not a few of them, arriving home to find

their families in black for some member lost during the epidemic. These men were steept for months in the most torturing realities of death, and now at home they must not only struggle with their personal grief, but see it constantly and depressingly symbolized in the garb of the household.

Furthermore, these men have learnt to associate with death certain things which mitigate its horror: courage, will to face the worst that must be done or suffered, and that "greater love hath no man" which will remain the highest peak of sacrifice while the world lasts. For such deaths the gold star which inspirits even while it grieves. Yet must not the experiences of the returning men color the whole conception which they now hold of death, and do they not crave a more soldierly attitude in us all toward death of any sort? — the soldier's outward show of usualness, for instance, which helps both himself and his companions to carry on in the face of instinctive dread for themselves and grief for their lost comrades?

We have heretofore accepted the ways of mourners more or less as a matter of course; the custom is as old as the human race, probably. What once was worn as disguise to hide the survivors from the ghost, who might harm them, people now put on because, with hopes and happiness broken, they feel it impossible to allow even strangers to think everything is with them as usual; the outward seeming must correspond to the desolation within. But the war which has scrapt so much that was time-honored, has given us a new thoughtfulness about this also. Only the wholesale adoption of black dress as the stupendous battle losses piled up, could make the western world realize all the dreadful possibilities of the custom. The universal black in France has been frequently cited as one of the most depressing effects the war has had there. The German rulers quickly saw the necessity of suppressing a manifestation so dangerous to morale, and an edict was issued. In England public opinion kept

down the volume of black; and in America, with these examples before us, the agitation to forego black for the soldier dead has been largely successful.

This would seem to indicate a lessening morbidity in our regard for the dead. Another test arising from the war is still to come. The War Department proposes to bring back for final burial here the bodies of our men who died overseas, as was done by the government after the Spanish War in accordance with the almost universal demand of the relatives of the soldiers. Is public opinion enough wholesomer to-day to make an effective protest against a general transfer of the bodies? It was good to see published Colonel Roosevelt's letter to Secretary Baker concerning the removal of his son Quentin's body; surely many will echo his words for their own soldier dead, that they may rest most appropriately where they won their greatness. One mother who has accepted with great outward calm the loss of a son at Chateau-Thierry, said with the first tears I had seen in her eyes as we talkt of him, "I keep thinking of that grave, lonely and unvisited. — Still, I think Colonel Roosevelt is right, and the body should remain over there." His grave is not lonely, for there are comrade dead about in the fields and on the hill-tops. Nor will it be unvisited. There is a rare glory about the graves in France. No cemetery elsewhere can ever be the shrine for a world that the fields of France and Flanders will be for long to come.

For the rest of us, the common lot. But because these men have died, there is a new sense abroad of better ways of doing things; and a new sense of common interests with the rest of the world, of possibilities of mutual sacrifice to attain common ends: dimly felt, perhaps, but stirring. Among other things may we not evolve greater wisdom and good sense in our mourning usages? Bereavements often seem too bitter to be endured; yet one must manage to rise up again from the blow, and stagger on somehow. Time and the day's routine of work are com-

monly recommended to the mourner as aids in a return to normal poise. Rarely is mentioned a recourse we all have on other occasions of emotion. When caught in a moment of embarrassment or of any strong emotion we do not care to have others witness, we make a desperate snatch at naturalness of demeanor, and endeavor to resume as soon as possible our usual selves. To the extent to which mourners assume an arbitrary black in dress and accessories, by so much do they deny themselves the aid which comes from this instinctive effort of our natures toward stabilization. When the survivors adopt a modification in costume especially designed to set them apart in a rather morbid way from others, it only multiplies the changes brought about by death, and increases their strangeness. To strive to be as natural as possible at such a time is surely the healthy attitude. Whatever can be said of the color black as natural to the wardrobes of some people, no one can claim naturalness for black crape and enveloping black veils.

Some will say, however, that to appear as usual at a time of grief is a violation of the feelings and a form of insincerity; that it is the unnatural thing to seem outwardly like other people, when the heart is surcharged and craves expression of sorrow and the recognition of it from others. In a sense, true; but it is unnatural only as self-control is unnatural. Self-control is the result of discipline, and no gift of Nature. No one, however, denies the desirability of acquiring it. The control of grief shown in the suppression of purely formal manifestations may seem an added hardship to the mourner; but after all, the formal manifestations should be the least hard to forgo, as they are the easiest to assume, and it is these that affect the largest number of people. By how much we cannot possibly know.

Somewhere, in a dim place in the mind, rises a vision of the soul on its march through eternity. Compared with

its timeless course, the storms, the disasters, the successes, the seeming losses of the earth passage, are but incidents on the march. It is not the incidents themselves that matter, but the extent to which the soul hesitates or allows itself to be deflected. Some souls are more susceptible than others to the sudden appearance of phantoms on the road, and the sight of swathing black on mourners of the dead causes them a gust of terror that momentarily retards the march. A black-veiled figure sweeps across a happy hour, and chills the day like an east wind. The beholder questions: "Is it fair?" We have no right to put terror in the path of any. Neither can any of us know the nature, or measure the extent of the effect our black raiment produces on each person we meet. Considering this unavoidable ignorance, would it not be well to reject such possibility of injuring another, in whatever degree?

For weeks and months the black of mourning remains a dense, unvarying black; the sorrow it symbolizes, on the contrary, catches light as well as shadow from each day's interests. The passer-by, however, cannot know that grief is actually at that moment less acute in the mind of the mourner than its shadow suddenly cast on his own spirit. Is it therefore a just symbol? The best available perhaps in an imperfect world; but should we insist on symbols, in the face of the opposing considerations?

Suppose it does faithfully represent an unvarying ache and emptiness of the heart. Are we worthy of the sympathy we crave, when we call for it from every one indiscriminately? No one feels about another's troubles quite as he does about his own. The very fact that probably every one has some inner grief or bitterness that may not be disclosed makes it the more imperative that we be chary of imposing our more publishable afflictions on others, whose burden we cannot know or measure. It seems hardly modest to assume that our own sorrow is of

any more importance than the next person's. Or even granting that the next person is truly happy and without any hidden pain, how do we know that his happiness is not of greater importance in the scheme of things than whatever modicum of comfort we may receive from seeing the shadow of our grief cross his thoughts?

The argument is sometimes put forth that black protects the mourner from certain awkward questions and painful situations; that conversely it is a means to consideration from all sorts of people at every turn, through its universal appeal to sympathy. Consideration from others is very pleasant, but misfortune is not the only thing that calls it forth, and is it not a highly ironical form of selfishness to induce it by a method that shows anything but consideration on our own part? While in regard to the protective capacity of mourning, it is debatable whether it does not as frequently expose one to the questions of the curious.

Persons who will agree with much of the foregoing nevertheless adhere to the custom as a mark of respect for the dead. Hearken to the wisdom of the son of Sirach: "Weep more sweetly for the dead, because he hath found rest." Let us have more sweetness — and light — in our commemorating of our dear ones. Logically we should be able to invoke here, for some, the Christian doctrine of happy immortality for the righteous. But where in the churches is logic to be found? The devoutest Christians will assume, along with heretics and unbelievers, garments of darkness that suggest old barbaric rites and the ancient fear of a ghost. That those who are without faith in a reunion with the beloved should envelop themselves in visible gloom is understandable. So also that the ignorant should cling to customs that survive with the primitive need to make every possible display of an emotion, — like children, who must have a thing exhibited to the eye. But in Christians it is only another evidence of the historic inability of the church to

cope with long-established "heathen" customs. I recently saw, a few days after the funeral, a newly-made widow and her three daughters standing about in a cloud of crape and black veils that blotted out everything else, and killed in one onlooker a long-standing regard for what had been considered the unusually fine character of the Christianity of this family. This was the first break in their circle. From it had gone a man beloved as pastor of a large city church. He was warmly esteemed everywhere for the simplicity of his speech and the strength and sweetness of his religious life. Surely he should inherit Paradise if any. His death was a release from sharp suffering. If ever a family could rejoice in the consolations of the Christian religion, they could — and did, so they assured their friends. Yet there they stood darkening the sunlight, and to one friend who felt deeply the poignancy of their loss, the spectacle of their overwhelming black was so repugnant that the hurt of sympathizing grief was suddenly salted with a bitterness that left the spirit shaken and sore.

It was simply that they had overdone it. One could hardly ask for the utter consistency of one old lady I know, who certainly squared practice with creed: for she never wore mourning. When her husband died — and that was some sixty years ago — she did not wear black even at the funeral! To go into mourning was for her a denial of faith. Her grandchildren are a generation unworthy of her; none of them would dare outrage the conventions to such an extent. They repeat it as a good story rather than as an example to imitate. Nevertheless it has not been without its influence: for her descendants do not have the same devout regard for the punctilios of mourning that most people inherit.

There are those who have no faith in a joyful immortality, or indeed in any immortality at all; to whom this life holds the sum of our possibilities of action and reward. The more then do they owe to this life, and still less are

they justified in imposing their gloomy feelings and convictions on their fellow transients. Since they feel this life to be the whole of it, they are, with the absoluteness which that implies, under obligation to make good, as far as may be, every moment of this existence, for other people no less than for themselves.

Perhaps with the slowly increasing interest in the work of psychical research and its claim of the possibility of communication with the dead, the sense of continued life beyond this life will become sufficiently powerful to cause mourning to fall into disuse. But with regard to the public at large, the future of that science is still uncertain, so that can be only a hope. What is needed for the present is sincere thinking about our mourning customs, and courage to follow the sensible course.

We so frequently practice little social insincerities, that the discrepancy sometimes known to exist between sorrow exhibited and sorrow felt, does not greatly trouble us. But thoughtful people must always feel the inconsistency in putting on mourning upon the departure of those for whom life holds nothing further, whom we could not hope or in all kindness wish to keep longer among us, — the hopelessly invalided who are glad to go, and the old who have dropt out of action. We do not so often reflect that black is worn alike for those to whom death is a release, and those cut off in full activity; for those who shrink from death's uncertainty and change, and for the adventurous who go out as to a larger existence; for the hero and the felon. What incongruity, that we wrap ourselves in darkness for those who leave us in faith of a shining immortality! — whether that immortality is the blessedness of the saints, or (more acceptable to the active) a larger field of interest and opportunity — a transcendent adventure. Nor will it ever be possible to make conventional people realize how every show of gloom violates the spirit of those who

crave that love of the gods that spares one the carking rust of old age and disease. The survivors, in their anguish, forget how they profane the gladness of such a going, when they choose to memorialize it by creating depression wherever they appear.

Persons who have for a lifetime followed the practice as occasion arose, could not be expected now to put it by. But whoever has yet to make the decision, — whose harp has not yet been turned to mourning, or whom circumstances will permit to forsake a custom falling more and more into distaste, may they take thought before they too join the mourners going about our streets! Only thus can we hope that all this paraphernalia of gloom will little by little fall into disuse, till no morbid elements survive in our sorrow, and our dear ones are held in a memory wholly gracious.

SOME REVOLUTIONARY PHYSICS

NOT only our readers interested in Psychics, but even those who begrudge the space we give to it, may care to read of some revolutionary discoveries in Physics lately announced by Dr. W. J. Crawford of Belfast, who is a lecturer in Queen's University and the Municipal Technical School of that city, and who is favorably known among American physicists. His discoveries are announced in two little books, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, and *Hints and Observations for those Investigating the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, both published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York; and in a third book, *Farther Experiments in Psychic Phenomena*, yet to be published by them, of which they have kindly given us a set of proofs.

If experience verifies the conclusions in these little books, they contain far the most important contributions yet made to our knowledge of Telekinesis, and are not without suggestiveness regarding Telepsychosis and the spiritistic hypothesis, and will place Dr. Crawford in the very front rank of contributors to science. We give quite a full account of them in the hope of leading our readers to seek a still farther acquaintance.

He calls his phenomena "psychic" because he believes them to be regulated independently of the volition of the medium, by excarnate intelligences, who communicate by raps, and whom he calls the "operators." But he admits that they may be manifestations of the medium's subliminal, and we think they *may* be of his own, as they often approve his theories. They also criticise his methods, which of course he often does himself. They communicate mainly in answer to questions, but sometimes make suggestions to facilitate the experiments. Often their answers are that they don't know, and their suggestions are rather

those of intelligent mechanics than of scientific technicians.

He has experimented frequently with a "circle" in Belfast, consisting mainly of a family named Goligher, of which one of the daughters is a remarkable telekinetic medium. The family is a very pious one, and takes the seances with the seriousness universally found essential to the best success, even varying the proceedings with hymns and prayers.

The principal phenomena investigated were the raising of a stool, some tables, and a tin cone, and all sorts of other gyrations of these objects, without any visible contact. Dr. Crawford also investigated "raps," all the way from gentle taps, and touches upon the persons present, up to thunderous blows on the floor and other objects.

The medium, he thinks, contributes only an invisible matter, through which the force acts. It is exuded from and returned to her body. She loses no weight. The force is contributed by some reverse metabolism in the tissue of the other sitters. They lose weight.

The *modus operandi* was first to reduce the light in the room to that afforded by a gas jet in a lantern with red glass sides; and once when the lantern was moved higher from its usual position, the experiment went badly, and the operators suggested restoring the light to its former place, when the experiment went better. Dr. Crawford attributed the difficulty to the increased white light reflected from the ceiling when the lamp was raised. Tables and other apparatus of unpainted wood were found to work much better when, partly at the suggestion of the operators, they were covered with dark cloth. This Dr. Crawford attributes not only to getting rid of the whitish tone, but also to the supply of a rough surface on which the matter from the medium, which was the vehicle of the force, could get a better grip.

With the earlier mediums this partiality for colored light was quite generally attributed to its facility for fraud, but that day is past. Entire darkness, however, after the telekinetic force had been generated, roused a poltergeist racket in Dr. Crawford's room, as it did in those of Foster and other mediums.

Here is a specially interesting passage regarding the effects of light:

> The body and chair of one of the sitters was casting a shadow on a portion of the floor within the circle space. A rapping rod was "out" [See below.] and was rapping on various parts of the floor. At my request it rapped . . . where the light was strong, and the ensuing sounds were muffled and dull. It then rapped a few inches farther along the floor within the shadow of the chair, and the resulting sounds were hard and strong. It rapped half a dozen times in the light and in the shadow alternately, and the result was always as stated. It changed quickly from the light to the shadow, and just as quickly the loudness of the blows changed. . .
>
> Only the most powerful mediums have been able to produce strong physical phenomena in daylight, and even then the period of such phenomena was of the briefest. Materialization of the full form has, I understand, only been accomplished in daylight on one or two occasions, and then only after prolonged sitting under the most suitable conditions with a strong medium of this class.

Then our friend P. (see Holt *On the Cosmic Relations*, p. 94f.) must have been a very powerful medium indeed.

A red light being arranged, the party of some half dozen sat in a circle, holding each others' hands, the medium's chair being on the platform of a scale balanced to her weight plus chair, etc. In the center of the circle was the table, and occasionally other apparatus.

Usually, after from twenty to thirty minutes, perhaps in answer to an inquiry, there would be a rap on the floor, indicating that conditions were ready for the phenomena to begin, and at Dr. Crawford's request, the table would be lifted some feet, held suspended motionless so it could not be lowered by any ordinary muscular force, danced

in the air, or turned upside down, suspended upside down, held tilted, held to the floor so it could not be raised by ordinary muscular force, and made to do pretty much any other thing that Dr. Crawford suggested, all in opposition to musuclar force, if applied. A hand-bell was also rung, and a trumpet raised from under the table, turned over its edge, and laid on its top. In about an hour and a half the force is at its highest.

All these experiences are now matters of course with those who know anything of the subject, although, equally of course, they are glibly denied by the majority who talk without knowing what they are talking about. The experiences would hardly be worth recounting, for there is already enough evidence of similar ones, were it not for the remarkable conclusions regarding them reached by Dr. Crawford. There is room here for little more than the conclusions. Most of the reasons for them will have to be sought in Dr. Crawford's books.

The first of his determinations, which, so far as I know, is the first quantitative determination in telekinetic science, is that where the table was levitated, nearly all its weight was added to the weight of the medium, thus indicating that it was attached to her by some inflexible connection. There was reason, to be given later, to believe that a trifling portion of the table's weight — that lacking in the increased weight of the medium, was similarly attached to the bodies of the rest of the circle.

A grocer's spring balance was put under the table, and this was found to be depressed before the table rose — the more depressed, the nearer it was to the table.

Dr. Crawford, in passing his hands under and near the table when the force, whatever it was, was acting or ready for action, felt an invisible, clammy, "reptilian" substance, and he followed it to the medium's body, generally about in front of the solar-plexus — a significant spot to psychical researchers. He especially felt it near her ankles when raps were sounding on the floor near her feet.

Schrenk Notzing says that he and his assistants felt a similar substance near their materializing medium. One of them said it was like a little reptile in the hand. This was when materialization was to take place, and they regard it as the substance moulded into the appearance. It was visible from the Schrenk Notzing medium's mouth, but never visible from the Crawford medium's.

Dr. Crawford gives a diagram taken from a flashlight photograph, which shows a column of this substance about four inches in diameter, starting upward from the arm of one of the circle, then curving downward to a point opposite the medium, about a foot from the floor, where it is joined by a similar (hypothetic) emanation from the medium's arm, and from their point of union a column rises vertically to a height of about five feet from the floor, folds over and falls about a foot, and then goes at right angles to the top of the chest of the medium. Dr. Crawford *assumes* the lower emanation from the medium, which the photograph did not show because of an intervening object. He states no reason for this assumption, but might perhaps give a good one in the fact that the column rising from the assumed point of junction (also *partly* hidden by an intervening object), *is thicker than the column starting from the sitter's arm*, and therefore is probably reinforced by a column from the medium.

When the balance under the table showed pressure, the medium lost weight. Dr. Crawford appears to attribute this to the matter exuding from her being partly supported in the pan of that balance. But the pressure on this balance and the medium's lost weight, do not seem to me to offset each other, and the loss of weight ascribed to the medium seems enormous for a mass of matter too tenuous to be visible. In our lay mind these discrepancies and some others, for which there is no space here, call for explanations, which it is reasonable to expect will be forthcoming when Dr. Crawford realizes their necessity, or when farther knowledge comes to the rescue.

From the foregoing data and sundry minor ones supporting them, Dr. Crawford builds the theory that the phenomena are produced through a flexible emanation from the medium's body, which Dr. Crawford calls a cantilever. The cantilever seems to project at a slant from the medium to a point midway between the bottom of the table and the floor, and then to turn vertically upward. Apparently when the operators get this into position with the object to be moved, they inject into it from the sitters the force to make it rigid, as blood is injected into erectile tissue. Then the cantilever expands in the direction arranged by the operators, and assumes the rigidity needful to move the table.

This summary of course is a very inadequate presentation of Dr. Crawford's work. A better presentation is well worth seeking in his books. They inspire confidence from the outset, by very clear systematic and temperate statements, although as the subject grows in complexity, the treatment gets somewhat repetitious and, not unnaturally, tempts here and there to a bit of skepticism.

At the risk of some repetition, we give some extracts from his closing summary in *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* (p. 221f.):

I have come to the general conclusion . . . that all the phenomena produced are caused by flexible rod-like projections from the body of the medium. . .

[1] It is capable of being pushed straight out from the body of the medium and being pulled straight into the body of the medium. It . . . can reach, under favorable conditions, to a distance of about 5 feet from her body . . . as it is pulled back into her body, it is absorbed in her. . . and the whole rod is anchored to her like the roots of a tree. [2] The rod is capable of to-and-fro motion horizontally over a considerable arc . . . it has also a limited motion in a vertical plane. [3] The rod . . . can be fixed or locked at any required position within its limits of extension, so that in such position it becomes a cantilever. [4] The rod can transmit pulling and pushing forces. [5] The free end of the rod is capable (at least sometimes) of gripping bodies by adhesion. [6] All the motions of the rod

are worked from within the body of the medium. [7] The dimensions of the rod can vary greatly; its cross-section may have different values, and various modifications can be made of the shape and condition of its free end. For ordinary rapping a certain amount of matter seems to be concentrated near the end; and for other forms of rapping, such as the imitation of the bouncing ball, sawing, scraping, etc., it seems as though other modifications and dispositions were made. For levitation a special form . . . is used, its free end being bent up and gripping the table by adhesion underneath. . .

The matter under the table felt quite still and at rest, and, in fact, when I moved my hand to and fro amongst it, the table soon dropped, showing that it was essential to levitation. Indeed, the operators were always very chary about letting me work in amongst it, the only thing in that connection they did not object to greatly, being the moving of a *thin* rod across the space occupied by it. . .

For an important seance I have never placed my hand near the place from which this stuff was issuing. . . During impromptu circles, however, or because of ignorance at the commencement of my experiments, I have often interrupted the flow of this matter, with the inevitable result of temporarily stopping phenomena . . . *it is in motion* in the direction *from body of medium outwards*, as can easily be observed by the spore-like sensation as of soft particles moving gently against the hand. . . I have placed a delicate pressure-recording apparatus in that line . . . , with the result that it was shown there was mechanical pressure close to the body of the medium (although the conditions of the experiment allow of its being a pressure of very small magnitude) acting outwards from her to the levitated table; and furthermore, the placing of the apparatus in the stress-line caused the table to drop . . . the operators were annoyed at my interference with the line medium to table, and told me so by vigorous raps.

It seems as though the preliminary process to actual levitation is the laying of some kind of a loose link from medium to table, or, if a compression balance is under the table, from medium to pan of the balance. Let us suppose that this loose link consists of some fine threads of matter . . . the essential threads, or bundle of threads, being in position, a force is exerted along their axis which stiffens them and makes the bundle into a solid rod. . .

A clairvoyante saw . . . under the table, close to the under

surface and extending down for a little way, . . . a whitish vapoury substance, somewhat like smoke, and when the table was levitated this substance seemed to increase in density, i. e., in whiteness. When a visitor to the circle sat on the table in order that it should tilt and throw him off, she saw this substance below the table get very white and dense just previous to the movement which actually tilted the table. . . She was able to call out that a movement was about to occur, before it actually occurred, by noticing the density and opacity increasing . . . a great band of it came from the left side of the medium with a kind of rotary motion, and was continuous with that under the table. From *all* the other sitters a very thin band, like a ribbon, also came, and was continuous with the mass under the table. The clairvoyante says she also saw various spirit forms and spirit hands manipulating the psychic stuff.

We wish Dr. Crawford did not call "psychic," stuff which he says has weight and can be felt and photographed, and which the telopsist says she saw. We wish, too, that she had not said she saw the "spirit hands," but perhaps if we knew more, we would not so wish: for in his forthcoming book, *Further Experiments with Psychic Phenomena*, he gives some evidence that seems like a discovery that this matter is also mind. He says that the operators, at his request, removed from the body of the medium all of it that they could, that they had difficulty in doing so, from the tendency of the matter to rush back, as was shown by the lever of the scale on which she sat, rising as each instalment was removed, and then falling a little way before another instalment was removed; but that nevertheless enough was so removed, "steadily by jerks," to cause the scale to denote a total removal of over fifty pounds. Yet while more than a third of the medium's weight was thus removed, he reports no change in her appearance, and she experienced no unusual sensations but a slight sense of discomfort toward the end of the process.

Now if these astounding statements represent anything but some hypnotic illusion, presumably caused, voluntarily or involuntarily, by the medium, what can they

indicate but that the "matter" whose abstraction raised the lever of the scale, was not matter when it left the medium and yet was matter when it affected the scale. Or to put the paradox differently: if any form of matter is so tenuous as to be invisible to ordinary sight and to permit the passing of the hand through it without perceptible obstruction, it is inconceivable that a roomful or a houseful should weigh fifty pounds, and we are driven to the guess that this form of "matter" is simply a source, or storehouse, or effect, of external energy upon the mind — as all other forms of matter are more and more seeming to be.

Moreover Dr. Crawford says that he once asked the operators to put the angle of their cantilever under the table into a box filled with clay, instead of on to the floor or into the scale pan, and that after levitation the cantilever left in the clay a distinct impression. Is this mind producing an impression into matter? It does such things. A young physicist in whom we have confidence, tells us that a "spiritual control" whose acquaintance you may make in a future number, says he had struck up a postcarnate friendship with Michael Faraday, and induced him to move the needle in our friend's compass. At all events our friend saw the needle move, under the glass, and knows no other cause for its movement.

On the following points the views of an investigator of Dr. Crawford's experience cannot be without interest. We quote his views without expressing any impressions of our own:

I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the operators are discarnate human beings. Of course I am not primarily interested in this phase of the matter. The methods by which the phenomena are produced are what I am chiefly concerned with, and whether the operators are what they claim to be, or are masquerading subconscious elements of the medium's brain, does not much matter to me. It is sufficient for my purpose that there are intelligences of some kind in charge of the phenomena. Nevertheless I have seen and heard sufficient at the Goligher

and other circles to convince me that man does not really die at physical death, but passes on to another state of existence, and that, for the most part, the entities who demonstrate at good séances are really human beings who have so passed on.

. . . The best form of phenomena considered solely from the point of view of obtaining messages from inhabitants of the psychic realm [is] in my opinion, the "direct voice." At a direct voice séance people who have "died" speak audibly in an objective voice. Many readers will probably not believe this, but nevertheless, however incredible it may seem, it is a fact. Unfortunately a good direct voice medium is an extremely rare personage. I think there are not above half a dozen in Great Britain to-day. . .

Materialization phenomena require such a large expenditure of psychic energy that the quantity of this kind of phenomena is strictly limited at any given séance even with the best mediums. In the case of the "direct voice," however, the amount of psychic energy required seems to be very much smaller, with the consequence that a corresponding increase in the magnitude of results is obtained.

Here is Dr. Crawford's account of the communication by raps with the operators.

The following was the code: Three raps meant "Yes," one rap meant "No," two raps meant "Doubtful."

A continuous series of raps meant that the operators . . . wished the alphabet spelt out to them so that they could interpolate a word or a short sentence.

A long scraping sound on the floor meant that my supposition (on which I was basing the question) was not quite correct, although it contained some elements of the truth.

A great many emotions, such as joy, sorrow, agreement, disagreement, fun, friendliness, anger, etc., were often also indicated by the various styles of rapping. For instance, loud emphatic blows in answer to a question indicated (according to their number) strong agreement or disagreement; or if a lot of questions were asked, none of which would seem to hit the exact truth, and a final question apparently did actually strike it, there was a little fusilade of raps indicating that the correct solution had at last been reached. Sometimes the operators seemed so pleased at my guessing something correctly that they suddenly rapped out a lively little tune on the floor.

We now give some extracts from Dr. Crawford's *Farther Experiments in Psychic Phenomena.* At this writing, the book is still unpublished, and as we work from a set of galley proofs, we are unable to indicate the pages. But the few readers who would use such indications, will undoubtedly read the book itself. First regarding the raps:

The theory for rapping . . . is that a psychic "rod" [see above] issues from the body of the medium — a semiflexible rod, which is moved up and down and strikes the floor or table. The operators say that the rod theory considered generally is correct. They say that raps are produced in two ways:

(1) Soft raps, bouncing ball imitation, etc., — by beating the end of the rod on the floor, as one uses a stick for beating a carpet.

(2) Hard raps — by beating the rod on the floor more or less axially.

While I was obtaining this explanation from them, they illustrated the various styles of raps under consideration at the moment by actually rapping on the floor.

I asked them the approximate dimensions of a rapping rod used to give a fairly hard blow. They gave a blow on the floor as a sample and then said that the diameter of rod used in that particular case was about 2 inches and of uniform thickness over its length, until just before entering the body of the medium where it increased to a diameter of about 3 inches.

The medium insists that she feels nothing whatever during phenomena, yet I know there is an added weight upon her of about 10 lbs. when the table is levitated. . . There are many other cases which I have not space to enumerate, in which the total reaction on her body must amount to at least half a hundredweight . . . one would think it would be bound to cause physical inconvenience. . . During the occurrence of phenomena the medium, although her brain is practically normal, has a peculiar state of insensibility upon her body, allied to the similar state that can be produced by hypnosis. This peculiar condition is induced, I think, of set purpose by the operators. . .

This is also borne out by the reaction effects of heavy raps or blows on the floor. The medium tells me — and there is no doubt she speaks absolute truth — that she is totally unaware of any movements of her body while such blows are occur-

ring. . . But I have watched her sitting quietly on a chair in my own house with the red light shining directly on her white blouse while great sledge-hammer blows have been occurring on the floor several feet in front of her at intervals of a few seconds; and as each blow was struck I have watched her whole body from the waist upwards sway backwards several inches. . . I went over beside her and felt the various motions of her body. Yet she is unconscious of them, although quite mentally alert. These slight motions are all that occur while phenomena are in operation. During levitations lasting up to five minutes she sits on her chair as firm as a rock.

He must be speaking of ordinary levitations, because he tells a different story of the unusually heavy ones.

The table usually levitates with its centre about 2½ feet from her trunk; hence, with a downward force of, say, 50 lbs. the capsizing moment is 125 lb.-ft. which, to say the least of it, is fairly large and should, one would think, cause physical inconvenience to the medium. But it is not so. The medium tells me she feels nothing at all.

Up to a total levitated weight of 37 lbs. 14 ozs. there was no very pronounced effect on the medium. Her trunk, however, swung gently forward with the heavier weights and she said she felt herself being urged forward, though she felt no kind of mechanical pressure on her body.

I then increased the weights on the levitated table two pounds at a time up to 36 lbs. (weight including the table 43 lbs. 14 ozs.). Several times did the medium's body then swing strongly forward, upon which the table dropped. . . She described the feeling as similar to that felt if she were sitting on a see-saw, the end of which rose and impelled her forward.

I once tried to weigh the psychic body of my medium. . .

On the operators giving three little raps on the floor as a sign to me that they had done what I asked, I found that the medium's weight had decreased by about 8 lbs. but that the decrease did not remain constant at 8 lbs. but became less and less until there was practically no diminution at all; and during the whole experiment the operators declared that the medium's psychic body remained exteriorized or placed beyond the limits of the weighing machine.

I thought at the time that the experiment was a failure, and I am not now sure that there is much in it. It has, however, occurred to me as just possible that when the operators tried to

remove the medium's psychic body they were unable to remove it *per se*, but had to take some physical matter along with it, i. e., some gross matter was mixed with the psychic body and this was gradually returned to the medium's physical body, as was evidenced by the gradual return of her weight, leaving the psychic form more and more nearly pure.

The operators themselves declare that the medium is somehow protected from the ordinary mechanical stresses to which she would naturally seem to be exposed. But they can tell us nothing at all satisfactory as to how the protection is afforded.

. . . The control said he was going to show the sitters an experiment on the insensibility to pain he could induce. The medium had a painful and unhealed burn on one of her elbows, but notwithstanding this she beat both elbows with some force on the arms of her chair — and seemed to enjoy it. She felt no pain whatever when she awoke from trance.

Evidently a partial trance: for Dr. Crawford goes on to say:

The medium is never in trance, but from late observations I would hesitate to say that her state of consciousness is quite normal. Especially at the commencement of a séance she dislikes to be spoken to. But if there is any abnormality it is very slight, indeed, and would altogether escape the notice of any one who had not a prolonged acquaintance with her under ordinary and under séance conditions.

When the medium toucht the levitated table with her bare hand, or hand gloved in kid or silk, or with a metal rod, or glass rod, it dropt.

When she toucht it with her foot (presumably shod) a stick of wood, or a roll of paper, it did not drop. When the medium held her hand over it, it did not drop. When she held her hand under it, it did. When toucht by the sitter, it did not drop. From these facts and some others, Dr. Crawford inclines to consider the mode of force not electrical; but that the matter through which it acts returns into the medium through some substances, and not through others: this notwithstanding his getting some reactions through a very delicate galvanometer,

which he attributes to some faint unaccounted-for electricity.

Cutting through the vertical part of the assumed cantilever under the table does not affect the table, any more than would cutting through a vertical monolith; but cutting through the horizontal part of the cantilever between the medium and the table, drops the table.

As the sitters supply the force, it is necessary to have several in order not to fatigue them. It will be remembered that P——'s performing alone exhausted him.

Dr. Crawford thus discourses regarding photographs:

There seems to be no doubt that by the aid of a certain peculiar type of mediumship, psychic "extras" can be made to appear on the ordinary photographic plate — these "extras" being in many cases pictures of deceased relatives or friends of the sitters. Unfortunately, this class of result is very susceptible to fraud. . . I can only come to the conclusion, after thorough examination, that the "extras" are indeed photographs of deceased people — pictures impressed on the plate by means we know nothing about at present. Our ignorance of the method is of little relative importance. The levitation of a table was as mysterious to me as the production of photographic "extras" before I took up the investigation.

These photographs have of necessity to be taken by flashlight because the phenomena of this class cannot be obtained in any but dim light. The photograph of the levitating structure . . . was of this kind.

The effect on the medium of the flashlight is always severe. After the flash by means of which we succeeded in obtaining the picture, Miss Goligher trembled violently for ten minutes or more. Her arms and legs kept jerking spasmodically and her body every now and then moved involuntarily. But in a quarter of an hour she was quite normal again. It is not to be wondered at that the effect of flashlight is severe on a physical medium when a psychic structure emanating from her body is "out" in the séance room. . . The structure is built up of matter from the medium's body and it is really a part of her organism in a very unstable state. It is acutely sensitive to practically all light, . .

Whether the reader looks upon the operators as the spirit be-

ings they claim to be, or as sub-conscious nuclei belonging to the medium or sitters, it is certain they are in charge of and produce the phenomena, and that, therefore, they may be trusted to know more about the dangers incurred by the medium than the experimenter. . . They spelt out messages to the effect that if, while the table was levitated, the magnesium flash was used, the medium would probably be severely injured.

While on the subject of the health of the medium I may mention that when the experiments were being carried out in which she temporarily lost 30, 40, and even 50 lbs. in weight, there was abundant evidence that the strain upon her system was becoming severe. I felt that it was necessary to be careful, and I would not proceed too far. The operators, however, were working in conjunction with me on that occasion and, accordingly, I felt the more confident.

I can never get rid of the feeling in the case of phenomena such as trance speaking, clairvoyance, clairaudience, automatic writing, planchette and Ouija board, etc., that the mind of the medium has far too much to do with the results. It is difficult to see how the mind of the medium can lift a table weighing 50 lbs. clear of the floor when it is placed a couple of feet in front of her, but it is not at all difficult to picture how her mind, in its sub-conscious aspect, may be responsible for the general inanities of trance speaking, or what passes nine times out of ten for clairvoyance. The reader should understand that I do not decry the genuine nature of mental phenomena but that I am appalled at the difficulties of sifting them. There seems so little one can come to grips with. . . I am not at all inclined to the opinion that it is by means of the mental phenomena that all doubt of the existence of a psychic realm will eventually be removed. I think, rather, that this will be accomplished largely by the "direct voice" and psychic photography, which are both phases of physical phenomena.

But you should not forget that Dr. Crawford is a physicist.

THE EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Peking Young Men's Christian Association

The Princeton University Center in China

Peking, March 19, 1919.

To the Unpopular Review.

I have read a good many articles in your magazine during the past year. They are always clever, but nearly all I have read have been along one line — namely, criticism of tendencies of modern thought and progress from the old classical viewpoint. I am not surprised to see that many of your contributors are college professors, some of them evidently from very secluded places. [How about Peking? Ed.] One expects nowadays to find criticisms of present day tendencies but rather of the conservative form and helpful to the progress of modern movements that are trying to find better ways to do things. In one article that I read recently the writer took up critically five or six of the main trends of thought in economics and democracy which have been forced upon us by the war, and held each up to ridicule.

The style of *The New Republic*, or of *The Yale Review*, which take up the present questions constructively is much more attractive than the attempt on the part of any of your writers to hold up to ridicule those that are trying to lead the way to a better social order.

J. S. Burgess.

This good man's trouble is the trouble with so many other good people who can't bear to have any scheme for uplift shown to be fallacious, let alone injurious. In fact, however, all which are fallacious are injurious: for false thinking leads to false acting.

EN CASSEROLE

The League of Nations

THE other night your editor happened to be dining with the historian who has probably done most among Americans to elucidate the present conditions in Europe. The other men were an ex-ambassador to Germany and an ex-president of the American Economic Association.

In the smoking room, the rest of us were of course mainly engaged in pumping the ambassador, and the pumping was certainly exceptionally good, though it was of course varied with speculations from all present regarding the future course of things.

As we rose to join the ladies, the editor said: "Have any of you noticed that among the influences determining the way things are going to go, not one of us has alluded to the League of Nations? Now does one of you doubt that but for that speculative, fantastic, inchoate embryonic dream of an institution, Italy and Jugo Slavia would be fighting today?"

And not a doubt was expressed.

And now along comes Mr. Daniels, canceling his demand for a big navy, and expressing confidence that this League of Nations is already mature enough to guard the interests for which he thought he would need the navy.

At another dinner we lately met an excellent man who started a well known measure of reform whose fair promise came to naught. He said: "I have examined the proposed treaty of peace, including of course, the covenant for a League of Nations, with probably more expenditure of time and care than anybody outside of its makers has given to it, and it is the strangest mess of inconsistencies and obvious omissions that I ever saw."

We askt: "Have you ever examined anything else of equal complexity with as much care?"

He said, rather exultantly, "Never!"

We askt: "Don't you think you would have found as large a proportion of imperfections if you had?"

After the foregoing was written, we found the following in the *N. Y. Evening Post:*

A drop of sterilized water, a fragment of the purest food product on the market, when examined under the high-power lens, is apt to leave the ordinary man with little interest in drink or meat for some time to come. It is through such a multi-diameter scrutiny that the Covenant of the League is now being revealed as a thing of squirming and pestiferous horrors . . . if this is the kind of analysis which is to be brought to bear on the Covenant, the League will stand condemned, just as every historic document, just as every action in history would have been paralyzed from the beginning by the same test. But it is a test which will be rejected by every sensible man who realizes that the good of clean water compensates for the risk involved in the irreducible minimum of danger it carries, that the value of food outweighs its microscopic perils, and that the benefits of a leagued world can be attained only on the same terms. Sensible men, if they are convinced that the League is worth striving for, will seek to make the League as good and clean as may be, and assume the inevitable hazards.

All such questions are of course but questions of reasonable probability. To be *certain* of the efficiency of a scheme so new and complex would of course be abused, but when the scheme has been the special task of the best group of minds that the world was able to get together for the most momentous task in History, it is still more absurd for a partizan group in a single nation to profess certainty that it won't work, though they are probably correct in saying that its amendments to meet their perfect views make it worse than it was before.

Our Articles of Confederation had to be made over, the English Constitution is being made over all the time, this scheme will have to be made over; but all that is no reason why we should not, without farther delay and

shilly shally where the delay and shilly shally have already been far too great, begin on the best we have been able to get.

In view of all these considerations, what is to be thought of the alleged scheme of Messrs. Lodge, Borah, Knox and others to find in the League of Nations a party issue? At this writing, the League seems inextricably, and we are inclined to think, very wisely, associated with the peace treaties. Do these gentry propose to keep us at war until after the election of 1920 — and for all time thereafter?

That there should be more delay inspired by party politics is an infamy.

Our Friends' Friends

"If I might have that little head of hers" with a real Fra Angelico setting, life would be simpler. If I might see her against the gold of a winter sunset, with no accompaniment but silence and a cold wind from the stars, life would be more restful. But I cannot have her or any of my other friends thus separated by wide spaces, and on a background of imagination. They all have relatives — fathers and aunts and husbands. Their heredity and environment peer ghostwise over their shoulders, like the face of Vergil in Giotto's Dante. They say: "Let me introduce my sister" — and I shut my eyes. For something in each of us rebels at meeting families of those we love — this ruthlessly thrusting into the background of gold shadowy profiles that do not belong there, that have come without their own colors and setting. It is fair to neither side. Moreover, a certain prejudice which amounts almost to an instinct makes us shrink from becoming acquainted with these persons. If they are not like the one I already love, I shall not enjoy them; if they are like, I shall be eternally comparing. Worst of all, the newcomers may be nicer! Parents cause the

most hesitation. Sharlie's puritanical vein, which only gives her a sturdy New England conscience and a hatred of sentimentality, might not be altogether desirable, unadulterated, in her nearest paternal ancestor. She is cleanminded as a wind on the uplands, but her father might be — a blizzard. When walking with her I can say; "Kindly do not talk for the next mile — I want to think." This reposefulness of nature which tells her to speak or to be still, would it be dullness, or moroseness, or something else in, say, a great-uncle? Bretheren and sisteren are another thorn. We do not inherit sidewise. Sharlie's brother may be infinitely more talented. He may have her glowing cheeks and dimple in the chin; he may have her habit of ruffling up his hair, the same quick speech like water coming from a bottle. But suppose he lacks her shy eyes and bashful ways and real humility of spirit?

Perhaps husbands give us the hardest jolt of all. It would be tragic if we wanted them for ourselves; it is almost equally disconcerting always to feel: "He's very nice, but not just the one I should have chosen for you." My wedded room-mate entertains me with gentle introductions to new fireless cookers and green linen housedresses. There is no conflict in my mind between her present and our past, between the biscuits we are baking together for some mythical John at the office, and the strange dishes we concocted at college. It is only another layer on my preconceived background of her, as in a lake are reflected margin willows, behind them mountains, and clouds above both. But when the husband comes home it is as if he threw a stone into my clear pond. A sudden stillness overwhelms us around the hearth. I am trying to realize that this John is not an interloper in the background of my room-mate, that he has made a new background for her in which I feel but the shadow of a leaf. I do not grudge her the fireless cooker or the green dresses or John; yet adjustment is hard. Time alone can settle

the ripples in my lake. Even in my perplexity I know "our little life is rounded with a sleep."

One remedy would be never to snatch people ruthlessly from their natural setting. If they cannot bring their environment with them, let Dunsinane wood do the going. If my Scotchy Dot should visit me, my sisters would enjoy her droll humor and tom-boy way of falling over her own feet; but they could never appreciate my vision of her from this summer's farming — a blue-overalled figure with a red bandana about her brow, striding over the furrows at dawn like Millet's sower.

There are not enough separate stars at present for all of us. But at least we can give everyone a chance to create his own background on the spot, if he finds himself suddenly bereft of the native gold. The truth of it is, that the night I met Sharlie's brother she had gone on a rare jaunt to the movies, so that after a solid three hours of talking poetry with him I had sketched in such a background as he could never have acquired in a triangle of scattered conversation. If Dot should stay with us at the shore she would catch crabs and make bayberry candles, until nothing could disturb the firm gold leaf of her setting. Perhaps my sister would like her as well as I do; perhaps she would like my sister better than she likes me. Anyway, I could give them the opportunity.

There is always the possible hope that the Fra Angelico cast we give the world, and the people who creep into our picture, will be one. Down by the river is a place that was surely built to music — a tiny white chapel, a tiny white house, both with white crosses on the peaks; twinkling birches; a dreaming peace in the old pine grove, where stands a cairn of stones with its cross of weathered gray. We had been there when the meadows of curly grass were coppery; we had been there when the pines bowed under their load of snow, and the sunset flamed blood-red behind the shrine; we had been there when Mt. Tom bloomed "sea foam and coral" with spring

dogwood. We had planted nasturtiums to glow in the forest; we had set out balsam and hollyhocks in the little garden. Day after day, as we topt the hill, we hoped the green blinds would be swinging open, and They would be there — the unknown owners. Then at last they came — like their tiny white crosses and twinkling birches and old, old pines that sigh together. Sister Margaret was all sweetness, and the Mother Superior was fit to govern a medieval abbey. They melted into the other-worldliness of it all till we gazed in dumb enjoyment at the candle's flickering shadows on white wimple and black robe. It was dreams come true; we were as happy as Little Brother Leo who sang on the chapel cross. The *place* was the gold background, and any individual backgrounds we possessed were laid aside at the outer meadow. We had radiance enough.

Perhaps some day we can all have our own pocket halos. It will not matter much if they overlap, like the saints in paintings. Then at last we shall see each aura of silken hair, each rounded fruit-shaped chin against a disk of grounded star dust — the profile of the soul on a background of pure gold.

The Bolshevik Mind

THE progress up from protoplasm to prosperous people is not yet satisfactorily participated in by the majority of mankind, and the Bolshevik mind schemes to endow the majority with the results of that progress, before they have made the progress itself. It's the kind of mind that has a passion for "new things" but doesn't think them out — a half-way mind.

Its schemes of course end in *culs de sac*. The young gentlemen (or aren't they as young as they seem?) who are sowing their intellectual wild oats in or with the "liberal" weeklies, are full of these "new things." One of them said the other day: "I believe in doing away with

inheritances, and having all property beyond very moderate needs of survivors revert to the state." He didn't define whether the habits of a widow's life are to fix her "moderate needs." "To be administered by Tammany?" we asked, and he admitted, as Mr. Russell, in his book *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, admits regarding Socialism, Syndicalism and Anarchism, that the world is not yet far enough along for his idea to be of any practical significance.

Yet all these young gentlemen habitually talk and write of these wild schemes without paying any attention to the state of human nature which renders them mere abstractions. They generally have a subconsciousness of it, however, when they come to printing matter intended for anybody but the unreasoning masses. They hardly ever say what they want, and much less propose any way to get it. Yet some of the articles are so well written that until you have learned the trick of them, you read them through before you realize that they don't say anything. So far as they contain any proposals, these are at bottom camouflaged schemes for taking the goods of the capable and thrifty, and giving them to the incapable and shiftless.

In Russia the "contagion of the crowd" would make all these young men *confessed* Bolsheviks. Here the contagion from the crowd (for the crowd they go with wears shirts) prevents their often taking any pronounced revolutionary attitudes, and confines them to filling the air with an impotent restlessness — impotent except as it stimulates the writers in *The Call* and *The Masses*.

The New Weekly "Review"

THE Bolshevik mind is absolutely rioting in the weekly press of America — from *The Masses* up to *The New Republic* and even *The Nation*.

All people who think things through, must welcome the

appearance of a new weekly that gives some signs of performing that function.

So far as we can judge from a few numbers, the new *Review* is untainted with Bolshevism or pro-Germanism, and is based on rational ideas of what constitutes human progress, and how to promote it. The need of such a weekly is great. Most of those known in educated circles, have of late expressed virtually nothing but the popular discontent, including so much of it as has been felt about the righteous retribution demanded of Germany. For the discontent they have not proposed any thinkable remedies: indeed they have seldom gone so far as to give any more definite statement of what ails them, than that the world contains poverty, and that it results, not from the incapacity of the mass of mankind, but from the covetousness and cruelty of the capable.

The Review — not to our mind a very happy name for a weekly — was started in mid-May to work against this propaganda of Bolshevism, and on the whole its work seems good.

That seeming, however, was not, we think, contributed to by the attack, in the first number, upon the inclusion of the Covenant for a League of Nations among the conditions of peace which Germany was called upon to endorse. That attack played into the hands of the Republican senators who are raising a partizan opposition to the Democratic president's work for world-peace. That work was not done from any partizan motives, and does not contain any legitimately partizan issues. The attempt to force some into it has been contemptible; and giving aid and comfort, even if involuntarily, to such an act, argues very unfortunately for the new weekly.

Its general features and intentions, however, are such as those who care to read this *Review* will naturally approve, and we hope they will give it their support.

An Old Yarn Respun

Let me tell you an old story:—

Once upon a time four blind men who had never seen an elephant came across one in their travels. One got hold of it by the leg, one by the tail, one by the trunk, and the fourth felt of its great side.

"This animal is shaped like the trunk of a tree," said the first.

"No, it is like a rope," said the second.

"More like a serpent than anything I ever laid hands on," thought the third.

"You're all lunatics!" shouted the fourth, "It's like the side of a house."

So they all fell to quarrelling until there came along a man who could see, and who explained the riddle to them.

When the man told them they all laught. Then with his help they mounted the elephant and all rode off upon him, as wise and jolly a set of men as you could well find.

But listen to the telling of the tale as it happens now-a-days.

In these modern days there met again four blind men who had never seen an elephant, and they were kind of heart and gentle of manner, and they thought that the truth spoken out of season was worse than all lying.

So when they found that they might be on the verge of a disagreement, they modified their statements, as prudent and tactful persons should.

Said the first, who had his arms around the leg of the elephant, "Of course I did say, in my first foolishness, that this creature was like a tree, but I see now that I should have remembered that I am blind. He is doubtless most unlike a tree, more like a ship, perhaps, — or a picket fence."

Then said the second, who had seized the tail, "Far be it from me to be outdone in generosity and good-breeding. If I thought it like a rope, that was but a first hasty guess, before I discovered how far I was from sanity

and moderation. Between a rope and a tree, what is the proper compromise? A gallows undoubtedly. But I would not seem archaic. Gentlemen, this animal is undoubtedly like an electric chair."

Said the third, who had grasped the trunk, "All history is built on compromise. Friends, if this thing in my hand seemed like a serpent, the real truth probably is that he is like a dove. In the name of good feeling let us call him a turkey."

Said the fourth, "I would not for worlds be less broad-minded than you. If, in my excitement, I spoke of the side of a house, pray do not misunderstand me. Probably had I felt around more, I should have found it more like a hat or a waste-basket, or a vacuum cleaner."

Here again came along one who could see, and proceeded to explain to them what an elephant was.

But whereas the first four had hearkened eagerly to the man who saw, these would not listen at all. For the first four said, "Yes, this animal as he describes it, explains the tale of each of us: the tree, the rope, the serpent, and the side of a house." So they got together and tamed the elephant.

But the second four said, each to himself, "This man is trying to tell a tale, pretending that he can see. But his tale does not account for a ship, a turkey, a hat, a gallows, or a picket-fence. He is undoubtedly blind, too, and is concealing the fact from us. He is a liar."

Then said the man who could see: "At least, get out of his way or he will trample you to death."

Then the four blind men fell upon the man who could see, and beat him, saying: "This is the last straw. We allowed you to lie about the beast (which we privately believe has no existence at all) because we consider that we should allow Freedom of Speech. But to insist upon your views, when we have told you that these were not the cultured and broad-minded things to think — that is not Liberty, that is License!

So having beaten the man till he could call out no longer, they said, composedly; "Now we may take our naps in peace, free from this fellow's absurd warning."

And the elephant on his way down for a drink, walkt on them and crusht them to death.

So they perisht — they and their broad-mindedness and their tact and their modern liberality all together.

Selah.

Our Reversion to China and Egypt

We have lately happened upon a discovery which although it has been lying under the editorial nose for many years, startled us, and will probably startle you — even so much that you won't believe it. It is simply that the phonetic alphabet which has been one of the prides of civilization, has been abandoned in despair by American teachers, and they have gone back to the methods of China and Egypt. Our language has become so inconsistently and absurdly spelled, that they have given up teaching the children in Noah Webster's way, by gradually building up the words from the letters: in short, they have largely abandoned spelling, and substituted "the word method," of becoming familiar with each word from its general shape, as if it were merely an arbitrary sign like those used by people without a phonetic alphabet. Our alphabet has been so misused that its usefulness in the education of the young has been nearly destroyed. To teach our children the use we make of the alphabet had long taken a couple of years more than it took to teach the children of peoples who use it rationally, and now we have given up trying. And is the fact to be wondered at, when one pronounces the ough in *bough*, *cough*, *dough*, and *trough*, or pronounces (or ignores as the case may be) the concluding letters of *asked*, *baked*, *coughed*, *penned* and the multitude of other words ending in *ed*, not to speak of hosts of other words just as impossible to any one who has not learned

them by rote. We have learned them all by rote, only the process has been so gradual that we have not realized its difficulties. Foreigners have realized them, however, until our language has become the scoffing and despair of the world. And yet, its freedom from inflections and for over a century, its geographical and economic relations, have pointed it out to be the international language, and the late war has thundered that it must be.

A leading philologist has sent us the following comments on the subject:

The direct interpretation of diversified black-and-white patterns has to a great extent replaced the old fashion of reading, so nearly absolute is the divorce between the language we speak and the language we write. Indeed, in many schools the children are now taught to read by the hieroglyphic method, that is, by recognizing whole words rather than their component elements. Thus humanity has linguistically gone the round from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves, not in three generations but in thirty thousand, from picture-writing to spelling and back again. But to say "humanity" is unjust: in reality it is only the English-speaking part of mankind which, in its blind worship of orthography, has brought orthography to the verge of annihilation by merging letter into word-symbol.

What is to be the gain, what the loss, if it ever comes to pass that all association between letter and sound shall have been abolished, and immediate apprehension shall have been substituted for indirect? We may learn something in the way of answer from the experience of China and Japan, where, we are told, schoolboys spend a considerable portion of their schoolboyhood in committing to memory a list of several thousand patterns. Inasmuch as our latest English dictionaries boast of a vocabulary extending well up into the hundreds of thousands, the task that confronts our children is anything but cheerful, unless it be alleviated either by the invention of some

handy mnemonic system, or by the exclusion of all save the indispensable words. However, *when* once the symbols shall have been learned, the process of interpretation must needs be more rapid under the new method than under the old, which called for an analysis of each picture-puzzle into its separate pieces. Think of the difference between swallowing *epistemological* at one gulp and Fletcherizing it in fifteen deliberate bites!

But alas! for whatsoever shall be robbed from Peter, compensation must be made unto Paul. Our swiftness is halted, our expected joy-ride through print is turned to weariness, by the offsetting evil of *uncertainty*. What shall it profit us to take in *epistemological* at a glance, if we are never quite sure whether it really is *epistemological* or *epistolographical* or *apothegmatical*? This drawback is no figment of the imagination. Already the new style has become sufficiently prevalent to afford only too abundant proof of its objectivity. Ask a schoolboy, or even a college student, to read aloud to you a bit of simple English prose, and you shall find that the things issuing from his mouth, while they may bear a certain general resemblance to the things printed on the page, are only approximately or intermittently coincident with them. Ask a class to copy an easy paragraph from a book to a sheet of paper: not more than one in ten (presumably an old-method-ist) can do it exactly. Such is the price of our scorn of the continental European habit of adjusting spelling to speech.

Consider the three hieroglyphs, "tough," "though," and "through," three symbols which have hardly any kinship in sound and none whatever in meaning. The first word consists of three sounds, the second of two, the third of three; and these eight sounds are all different — not one is common to any two of the words. Yet these same three words, so absolutely unrelated in sound and sense, are represented by pictographs so nearly identical that a sharp scrutiny is required to

distinguish them: "though" is differentiated from "tough" by a slight horizontal extension and a doubling of the spire at its west end; between "though" and "through" the only difference is a scarcely perceptible elongation by the insertion of an "r." It is now easy to understand why writing among the ancient Egyptians was an esoteric craft, practised by the priesthood alone. At the rate we are going, ere long the art will have become just as recondite among us. Always a mystery, our English orthography will soon be a secret impenetrable to the laity, an occult spell whose sole repository shall be the Mystic Brotherhood of Typewriters and Printers.

Side Streets as a Gentleman's Habit

THE side street habit I learned at an early age from my father — blessed be his name! He was a shy man of contemplative and discriminating ways. Each morning as he took my hand to walk me to school he would hesitate by the front step — I yearning to go down Main Street where the horse cars ran — and then deliberately turn and lead me by side streets to the school gate.

It bothered me, this side street habit. Finally I askt him why he always walkt on them.

"Because of the people," he replied.

"But there are very few people on side streets," I ventured.

"That's just it, my lad. There is always a crowd on Main Street, and I prefer to avoid the crowd. A gentleman always prefers to avoid a crowd."

The appreciation of side streets requires leisure. Not everyone can spare the time to wander down them. It also requires discrimination. Not everyone can gather the rich fruit of vision that grows on side streets alone.

Leisure and discrimination are gifts of the high gods. Leisure to seek; discrimination to appreciate; discrimina-

tion that recognizes beauty and romance in the picturesque, the sordid and the drab; leisure which opens the mind to delicate impressions and the intriguing chiaroscuro of life, and affords time to mellow remembrance.

The average man chooses the main street because it is a movie street. Everything gets into the picture, whether he wants it or not. In memory these reels flick and flash across the mind's screen — and are gone forever. But a side street is as a time-exposed photograph, taken when and where the gentleman will, of whatever subject his fancy chooses.

The main streets of the world's cities are mob streets, the side streets are streets of individuals. The people you meet on main streets have a sameness. The mob desire to parade fuses them into a type, like ranks of soldiers clothed in the same sort of uniform. Wherever this parade instinct is evident, you meet many people but few persons.

On the main thoroughfares the city always wears her best clothes, on side streets her commonplace ones. Now the interest of the commonplace is its variety. The commonplace is an informal covering that personality readily exudes through. Hence on a side street you come to know people as they actually are, not as they desire to be seen of men.

Moreover, the commonplace is the atmosphere of the home. Most of us live on side streets, and it would seem to follow that most of us would prefer to walk on them. We do not, however, because we choose to follow the crowd, or crave diverting change, or lack discernment.

Truly a man is known by the streets he walks on. . . . But, "a gentleman always prefers to avoid a crowd." For a gentleman is an individualist, a connoisseur in individuals. He enjoys persons apart and for themselves, just as he enjoys a rare vintage, or the subtleties of a Kajikawa lacquer, or the luxurious "feel" of a hand-tooled binding. He is entertained and pleasantly in-

trigued by the variety in the lives of others, and he deliberately seeks out side streets because there he finds both individuals and variety.

In avoiding a crowd a gentleman avoids the fallacy of the obvious. Most of us have crowd minds, and base our judgments on the obvious. It is by the obvious that most people judge a city, for example. They know its sites but not its personality. Fortunately for the discriminating, people make a city—everyday commonplace people who live on side streets and find their native expression there.

If you want to know the personality of a city, shun its main thoroughfares as you would a bore or the socially ambitious — they are the same the world over. But dodge down side streets, and the city's individuality is writ plain in the roof lines, in the front door steps and the women who stand thereon, in the children who play about the pavements and in the easy-going traffickings of men.

Here is an infallible test for the personality bred on a city's side streets: As night by night your mind dreams off to travel innumerable ways, what spots are for you a starting place? The surge of a main street? The dead elegance of a museum? The concatenation of a cabaret? Never! Dreams start in places that you desired to see more of but never did, desires suppressed by fatigue or the shortness of time or the distraction of circumstances — some picturesque *cul de sac;* some backwater corner; some tree-lined, quiet, drably domesticated avenue; some squalid, poverty-stalked alley where life was in the raw. That's where dreams start from! For dreams finish the pictures that passing impressions only sketch in.

Today you are going about when, unheralded, some side street glimpse catches the eye. Instantly you are carried back to others you have known. No longer do you walk as an ordinary denizen through noisesome traffic, but as a doughty voyager who has seen the world and known

the glories of mankind. The overhead train is lost in the echo of a huckster's cry you heard once in Clerkenwell Road. The newsboy's shout sends you tramping down Vesey Street with the printer's ink aroma as incense to your nostrils. These giant trucks that thunder by menacingly, what are they but the memories of an outskirt cobbled Brussels street where the farm carts lumbered in, once on a day, through the dawn!

Innumerable though side streets are, only three kinds intrigue me. The first is the picturesque but inaccessible. I have always dreamed of living on such a side street, yet I know I would be solitary thereafter: for neither poverty nor bad plumbing can ever be half so hard on friendship as living in a place that is difficult to find.

The second kind of side street is that of baffling idiosyncrasies. There is, if you will recall your Paris, the little street called the Rue Boissonade, which stands today a tribute to the indomitability of the French spirit. You walk along beside its studio windows until you find yourself face to face with a blank wall, warm in tone but moss-veneered, insurmountable to both eye and spirit. It is the wall of a convent — a convent barring the road to art! You look for the number you want. It is not there. You look again. No, that number is not, cannot be on the Rue Boissonade! But perhaps there is more to the street? You retrace your steps two blocks and round the corner dominated by the Grande Hotel de la Haute Loire — as sordid a hostelry as ever bore so impressive a name — and ultimately find what seems like the ghost of the street you just left, the Rue Boissonade, lined with studios and ultimating in the other direction, in the high gray wall! Only on this wall there is neither warmth nor moss. It is the north wall. The two parts of the Rue Boissonade are cut apart — or neatly cemented — by the convent that breaks it — a living exposition of the fact that the spirit cannot entirely subdue the flesh; it may

check it for a few yards, yet it continues on, albeit chilled for its recent encounter!

Then — and finally — there is the eminently respectable side street, the street of front yards and narrow porches and Mansard roofs. Something tells you that the woodwork inside those houses is very fine, the plumbing slightly passé, the ceilings high, and the family life toning toward a gray — warm gray in some, cold gray in others, but gray, the gray of contentment.

Most folks like to walk down these discreet streets in mid-afternoon, but the discerning will choose the night. By day architecture has a sameness, at night that is lost, and the personality of the people who dwell in those houses shines out through their lighted windows, as the light of a deep love or a splendid hatred shines from the eyes of men and women.

One such side street I have walkt down night after night for several years, and it has contributed many remembrances to the portfolio of my short past. In the area-way of the third house from the corner the cook awaits the policeman on his rounds, and they enact as pretty a romance as ever heart could wish. Farther down the block I once found a burglar plying his trade to the latch of a window. I tried to draw him into conversation, but he was a silent man, and departed without replying. One night an undertaker's wagon waited by the door of a darkened house; another night I lingered on the curb to see the bride come forth. . . . But it is on rainy nights that I like this side street best, for then the arc lights at either end are haloed with a glory, and in their aureoles I have seen the wings of seraphim.

Bolshevism in High Places

Extremes meet, vices are virtues misplaced or exaggerated. Prohibition is exaggerated temperance, and Bolshevism is exaggerated faith: it is the conduct of life on a basis of things that are not so. It works in the highest

places as well as in the lowest — from Trotzky's faith (or at least that of his deluded supporters) that the proletariat is as capable of governing as the bourgeoisie — up to the assumption in collections of gentlemen that they *all* are gentlemen, or, more extravagant still, that gentlemen never fall from grace.

Perhaps the most ridiculous, certainly the most flagrant case of this assumption is in the United States Senate. Its rule preventing closure is on the assumption that every senator is too lofty a being to abuse the privilege of unlimited speech. The result is shown for the thousandth time in the dangerous failure of the Senate just expired to pass essential bills that were talkt to death. A more extreme instance of Bolshevism in high places, or at least in places where there is higher warrant that everybody is a gentleman, is in the Harvard clubs. In the best of them, that assumption is carried to the extreme that boys are allowed to run up bills that their fathers are not permitted to run up in the clubs of Boston and New York. This practice encourages the boys to run into debt everywhere, and the fathers, at least those of the members of the clubs, generally, from good nature or from fear of becoming unpopular, encourage the habit by paying the bills.

Bolshevism is at present the greatest danger of the world, from top to bottom. At the bottom its presence is only too manifest. At the top, it calls for the keenest watchfulness.

Our Little Town

Our Little Town is such a queer little town. Many people come to us and very few depart, yet seemingly we never grow any larger.

Most little towns possess something about which to boast — the biggest barn, the highest windmill, the largest silo or something of that kind. But for a long, long time, Our Little Town had nothing to mark it from its fellows.

Or so we thought. Then one day it was discovered that relatively we had the largest cemetery in the United States. . .

We are very widely known — not *well* known but *widely*. By doctors. When some poor victim, failing of salvation in the rugged, healing winters of the North or in the soft, balmy airs of the South, comes at last to the final lap, the doctors think and think and then say:

"There's a queer little town up in the mountains of California —"

And almost as if anxious to rid themselves of their burden, they rush the broken, care-worn invalid off on the terrible five-day journey across the continent. . .

And when he arrives we take him in, and nurse him for a little. . . And bury him. . .

If they would only give us a chance — or even *half* a chance! We *are* so willing to help — and sometimes it would seem almost as if power had been vouchsafed us to perform miracles! Men walk our streets to-day living evidence of this.

Always we do whatever is possible, though usually it is so pitifully hopeless. . .

Our Little Town has a clubhouse of which we are very proud. We are very frank about it too — we come right out into the open and call it the "T. B. Club." Membership is rigidly restricted to those who are or have been patients, or have come here to nurse a sufferer.

The little Club is very popular with us, and *everybody* in town has joined. . . Yes, even the doctors, and the postmaster and the station agent and the caretaker of that cemetery.

Of course there are no marriages here, and no children are born into our little world. Which is just as well.

We laugh a great deal sometimes at the people who come here on their feet. We suppose that having been shunned as pestilential lepers in their own towns they

resolve, coming all unknown into a new community, to *hide* their condition. From *us!* Rather a joke, that! So we just laugh at them good-naturedly and soon they laugh with us at those who come later. That is if there is any laughing. . .

It's funny how quickly news travels in a little community like ours. An arrival is scarcely off the train before we all know of it. Sometimes we can smile hopefully, but mostly —

Last week somebody shipped a boy in here — a slender boy of twenty, a stranger and all alone! *Alone!* The news flashed around like wildfire and a dozen homes were thrown open to take him in. He could scarcely speak, poor kid, and when the inevitable end came and we could do no more, a telegram was sent to the address found among his meagre belongings. Some brute in the East wired back "Bury him there." That was all — just those three words. So those of us who could walk formed a little procession up to the cemetery. . . And the old, white-haired priest threw earth into the grave. . . And said, "Dust unto dust."

Occasionally one of us is able to leave Our Little Town, and you may be sure we give him a royal send-off — we make it a gala day, and his name is added to a roster up at the Club. We are very proud of that roster — it has a lot of names now, and it would have more — oh! so many more — if people would only come in time — We could save so many if we had a chance — we who know, we who have ourselves been ground in the mill, we who have *understanding*. . .

And we'd put a crimp in that damned cemetery!

"With the Author's Compliments"

How often have we sent out reprints and books with these winged words stampt upon them! How often have we received from friends and even from strangers publica-

tions similarly stampt! They fly out like Noah's doves across the waste of waters, and sometimes a reply comes back, more frequently it does not. I have no statistics on the proportion of returns to doves, but such casual study as I have made of my own experience leads me to hazard the statement that we have not yet gone much beyond the lepers' ratio. When Christ found that of ten lepers who were cleansed, only one had the inspiration to come back and say "Thank you," he asked "Where are the nine?" But when the tables are turned, and he, the author, is the addressee and not the sender, he begins to realize that there are degrees in the obligation, as well as divergencies in practice, and that it is not so easy to lay down a perfectly simple ethical principle.

In my experience the extremes are very far apart. At one end of the line stands a well known man of science who, in this busy world, considers acknowledging anything a waste of time, and, therefore, on strictly ethical grounds, never says "Thank you." The other extreme is represented by an equally distinguished and very busy man, from whom I once received a speech. Acknowledging it promptly, I received by return mail a letter from the author's secretary, stating that my letter had been received in the busy man's absence, and would be laid before him on his return. Upon his return some months later, the author wrote stating that he was very much gratified that I was interested in his speech, and thankt me for thanking him. My first impulse was, of course, to reply that I was gratified at his gratification at my letter of thanks, but I foresaw that he would then feel obliged to thank me for my gratification at his gratification, and that we should soon be engaged in a series of epistolary salaams with the chores still undone, and all the wood to be cut. This would clearly be an unethical waste of social effort.

Is there any golden mean between these two extremes? The possibilities of the case may be put in a series:

1. Acknowledge nothing.

2. Acknowledge, but do not try to read, books; do not acknowledge articles or speeches.

3. Acknowledge books, articles, and speeches, but do not try to read them.

4. Read and acknowledge everything.

The last is clearly a counsel of perfection for any man who has sufficiently emerged from obscurity to have his name on any of the numerous mailing lists which are available for a consideration. The first extreme, though it seems to save time, takes out of life the social oil which lubricates human relationship. On the same ground, we might save time and lung power by never returning salutations upon the street. Even a dog wags his tail when meeting a friend, and though in the aggregate an immense amount of muscle power must be lost to the world through the wagging of millions of dogs' tails, yet that wag has a cheering effect upon the friend. Moreover the caudal language, though having but one part of speech, is rich in inflections, and as indicating the temper of the dog, may have a very practical value to a stranger. The acknowledgment of a book or article plays a similar part in our social economy. If I send a book to an acquaintance, and he pays no attention to it, my life will probably not be shortened by that omission. Yet an acknowledgment, however brief, brings a pleasurable sensation into the day's work. It reminds one agreeably of an old friend, and if he adds to the postcard "thank you" a line indicating that he has read the title of the article, or has even lookt at the conclusion, and in an extreme case has skimmed the contents, I feel that our old acquaintance is kept in repair. Even with postcards at two cents a piece, it seems quite worth while to send so much of an acknowledgment. Nay more, with letter postage at three cents, if a really serious magazine article or book has been received, it seems not altogether a social waste to dictate a short letter, and to comment briefly upon some of the opinions expresst. This degree of punctilio represents, I am well aware, the practice of only

the tenth leper; the majority still think that the postcard is a wasteful formality, and this view is therefore presented with diffidence.

But even the punctilious man allows certain exceptions. For example, when I receive four different copies of the same speech printed in the *Congressional Record*, the address of each copy varying sufficiently from the others to indicate clearly that four different lists were used, the personal touch seems to have reacht the vanishing point. The punctilious recipient feels that, if the M. C. did not know that he was wasting four copies where one would have been more than sufficient, he will also not know whether or not any acknowledgment is made. There is another case in which extreme punctilio may be wisely diluted. When an unknown correspondent not only sends you his article, but also requests a detailed comment upon his point of view, the suspicion is inevitable that the gift is not without a selfish aim, and may properly be "spurlos versenkt" in the waste basket.

Many other ethical questions arise in connection with this matter. But I desist from pressing an unpopular subject, even in the UNPARTIZAN REVIEW. I shall be content if I lead some readers to realize that even the poor author is human, and that when the pleasure which he derives from a card of thanks is greater than the expense and labor involved in sending that card, the sum total of human happiness is to that extent increased.

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TOWARD INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

THE war has wrought many changes in industry and has paraded many plans for its reconstruction. If discussion and agitation are an aid to the cure of human ills, it has greatly benefited mankind. No "ism" need search in vain for many friends and many foes; each is supported by ardent proponents who inevitably arouse equally ardent opponents.

The ancient idea of organization among the workers has not only been galvanized into new action but, under the guidance of the National War Labor Board and through a broader recognition by the employers of the necessity for group coöperation and group responsibility, has veered in a new direction. Employers' associations are today investigating the possibilities of the new idea of organization which they opposed a year ago because they now understand how it differs from militant unionism. Before the war the unorganized workman was forced either to join the old type of union regardless of whether he approved of its policies, or remain in a comparatively helpless and inarticulate status. Rival organizations were vigorously suppressed by the established organizations and the Federation, which jealously sought to protect their monopoly. According to the closed-shop tenets, no man could work in union factories or at any organized trade unless by agreement between him and the union he became a union member, and some unions restricted membership and apprentices in order to limit the supply of labor. These organizations represented

about a fifth of what may be called the organizable labor of the country, while the remaining four-fifths had no medium for group expression or group service on matters relating to their interests, the interests of their employers, or the interests of society.

Now a new type of intra-factory organization of employees, known as the shop committee, works council, or factory representation, comes upon the scene. This movement, highly experimental in character, the extension of which is partly due to the mismanagement and mischief of some of the old-time organizations, is already assuming substantial proportions. It recognizes the right of every one employed to participate in the adjustment of labor questions through elected representatives from the different departments of the individual factory, and does not limit employment to those who join a particular trade guild. It concedes the necessity for labor organization in large factories, in order to supplement individual responsibility with group responsibility and group service, but does not concede the necessity for outside intervention from the militant and anti-social type of organization. Ordinarily it operates independently of the established unions, but it does not necessarily involve opposition to them. It seeks coöperation and team play as between each employee and his fellow employees, as well as between employer and employees, as against the régime of excessive individualism where each employee is for himself, and it meets the need for group machinery to attain this end. In building operations it has little or no application.

The particular form of factory organization is not so important as the spirit behind it. It involves the election of some kind of committee or representatives of employees to coöperate with the management and co-employees, and undertake whatever measure of self-government devolves upon them. The methods of election must be above suspicion. Every opportunity

for undue influence, unfairness or corruption must be closed, and real independence of ballot maintained. All these details have been carefully worked out. The plan may take high-sounding names, as in some plants which provide for a Congress elected by the employees, a Senate of foremen and a Cabinet of chief executives; or it may be the more modest arrangement approved by the War Labor Board, where elected representatives of the employees of each department constitute a departmental committee to confer with the management on departmental labor problems. Under this less pretentious plan, all of the representatives of the different departments usually constitute a general conference committee, to meet with the management for the discussion of labor questions affecting the entire plant, and for hearing appeals on matters which are not settled in the respective departments. Under any of these plans one of the most important features is the right of committees to review the action of foremen who by dictatorial methods have been too often the great disturbers of good will. Matters of factory administration to carry out labor policies reached by joint discussion remain with the management. Significant in theory, if not important in practice, is the veto power usually reserved by the management, but this does not impair the satisfaction created by joint discussion as compared with the superseded system of ex parte judgment. It is believed by many that this factory organization furnishes the best conduit through which ideas of the management may permeate the employees, and the ideas of the employees may reach the management. It removes barriers to understanding which are the prolific source of conflicts, international and interclass. It provides machinery for coöperation between employees and co-employees, as well as between management and employees, and thereby lays the foundation for true factory unity and associated effort.

If this new plan for collective functioning succeeds,

it carries with it possibilities as yet speculative which may make profound changes in the private and public aspects of the labor problem. Perhaps an important adjustment is about to take place between the independent factory organization, where collective dealings are frankly and sincerely encouraged, and the old-time national trade unions which subordinate production and factory management to the interests of class war, and restrict autonomous adjustment of labor relations in the individual concern. A wholesome rivalry between two different types of labor organizations, in factories where jurisdictional disputes are not likely to arise, may help both, and may save the country from the dangers which necessarily arise where any industry or utility is wholly under the domination of one uncontrollable organization.

The beginnings of the independent, intra-factory organization in this country are significant. The protocol in the clothing trades was distinctly a union arrangement which largely observed the sound principles of the works organization, but the earliest independent movement of any renown was born of the terrific struggle between the United Mine Workers and the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company in 1915. Mr. Rockefeller fearlessly opposed the tyrannies of the closed shop and the methods of the Mine Workers' Union, and with the help of Mr. MacKenzie King inaugurated an elaborate plan for industrial representation in the Colorado properties, which was later declared by the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations to be a "new departure in the United States." It was the first important effort in this country to organize the employees of a single company into a kind of representative government with which the management could deal independently of any outside union, and it of course met with great opposition and ridicule both from the United Mine Workers and the American Federation of Labor. This hostile attitude is significant, for it was not due entirely to the state of intense indus-

trial warfare, amounting almost to civil war, which existed between these interests at the time the Plan was installed. The Federation of Labor, blinded by self-satisfaction, called the Colorado plan "a pseudo-union" and utterly failed to see in the federation formation a natural consequence of some of its mistakes. "If unions are a good thing," says the Federationist, "increasing in desirability with their democracy, why can not Mr. Rockefeller approve of unions of the miners, for the miners and by the miners — that is, the United Mine Workers of America?" The question implies what is untrue, but the answer is not as difficult as the Federation suggests, and it lies in the fundamental distinction between the ideals of the old unionism and the new type of collective action. If the old type of organization had proven more democratic and more responsible, and had devoted any considerable attention to the problems of factory management and the needs of efficiency and coöperation, there would have been less provocation for the new.

The Colorado Plan met with few imitators in the succeeding two years, due undoubtedly to the conservatism and fears of employers. Management does not care to experiment with other people's money. Farther progress required the urge which the war has given to a bolder examination of social and industrial questions; a better appreciation of the possibilities and dangers of a proletariat dictatorship, and an actual demonstration that the pitfalls of conservatism are as real as the pitfalls of experiment. Above all, it required the recommendations of the Whitley Committee and the suggestive value of English experience, as well as the great wave of humanism which is sweeping over the world. Employers in the United States are now coming to feel that some method must be devised to secure for the workers a more effective voice in the conditions of their service, but that this method must not be the absentee control or the antagonistic attitude of some unions.

Certain unions which have shown intelligent leadership have been, and still will be, able to do business with employers, but others which have fallen prey to the evils of bossism, which have broken contracts and have been guilty of arbitrariness and overreaching, have lost the substantial recognition which they once received. They have not properly distinguished between the fair and unfair employer, and have taken advantage of those who were the most liberal. In many cases they have been tried and found wanting. Out of all this has grown the movement for the new type of shop organization, which in the last year has multiplied the number of such plans actually put in operation. Some of our largest and most representative industries today are working under such an arrangement with a sincere belief that it is necessary and will succeed.

While our industrial conditions should not be patterned after those of Great Britain, it is nevertheless illuminating to turn to the studies carried on in that country for the discovery of general principles applicable to this subject. The foremost of these, which no one will gainsay at the present time, is the statement in the report of the Whitley Committee that "means for securing for the work people a greater share in and responsibility for, the determination and observance of the conditions under which their work is carried on," must be provided in order to secure "the better utilization of the practical knowledge and experience of the work people." This spells some measure of industrial democracy under some form of intra-factory government in which the workers shall participate, and its application may perhaps be brought about in this country, not under the direction and control of national unions, as in Great Britain, but through the initiative of individual factories, with a view to greater coöperation and community of interest between the individual employer and his workers. As compared with the ordinary union it would emphasize

"home rule" and self-government in determining working conditions, and would compel all of the rank and file to participate more actively instead of remaining away from organization meetings. It would permit greater regard for the varying conditions of different factories and communities, and a greater flexibility in dealing with the peculiar capacity and personality of each worker, as against the thoroughly discredited system which limits production and holds men down to a common level. Above all things, it will promote rather than restrict efficient production by close coöperation and common counsel. One sees in this kind of industrial democracy, not the fearsome spectre of radicalism, but a gradual development of responsibility and self-reliance, individual and collective. Questions which relate exclusively to the activities and surroundings of the workers should to a larger extent depend on the good will and self-determination of the men themselves, if the country is to secure coöperation and develop those wonderful possibilities which are latent in almost every human being. It must be arranged that "the elemental springs of human activity shall not be dammed but flow forth in normal fashion, for normal man is constructive." The largest practicable measure of individual and collective self-government will promote this result. Natural instincts and impulses must not be thwarted as in the past. Where the employer awakens the self-interest of employees by permitting them to share in the collective savings of the economies and efficiency they effect in any department by coöperation among themselves, he frequently finds that they become the best disciplinarians and efficiency engineers that can be produced. Former Governor Robert P. Bass of New Hampshire has recently stated this very well:

"I believe that we have emphatically come to the time when we must make it clear to the workman himself that production is his problem and that he will profit or

suffer in direct degree as this problem is effectively or ineffectively handled. In order to make this possible, labor must be given its full responsibility, together with the power to act in relation to that responsibility. We must promulgate a labor policy which affirms labor's right to a substantial voice in determining the conditions under which it works, and labor's corresponding responsibility."

To secure this whole-hearted coöperation, there is gaining strength a new point of view where through shop committees the employer stresses the collective as well as individual self-interest and responsibility of the workers, for labor cost. What a worker or body of workers produces for the benefit of society must be the measure of their return, and not solely the law of supply and demand. Workmen presented with the incentive opportunity and responsibility usually show themselves efficacious in reducing the labor cost. Hitherto this has been tried individually by the application of individual piece rates and bonuses, but now it is proposed to do it collectively as well, so that each workman will take an interest in what his fellow workers are doing and will thus learn a further lesson in coöperation. Individual rewards furnish no incentive to improve team work or collective operations by helping a fellow workman or ousting a slacker. They stimulate individualism rather than cooperation. The shortcomings of profit-sharing are in the opposite direction. To be sure it aims to promote coöperation throughout the entire concern by giving every man an interest in the final result, but its unfortunate features lie in the fact that the amount of the benefits is indeterminate until the end of the year and is dependent upon many factors which are beyond the ken and observation of the beneficiaries, like management, salesmanship and production in other departments. All these are mainly within the control of the employer. To give the workers a share in ultimate profits suggests a right on their part to have a voice in all these matters

which are foreign to their training. Furthermore, distribution is long delayed, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Between these two extremes of individual piece work and profit-sharing lies the individual department as a productive unit. Within this unit rewards can be based on the collective results and the collective results can be partially left to the self-government of the group. It is an approach to the old contract system except that the contractor is no longer a profiteering third party, but the men themselves acting collectively and democratically through elected committees. The idea of treating each department separately cannot of course be arbitrary, but the advantages of the small unit and direct self-interest, should never be lost sight of.

The promise of such arrangements is very large. A few factories have demonstrated encouraging results. The National Industrial Conference Board, a federation of employers' associations which speaks comprehensively for American industries, reports "a very strong tendency is apparent toward introduction of intra-shop methods of collective agreements . . . and these plans are generally reported as working out well." The trail has been blazed, if not well beaten, and the country through which it leads invites further excursions. When arrangements based on collective responsibility and collective results are introduced in a department, the attitude of the workers changes. Their interest is no longer limited to their own work. The circle of their observation enlarges, their vision broadens, and the underlying, all-important principle of coöperation is quickened. Employees become vigilant to spur the laggard and caution the careless; discipline becomes more stringent, because the workers are more severe than the employer with the delinquents and because correction and punishment are accepted with better grace. When labor sanctions the discipline of labor, the old cry of capital against labor

cannot befog the issue of inefficiency or insubordination. In some departments the workers bring about a reduction of the force, because they find a smaller number can do the same volume of work. In delicate manufacturing, where damage is easily done to goods in process, it will be proven that there is no known remedy for avoiding loss equally effective with coöperation and self-government. You cannot standardize or commandeer carefulness. Generally speaking, the committees elected by the men from their own number to carry out these ends, are intelligent and capable.

Works organizations should not ordinarily be established in a strange and sudden manner in a factory which is unaccustomed to them, but should be the normal outgrowth of current opportunities and problems as they arise. The management, from the foremen up, should be carefully schooled in the new idea before the step is taken. In the end it will succeed only if the management is broad and sincere in its purposes, and is successful in overcoming the spirit of disgust and antagonism which exists among many employees. While the stimulus of suggestion must be afforded by the employer and his guidance will be essential at many points, he should aim to have the workers assume initiative and leadership, both as to the form and operation of the plan. The plan must not be something which the employer is doing for his employees but something which he invites his employees to do for themselves. It must be something created from within to such an extent that the employees will regard it as their own. The spirit of good will and coöperation which can be created through such an institution, established in such a spirit, seems almost incredible.

For an employer entertaining the old prejudice and brought up in the individualistic school, the adoption of such a highly experimental scheme involves considerable courage, for in this country such plans have not been in existence long enough to definitively demonstrate their

enduring reliability. Any advocate of them is obliged to leave the field of empiricism, and rely upon general principles in dealing with human nature. But where there is no panacea, the adoption of a plan, even though experimental, may be imperative as the less of two evils. Employers must not cower in the corner palsied by fear, but must go bravely forward with the democratic faith which is confidence in their fellow men. If they obstruct or even fail to encourage coöperation, self-expression and a normal development of joint control in labor matters, they are inviting something far more disturbing as the outgrowth of class hostility. If the employees are not educated on the inside, they will seek education from the outside and it may prove a lopsided education. It is unwholesome for the rank and file of the workers to secure all of their instruction from militant unions and little or none from the employers; it is unwholesome for employers to secure all their instruction from employers' associations. Unless the two interests meet in common counsel they will want for the mental nutrition which comes from the valuable social process of integrating varied ideas.

The factory organization will fail of the best results, just as unionism has failed, unless the employer has confidence in his workers and will faithfully and sincerely adhere to the letter and spirit of the coöperative idea. If the works committee is regarded purely as a medium for the making of treaties or armistices, or the carrying out of negotiations between hostile factions, it will accomplish but little good. "Works committees," reads a Whitley report, "would fail in the main purpose if they existed only to smooth over grievances." Any employer may well hesitate to encourage and organize a power within his factory if his relations to it are to be those of mutual antagonism. If suspicion and distrust and the balance of power are to remain the controlling forces, an insuperable instinct will direct him to adhere to the individual bargain as against collective bargaining and

to maintain the oldtime disciplinary methods. The factory organization will prove a success only in the event that the employer has faith in the capacity of his employees successfully to administer some degree of self-government. The representatives of the two interests must learn that the true social attitude does not compel a choice between self-assertion or compromise, but that most questions are best settled by an integration of varying ideas. The grain of wisdom which lies behind most people's ideas should be woven into the group conclusion.

There will be critical times where the workers attempt to participate in problems of general management rather than confining themselves to the problems of their employment. When the camel's nose enters, no one can tell what will happen. It is believed, however, that a wise administration will find little difficulty in confining the workers to matters of their direct interest under existing conditions if profit sharing, which implies management sharing, is not adopted. No serious difficulty of this kind seems to have arisen as yet. Other employers fear that these organizations will fall prey to the bad habits of the older organizations, but the evidence seems to indicate that if properly handled they will become educated to higher standards of coöperation.

Some employers oppose this kind of collective action on the ground that it will foster the old type of militant unions, but, ironically enough, union leaders are opposing it on the ground that it obstructs unionism. The leader of the Bridgeport strikers has been quoted as bitterly opposed to the type of shop committee which has been instituted in some sixty factories in that city under the supervision of the National War Labor Board, as a result of the difficulties which suspended the output of munitions in the summer of 1918. In other places union leaders have carried on active propaganda to oppose collective coöperation. In one factory which comes to mind every department except one is actively working

on a shop committee basis, and that one, which is the only union department in the factory, refuses to act. The union men declare they will not sit in conference with non-union men. They prefer disfranchisement. It is strange indeed that conservative employers and extreme unionists should be united in regarding this kind of shop committee as a common enemy. Considering the divergent roads by which they arrive at the same conclusion, it is obvious that some one is wrong.

Experience which, to be sure, is limited, indicates that intra-factory organization of employees makes the men less susceptible to the appeal of militancy. The employer who claims that this new movement will multiply the evils of unionism forgets his own accusations. He has complained that there is no real democracy in the old type of union; that the misleaders are in the saddle because the stable, conservative type of workmen absent themselves from union meetings and remain at home with their families. The new type of organization meets this difficulty, by holding meetings in the factory during working hours and on the company's time.

The War Labor Board discovered the necessity for this procedure through hard experience. In the Pittsfield plant of the General Electric Company the Board installed collective bargaining and required that all elections be held at some neighboring public building. But it did not work. In spite of the temporary excitement the attendance was slim. The Board therefore changed its rules so that all voting in this and other plants could take place within the factories. This experience tends to demonstrate that true industrial democracy requires that the factory and not the union meeting hall or any other outside hall should be the place where organization matters should be deliberated, wherever practicable, if a representative vote is to be secured and the quiet, responsible workman with a family is to participate. Just what improvement will be brought about by the

intervention of such class or workmen who heretofore have largely remained inarticulate, is of course problematical, but there are those who look in this direction with great hope. Does our experience with political democracy justify the hope that industrial democracy of this character will succeed? Some of us used to feel that while political democracy is able to survive in spite of blunders, industrial democracy is more dubious. Our attitude was dogmatic. How absurd to let the workers have a predominating voice in the government of a state composed in part of doctors, lawyers, ministers and bankers and to deny them a voice in matters particularly within the limits of their own knowledge! A sharp line must be drawn between managerial questions and those which relate directly to the activities and surroundings of the workers. Among people of limited capacity, self-government is likely to succeed in proportion to the palpability of the benefits they derive and their ability to see the direction and certain results of their action. That is why the town meeting affords one of the leading examples of successful government and is one of the best, if not necessary, forms of preparation and instruction for participation in larger affairs. That is why the Zemstvos have succeeded in illiterate Russia. To state the negative: the further people are separated from the center of government and the more remote and inappreciable the consequences of their action at the polls, the more doubtful is the result.

Applying this same town meeting idea to shop government, there seems to be good reason to believe that democratic government in the individual shop should naturally be the beginning of any form of industrial democracy rather than attempts on the part of national unions to organize the factories from without. The workers have not had this normal method offered to them in the past and have therefore been obliged to organize class warfare. Will the employers offer them the normal method

of progress in the future and thereby demonstrate that the anti-social methods are no longer required?

Workmen then feel that production is partially their problem and that they will suffer according as it may be handled effectively or ineffectively. They inevitably feel this responsibility as soon as they have the power to act in connection with it, but not before. Control by outside labor leaders who do not stress or encourage co-operation cannot bring this result.

If such a system of industrial organization is erected in our open shops, the government will of necessity be compelled to recognize it to the extent of its numbers and influence. Today, if occasion arise to appoint representatives of the workers on a War Labor Board, an Industrial Relations Commission, or to any labor department, state or federal, the only existing agency for organized expression on behalf of the workers is the old type closed shop union. Inability to acquire recognition for independent unorganized labor has proved one of the great embarrassments of the past. American employers have railed against the selection of unionists to represent all labor, when union labor, they assert, only represents 20 per cent of labor, but they inevitably failed to indicate any satisfactory means by which unorganized labor could be represented. Until we reach a point where independent labor can have some effective machinery for collective expression, the shaping of our governmental labor policies will depend largely on closed shop unionism, and 80 per cent of labor will continue to be disfranchised. If the 80 per cent becomes organized into a new type of unionism, which could be speedily brought about by the encouragement of the open shop employers, the political factors also will change unless the call of class solidarity proved too strong and the new organizations so started are completely swallowed up by the old — a most unlikely event unless the old unions reform.

The establishment of harmonious coöperative organi-

zations in the individual factories, if it succeed, will have favorable national consequences in more ways than one. The workers have been taught co-operation and union in militancy and strife. The new organization teaches the same lesson in a finer service. Mutual coöperation and good will among men in industry will greatly improve the morale of the nation. To quote again from an English report:

"The spirit in which both employers and employed regard their common work will color not only their relations to each other but their general attitude to the corporate life of the nation."

Works organizations, unlike national unions, educate the rank and file in the practical problems of industry by placing responsibility upon them and thereby bring the practical lessons of democracy directly home. Practice in the use of the ballot, and actual observation of the processes of representative government, in each factory where the problems are comprehensible and the results apparent, will quicken the imagination and improve the intelligence in the exercise of the political ballot. The gulf between government and its subjects may be decreased by a better understanding of this relationship, and democracy in industry which in the order of events has followed political democracy, may become the primary school for the development of the capacity of self-government. Today many men cast their ballot with no real appreciation of its significance and with an indifference as to results. If the new process of self-government and the group sense could be worked out in the factory, where so many of our citizens spend so large a portion of their waking hours, and where their self-interests are so largely centered, it is not an unfair speculation that it will develop a new community sense and that new hostages will be given to democracy. Once we have decided that the people are to rule, we cannot go too far in educating the rulers.

Walter Gordon Merritt.

CO-OPERATION TO DATE

IN a tale of English Quaker life entitled *The Weavers*, Sir Gilbert Parker performs his usual function of glorifying the upper-class Englishman. In a play of the same name, Gerhart Hauptman, most distinguished of modern German dramatists, tells the tragic story of Silesian peasants making a mad, futile break for liberty, against a hard employer and the pitiless wage system of "the hungry forties" of the last century. In those same lean and "hungry forties" for labor — in November, 1843, in the little English mill-town of Rochdale — close by Manchester, still another group of Weavers met in a Chartist Reading Room on a certain dreary Sunday afternoon, to talk over their troubles; and the outcome of that conference — which forms the substance of this sketch — makes much more cheerful reading than either the English novel referred to, or the Hauptman drama.

These Rochdale flannel weavers, twenty-eight in number, were, some of them Owenite Socialists, with a vision of co-operative brotherhood; some of them Chartists, who had been devoting their energies to obtaining political rights for workers — forbidden by law at that time even to organize for their own protection; and others were just plain, unphilosophical, hungry flannel-weavers, ready to accept any plan which promised relief from their sufferings. They were all just emerging from an unsuccessful strike, denied even a small raise in their scanty pay; they were out of work, almost out of food, and the gloom of the November day was reflected in their souls.

"We've made a big mistake, — we must help ourselves," Old Baumert in the Hauptman play had said; and one of the Rochdale Weavers — Charles Howarth by

name, having a strong grip on this doctrine of organized self-help, and a much clearer notion of the way to attain it than the fustian weavers in the Eulenbirge, set before his fellow workers a definitely formulated plan of action — since so widely known as the "Rochdale Plan," which with some modification and adaptation, has been the active principle in all the vast co-operative enterprises in Great Britain, Europe, and beyond. Howarth's proposal was as follows: that they — the 28 despairing flannel-weavers — should form themselves into an organization called "The Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers" — since their object was equity in industry; that they should begin operations with a grocery store, the capital to be subscribed by the "Pioneers" in shares of one pound each; that the interest paid on this capital should not exceed the minimum legal rate, and that the shares should always remain at par; that the control of the business should be democratic — that is, one member one vote, regardless of shareholdings, and the voting to be done in person — never by proxy; and lastly, that the selling price of goods to members should be at current market rates, and all sales for cash; *but* — and herein is the distinctive feature which marks the co-operative from the privately owned store — the margin between wholesale and retail prices, commonly called "profits," instead of going into the pockets of private merchants, *is returned to consumers in proportion to their purchases.*

The boldness of Howarth's project appears to have caught the imaginations of the starving flannel-weavers — to whom a pound of English money represented wealth beyond their wildest dreams, quickened their pulse-beats, and stirred their sluggish natures to something like a spirit of reckless adventure. At any rate they readily agreed to their leader's suggestion to put aside twopence a week from their meager earnings to obtain the requisite pound share, and the pledge was kept — though some of them doubtless went hungry. Three of their number

volunteered to act as collectors every Sunday — traversing a circuit of twenty miles.

The original 28 members grew to 40, and the weekly toll was raised from twopence to three; yet even so, it required more than a year to raise £28 — about $140, and with this sum the "Rochdale Pioneers" launched the most notable commercial enterprise of modern times.

They rented the ground floor of a dilapidated warehouse in "Toad Lane," and after buying store fixtures, found their first stock of groceries must be limited to four commodities — flour, butter — sugar, and oatmeal. Four of the "Pioneers" served as a store force — salesman, cashier, secretary, and treasurer, and on the evening of December 21, 1844, they took down their shutters and opened shop, amid the jeers of the Toad Lane populace and the cat-calls of street urchins.

For a time, the store kept open only on Monday and Saturday evenings, later every evening, but operated several years before keeping open all day! Its early existence was precarious, as in most new undertakings those of little faith fell away, but the loyal and persevering members stuck, and slowly but surely the enterprise grew. At the end of the first year, the Rochdale society had eighty members, a capital of £180, and the weekly receipts in the last quarter £30 — more than their original capital. The membership increased each year, until in 1851 they numbered nearly 800, and their capital had grown to £2800.

The success of the Rochdale venture gave new impetus to co-operation in England, and societies and stores modeled on the Rochdale plan sprang up all over Northern England and the Scottish Midlands. While some of these failed, the majority succeeded, and in 1863, — twenty years after the conception of the plan — the "North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society" was formed, of which 45 local stores took the stock, which opened a store in Manchester in 1864 with a force of two men and

a boy. By 1869, this society had built its own 6-story warehouse and opened two purchasing depots in Ireland.

Today, the English Co-operative Wholesale, Limited, is the largest food supply establishment in the world, sending its buyers into every corner of the globe, and its activities cover every field of productive and distributive enterprise. Its development makes one of the most romantic stories in the modern economic world, comparable with that of Standard Oil, United States Steel, and the Candian Pacific Railway, but differentiated from these by the principle of industrial democracy it embodies. In 1916, 1200 retail co-operative societies held shares in the Wholesale, whose resources in share capital, loans, reserves, and insurance, amounted to $65,000,000, and its net sales that year were $254,000,000.

The Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, with headquarters at Glasgow, operating over a smaller territory than the English, has naturally a less volume of trade, yet in 1916 it recorded net sales of $70,000,000. In many great undertakings these two societies combine forces. In 1873 they entered the productive field, their first venture being a co-operative bakery, and their second a boot and shoe factory which has since grown to be the largest in the United Kingdom.

They likewise operate the largest textile mills; their eight great flouring mills are the largest takers of Canadian wheat, and at Glasgow, Scotland, the Co-operators have the largest bakery in the world. In their Shieldhall Works in the same city, more industrial operations are carried on within one common gateway than any other place in the world, 4000 men of a hundred trades and occupations being employed there in 16 various factories with a yearly output of $5,750,000.

Seeking to get still nearer to the sources of production, and to obtain control of raw materials, the Co-operators invested in arable lands, coal mines, and steamships. They now own 30,000 acres of English farm lands, nearly

4000 acres of tea plantations in India and Ceylon, vineyards in Spain, fruit drying plants in Greece; in 1917 they bought 10,000 acres of the best Canadian wheat lands, and quite recently acquired a lease of vast tracts of Palm Olive groves in British Sierra Leone for the production of olive oil for their soap factories. In its Annual for 1917, the British Co-operative Wholesale, Limited, lists 65 manufacturing plants — some of them in Australia — and describes its activities in all fields as follows: wholesale general dealers, manufacturers, bankers, insurers, millers, printers, bookbinders, lithographers, architects, engineers, builders, shipowners, butter factors, lard refiners, bacon-curers, fruit-growers, saddlers, tanners, cutlers, iron-founders and tinplate workers, tea growers, blenders, and packers, farmers, importers, &c. &c. &c.

Besides all this, the British Co-operative Wholesale has invested $50,000,000 in building 50,000 workingmen's homes, to be paid for on the co-operative plan. So that the old proverb about "eating one's self out of house and home" has been transformed by the co-operators into the happier philosophy of "eating one's self *into* a home."

Banking and insurance were later developments in the British co-operative field, but these have met with as marked success as their other co-operative enterprises, the greater simplicity and economy of the co-operative insurance methods having proven of special value to investors. The investments and assets of the English Co-operative Bank at the close of 1915 were reported near $40,000,000, and its deposits and withdrawals at $1,347,919,678.

Perhaps the figures which best express the scope of the movement which sprang from the humble Rochdale beginning, are comprised in the statement that, from 1861 to 1914, British Co-operative societies, wholesale and retail made net sales aggregating near 14 billion dollars, of which *two billions were returned to consumers.*

The growth of the movement during the war went far ahead of all previous records, the increase in membership the first year of war showing 176,000, as against 70,000 increase in 1913, and in 1918 the Co-operators numbered about one-third of the entire British population. The reason was plain. When the crash came, and the food panic seized the people, private dealers immediately began cornering food and boosting prices. This was the Co-operators' opportunity to prove the truth of their claim to be operating in the interest of consumers, and they showed it by holding down prices to the pre-war level. This they did in all the warring countries, and as a consequence, co-operative enterprises exhibited steady and substantial gains in each and all of them. The last year of the war, the British Wholesale Societies handled near one billion dollars' worth of commodities, with a clear net profit of $100,000,000, of which 65 millions were returned as dividends to consumers — in proportion to their purchases — and thirty-five millions were devoted to educational and social welfare work.

For from the beginning, education and social welfare have been a feature of Rochdale co-operation, even the weaver "pioneers" voting to set aside 2½ per cent of net profits for such purposes, and in consequence, schools, libraries, recreation clubs, hospitals, and sanitariums, have grown up in the wake of successful co-operative industry everywhere. Belgian Co-operative societies devote *all* their net earnings to the social side of co-operation, conducted through their beautiful "maisons du peuple" — social centers in which are housed all kinds of cultural and recreational activities. The most palatial of these "peoples' houses" is the home of the famous "Vooruit" co-operative society at Ghent, which originated in a small co-operative bakery, started by Edouarde Anseele, the son of a poor shoemaker, in the early 80's, and which is now a mighty institution controlling three bakeries with a weekly output of 110,000 loaves, a large

department store, 21 grocery stores, 5 clothing and 6 shoe stores, a large brewery, one of the largest printing presses in Belgium, a coal depot, and a chain of drug stores. As evidence that the war did not obliterate Co-operation, even in that invaded territory, the "Vooruit" gained 1400 members in 1915, opened its twenty-sixth branch store, and had an overturn of 5,688,000 francs.

France and Germany borrowed the idea of distributive co-operation from England about the same time — 1864 — and according to figures furnished by Prof. Chas. Gide, the great French authority on Co-operation, German societies made greater proportionate gains, both in membership and sales, within the years 1902 to 1914 than did the British societies in that period. Gide reports a Hamburg society with 80,000 members in 1914, one with 65,000 members at Leipzig, and one at Breslau with more than 100,000 — the largest Co-operative society in the world, and this in spite of — or perhaps *because of* — the hostile attitude of the German Government toward the co-operative concerns, which it dubbed "revolutionary shops," and forbade government employés to trade with them. This ban was in force until the war demonstrated the valuable food service of the Co-operators in all the suffering countries, when these German civil service employés demanded and obtained from their Government the right to deal with the Co-operators. The movement gained in Germany during the war, as it did in all other countries, the Hamburg society receiving over 15,000 new members, in 1915, and the Hamburg Wholesale — the largest in the world outside the English and Scottish Wholesales — did an annual business of $38,000,000 in 1916. This is what Germany did with a distinctively British organization, but Germany originated and developed another form of Co-operation — the Co-operative bank. In 1849, Friedrich Raiffessen founded a loan bank for rural peasants, the members of which

were rich philanthropists. After this had languished for a dozen years, he started another *with the borrowing farmers as members*, which, founded on the rock-bottom basis of *self-help*, succeeded, and others were organized, until in 1913 there were 16,000 of these Raiffessen banks in Germany, with a combined capital of $650,000,000, which have been of incalculable benefit to the small agriculturists.

France also led the way in Co-operative Production in 1848 under Louis Blanc, who organized a number of self-governing workshops which gradually multiplied, and by 1910 were doing an annual business of ten million dollars. Since 1893 France has been active also in agricultural Co-operation, forming thousands of societies with hundreds of thousands of members. The Co-operative store had a slower growth in France, altho Prof. Gide reports 3,261 distributive societies in 1914, with 881,000 members and annual sales of 321,000,000 francs.

Unfortunately most of the French Co-operative industries were located in the invaded district, and suffered greatly during the war for lack of materials; but it was a noteworthy fact — cited by Gide — that owing to the large number of Co-operators in the German army, the French Co-operative stores were frequently the only ones left standing in a devastated area; and so generally was it understood that the Co-operative buildings would be spared, that people flocked into them for protection, as they did into churches in mediæval wars. Nevertheless the Co-operative movement grew in power and favor in France during the war, and the Government appropriated a large sum to be used by the Co-operators in equipping motor vans to carry supplies to the soldiers in No Man's Land.

Denmark and Ireland were both reclaimed from ruin by agricultural co-operation, which has found expression in co-operative dairies, creameries, bacon-curing plants, egg and poultry societies. Denmark was driven to Co-

operation by her destructive war with Prussia in 1866; and Ireland, decimated by famine and her wretched system of land tenancy, and suspicious as they were of anything emanating from England, was finally persuaded in 1890 by Sir Horace Plunkett and Father Finley to experiment with the Co-operative idea. The success of the Irish experiment may be indicated by the showing in 1913 of 947 Co-operative societies, with a yearly turnover of $16,000,000, and this has greatly increased since the outbreak of war.

Switzerland is one of the banner Co-operative lands, having one Co-operative society for every 500 inhabitants. The University of Zurich has lectures and courses in Co-operation, for the education of managers and officials in Co-operative enterprises. Norway, Sweden, and Holland, have all developed agricultural and distributive Co-operation on a large scale, with substantial showings in each case. Italy has made a unique contribution to the Co-operative movement, in her Co-operative labor groups, wherein workmen become contractors for their own labor, subscribe or hire capital, and undertake large contracts for building railroads, canals, and boulevards. After the conquest of Tripoli, the Italian Government gave to these co-operative Labor societies the work of building its railroads there.

Austria was among the last of European countries to develop Co-operation, and it made little progress until 1890, when the active opposition of middle-class tradesmen aroused the workers, and stimulated the formation of co-operative enterprises. As in Germany, in Austria, there was governmental hostility to Co-operation, but during the war its desperate food straits forced the Government to entrust the control of food distribution to the Co-operators, who had demonstrated their greater efficiency. In 1915 the powerful Vienna distributive society had a membership of 59,000 and a trade of 24,000,000 crowns. In 1916 the great Victuals Union of

War Workers was established, comprising 400 industrial establishments, with 200,000 members, which provided for about one-third of the population on the co-operative plan.

Of all the European countries, Russia exhibits the most marvelous Co-operative progress in a short period of time. From the failure of the abortive revolution of 1905, — when the foiled vital energies of the people were turned to interior constructive work — the number of Co-operative societies grew from 2000 to 50,000, in 1917, and comprise now about half the Russian population. The Moscow Union of Consumers' Societies which started with 18 societies in 1898, embraced 3000 by the end of 1916, and its yearly turnover rose from $5,000,000 in 1914 to $45,000,000 in 1916. Today Co-operation is known to everybody in Russia, both the people and the Government looking to it to rebuild the nation.

Thus has the movement started by the Lancashire flannel weavers spread over Europe from end to end. It has flourished under diverse forms of government, and among the most diverse peoples and cultures; and the significant thing about the Rochdale idea is, that it has fitted them all. Each country has modified it according to its own peculiar genius: thus England developed distributive co-operation, which enables consumers to be their own merchants, brokers, and middlemen; Germany developed co-operative credit, which enables borrowers to be their own bankers and insurers; France and Belgium specialized in co-operative production, in which workmen become their own manufacturers and employers; Denmark and Ireland have devoted their energies to agricultural co-operation, by which farmers become their own salesmen, shippers and commission merchants; and Italy has developed co-operative labor, wherein the laborer becomes his own contractor and employer.

Holding itself resolutely aloof from both politics and religion, the Co-operative Movement was the only thing

that preserved its international character in the great war. When everything else — including Christianity and Socialism — went down in the universal cataclysm, Co-operation alone stood up. Karl Marx is accredited with the saying that, "England might prove to be the only country which would achieve social revolution without violence," and if this should come to pass, the chief credit for it must undoubtedly be given to the English Co-operators, and to the British Labor Party which the Co-operative movement was largely instrumental in creating. By making the consumer a part of the machinery of production and distribution, Co-operators have realized in large measure the "industrial democracy" which is the dream of the Socialist State, and have done so without antagonizing or disrupting the existent order.

For Co-operators are not *haters* of capital, but *creators* of capital, and by changing workingmen into capitalists and capitalists into workers, the strained relations of capital and labor automatically adjust themselves. Thus Co-operation loosens up the economic equation without spoliation, and changes the worker's attitude toward capital by making him see it — not as a pitiless taskmaster, but as a useful and profitable servant of industry.

In the words of one of its most able English advocates — George Jacob Holyoake: "Co-operation means concert for the diffusion of wealth; it leaves out nobody who helps; it touches no man's fortune; it seeks no plunder. It causes no disturbance in society; it contemplates no violence, it subverts no order; it loses no dignity; it accepts no gift nor asks any favor; it keeps no terms with the idle; and it will break no faith with the industrious. It has its hand in no man's pocket, and does not mean that any hand shall remain long or comfortably in its own. It means self-help, self-dependence, and such share of the common competence as labor shall earn or

thought can win. And this it intends to have, but by means which shall leave every other person an equal chance of the same good."

Notwithstanding its uniform record of success for the rest of the world, the Co-operative idea has found little favor in America, and even in the sporadic instances where it has taken root, the resulting enterprises were oftener than not marked by failure.

The reasons most commonly assigned for American indifference to Co-operation are two: First, the newness and bigness of our country, with its vast natural resources, have lightened the social and economic pressure from which the older and more populous countries have suffered; and, as the history of the movement in those countries shows, the pinch of hunger undeniably furnishes the strongest stimulus to co-operative effort. Secondly, it is charged that the average American is of individualistic temper, and lacks the co-operative spirit; and it is equally undeniable that Co-operation is not only a system of economics, but it is also a state of mind.

Undoubtedly there are temperaments who prefer the competitive scramble and the gambler's chance — even with the knowledge that the cards are "stacked" — to any well regulated system wherein a fair return upon a given outlay of energy and capital is joined with a reasonable degree of certainty, — and to such temperaments, of course, Co-operation does not appeal. But to all who subscribe to the "live-and-let-live" philosophy, who prefer competence with security to a hit-or-miss affluence with harrowing uncertainty, the Co-operative system offers every advantage.

As to its failure where it has been tried in this country, the American who has written the best text-book on the subject to date, Mr. Emerson P. Harris, says that of the many cases of failure which he has personally investigated, he had never found one which did not invite failure by

departing from sound co-operative principles, as set forth in the Rochdale plan. He insists that those enterprises have succeeded here which have met the requirements of success. These, he claims, are two, namely, a group of *real* co-operators, and the right kind of management. If the latter be inefficient, careless, or dishonest, it will prove as disastrous to a co-operative concern as to the privately owned firm.

John Graham Brooks is quoted as saying: "If you can point to only one Co-operative store which has followed the principles laid down in every particular, and has succeeded, Co-operation has proved its case." According to this, Co-operation has already proved its case even in America, for there are a few such Co-operative enterprises here of long standing. New England has several which have been operating successfully for 20 to 40 years; the Co-operative Association of Calumet, Michigan, has paid 8 per cent to stockholders for the past 25 years, and 12 per cent dividends on purchases for the past 15 years; the Johnson County Co-operative Association of Kansas has been paying fair dividends since 1876, and is now having an annual turnover of $250,000. But perhaps the most striking instance of successful consumer Co-operation in this country, is found in the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance companies, of which there are now 2000 in the United States, carrying insurance in excess of $5,250,000,000.

Just now, according to reports from the Co-operative League of America, there seems to be a tide in the affairs of American Co-operators, which taken at the flood may lead on to as great good fortune as that realized by their European brethren. Since 1916, the movement in this country has received a new impetus, partly due to the garish publicity turned on conspicuous, shameless profiteering, and the obvious evils of the competitive system; and partly to the news from across the water of the great boon the Co-operative dealers have proven themselves

to the suffering peoples in the belligerent countries. Two other potent factors in American renaissance of Co-operation, have been the establishment of the Co-operative League of America under Dr. James P. Warbasse of New York City; and the formal endorsement and adoption of the Rochdale Plan of Co-operation by the American Federation of Labor at its annual Convention in November, 1917.

The Co-operative League, as a distributing center of information and advice, has promoted education in the fundamentals of Co-operation, and instituted centralized guidance and standardization. It reports consumer societies in the United States to have increased from 700 to 2000 in the last three years, and under its auspices the first National Co-operative Convention was held at Springfield, Illinois, in September, 1918. This gave great stimulus to the American Movement, bringing together delegates from all over the country, uniting the Co-operative forces, and setting on foot the organization of a single National Wholesale Society, with headquarters at Pittsburg. During the first six months after this event, the League added the names of more than 1000 societies to its list.

It is worthy of note that just as in England Co-operation has gone hand in glove with the Labor Movement, its most conspicuous recent development here has found expression through the labor unions. The "Central States Co-operative Society" is a federation of 70 distributive societies which have sprung up in the Union Locals of the Illinois United Mine Workers, with headquarters at Springfield. These societies jointly transact an annual business of $3,000,000, and many of them return to their members a 6 to 12 per cent quarterly dividend on purchases. The Staunton Illinois Society has nearly 400 members, declares a 10 per cent savings-return, does a quarterly business of $36,376, and has resources amounting to $35,000. The Roseland Society, with 400 members,

does an annual business of $130,000; and the Gillespie Society, with a large Scottish element who learned about Co-operation in the old country, has an annual turnover of $140,000. Many of these societies own their own buildings, sell groceries, meat, hardware, dry goods and clothing, and some of them conduct their own coalyards.

Western Pennsylvania also has a group of 70 consumer societies which unite in the "Tri-State Co-operative Society," which maintains a wholesale warehouse at Monessen, and another at Pittsburgh. They own their buildings, issue monthly, weekly, and daily publications from their own printing presses, and carry on recreational activities. All through the Northern States, societies of agricultural and industrial workers are combining forces, and solving the problem of bringing producers and consumers together in an amicable adjustment of what have hitherto seemed antagonistic and irreconcilable interests.

Hundreds of them not only conduct stores where groceries, dry goods, clothing, and hardware are sold, but they do an enormous business in supplying seeds, fertilizer and farm machinery to their members; then they buy the farmers' products and sell them on a co-operative basis. Some productive and distributing concerns divide the middleman's profits on a 50-50 plan. Some of them own grain elevators, others are organized to sell livestock, and not a few conduct a meat-packing business. The largest and wealthiest of these co-operative societies of the Northwest are found among the Non-Partizan Leaguers. One which started in 1914 with $7,000 paid in capital, by 1918 had seventy-five branches with more than $700,000 paid in capital. A society in Wisconsin which transacts a business of $700,000 to $1,000,000 a month, does it at a cost of $^1/_8$ per cent of sales.

Around Puget Sound, a vigorous Co-operative movement comprising 50 societies, has grown up in the powerful labor organizations of that region. One of these in

June, 1918, bought a store doing a business of $4200 a month, and very shortly increased it to $7000 a month; it then took over the City Market, and during the first 30 weeks did a business of $500,000. Its meat business alone amounts to $70,000 a month, with a net profit the first seven months of $20,000. Among the Seattle Co-operatives are a laundry, a milk condensary, a printing plant, several shingle mills, fish canneries, and recreation houses. On March 1st of this year, Seattle labor unions opened a Co-operative Bank, with $1,000,000 paid in capital the first day. A single union contributed $12,000.

A group of people who have done more than almost any other nationality to promote Co-operation in the United States, are the Finns, who in Superior, Wisconsin, in Western Massachusetts, and in New York City, have a hundred or more splendid societies, which have established banks, restaurants, and club-houses, and the best bakeries in the country. Their central bank at Fitchburg, Mass., has a branch in New York, and in New York also they have built modern, tasteful apartment houses for workingmen, which rent for $8 to $10 per month less than the same type of apartment from the private landlord. They conduct printing houses, and publish daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals; their club-houses, theaters, and amusement parks are the best of their kind in America, and they have done more in developing the social, educational, and recreational aspects of Co-operation than any other element of our population.

A noteworthy co-operative enterprise deserving of special mention, is a school for Poles in Chicago, comprising 500 pupils, and maintained by the United Garment Workers of Chicago.

With these many instances of recent vigorous growth, in this country, there is every reason to hope for the steady onward march of the American Co-operative Movement.

Annie Riley Hale.

TWO MAJORS

THE big Military Camp at Mailly has seen some strange sights in its long history. Its stone barracks, row on row, have housed generations of French soldiers, its walls have reëchoed with a thousand songs, and its pavements rung for years to the click of hob nails, as grandfather, father and son have successively marched by with blue overcoat and bristling mustache. Camp Mailly is an institution, a landmark, a part of the nation's life — and to it sooner or later are drawn, as to the vortex of a whirlpool, all the flotsam and jetsam of French soldiery from the four corners of the world; detachments of the Foreign Legion whose ranks include mystery and tragedy and romance and crime and adventure enough for a score of novels; — cheerful regiments of Madagascar negroes, small and dirty and genial; — sinister, yellow-skinned savages from Morocco, who can steal a duck in midroad, hide it and present arms all with a single motion (and whom Mangin made into supreme fighters in the autumn of '18); — tall, expressionless Singalese whose uniforms seem always too baggy for them, and in whose hands a German prisoner may well feel nervous; — superannuated colonels who have escaped Limoges, and who here are officiously busied with piles of paper and with fussy detail, and who make life miserable for a dozen scurrying orderlies; — distinguished generals who are whirled into Camp in splendid limousines, inspect while all the world holds its breath, and are whirled away as all the world sighs out its relief.

And to Mailly we too came — we with our peripatetic Centre of Instruction which like the Greek philosophers must needs dispense its teachings on the move — though for a less æsthetic reason. It was constantly buffeted from pillar to post, and nowhere allowed to settle down

to an uninterrupted period of studious calm. We were well installed in new wooden barracks, the half dozen of us (two Americans and four Frenchmen) who composed the Staff or Faculty being assigned to one building, and the group of thirty or forty French officers whom we were training for duty as instructors in American units, to another and larger one.

To the inexpressible joy of Burnham and me, we discovered that we were not the first Yankees who had left their footprints in the Mailly mud, or powdered their uniforms with the Mailly dust: a Q. M. detachment was there ahead of us, well established, and only comfortably busy in supplying a battalion of our Railroad Artillery. Our eyes shone in anticipation of pipes of American tobacco and boxes of real cigars. French tobacco will do if there is nothing else at hand, but after a few weeks of it, a stogie tastes like a perfecto, and Velvet Joe becomes as great a man as Foch. So we were not long in betaking ourselves to the Commissary.

After dinner that night we produced our trophies and passed them round among our French friends. Instantly there was an uproar of enthusiasm; for a Frenchman, though he is as well aware that everything French is the best, as an American is that everything American is the best, is no more reluctant to accept American tobacco than an American is to drink French wine. The air was instantly blue with fragrant smoke that wreathed our heads as smiles wreathed our faces; pipes, cigars, and cigarettes all were hard at work, and our fine old Major, Director of the Course, though by no means the youngest, was by no means the least enthusiastic. "C'est épatant ça, — réellement bon!" he exclaimed as he examined, for some reason best known to cigai smokers, the lighted end of his Havana. We did not know it then, but the Major's enjoyment of that cigar was the preface to one of the most illuminating bits of internationalization that I have ever seen — a spectacle which, when rightly viewed,

explains much that seems mysterious to our friends at home. I mean not only the amazing cordiality that the French felt toward us Americans (for that is of course not at all mysterious and merely indicative of their good taste!) but also — which is much more surprising — that which we felt toward the French! To be sure Burnham and I had for months been perjuring ourselves by quasi diplomatic lies anent the natural bonds of union between the United States and France, bonds which we strenuously declared were based on similarity of ideals, Republicanism (or Democracy if you prefer), freedom of speech, personal liberty — all the traditional jargon that has become shiny from much repetition, and which is on occasion useful — nay indispensable. But it is far from true: for in reality youth is more similar to age, carelessness to carefulness, speed to leisure, noise to calm, informality to ceremony, than is the United States to France. Instantly you pounce upon the obvious answer, and cry exultantly: "The attraction of opposites;" — but that will hardly suffice: we are different from the Congo savage, yet are not particularly attracted to him. There must be something further. I am not sure that I know what it is, but I do believe that the two scenes that follow shed at least a ray of light on the matter, and the prologue to the first scene was the Major's excellent cigar. "Réellement bon" you will remember, were his last mentioned words on the subject. His next were in the form of a request that I escort him the next day to the American Commissary, that he might himself purchase a box of these cigars. "It will be a great pleasure, mon commandant, — truly an honor!" How adaptable we are, to be sure — or is politeness contagious? A French officer could have done no better than that! And the next morning found us on the way down the hill. The Major was superb in his horizon blue, his medals catching the sunlight, and the four silver braids around his cap flashing gloriously — an old cavalry officer who like so many of his

branch of the service had transferred to the infantry as soon as the War had stabilized itself into trench routine; an aristocrat if ever there was one, who had been brought up in the old school of aristocracy and educated for the narrow path of the Regular Army; and this path he had followed for twenty years — carefully, conscientiously, loyally, until now, at forty-five, he was a magnificent specimen of the French soldier and gentleman, imbued with the sound maxims that the army was the nation's safety, and the present war a justification for his choice of a career. Incidentally he visualized with absolute definiteness the various strata of which every country's population is composed — and he knew that it was good and proper for the members of each class to keep to themselves, and not try to climb into the one above. Socially he had nothing to do with the people outside his own level, and resented with perfect logic any advances from them. You see it was all quite simple, and contained no new or startling ideas; but you will observe that it is not quite the state of mind of our own country — Better it may be, or worse — but at all events not the same. And be sure that he had not attained the distinction of Major through the slow machinery of peace-time promotion, without being acutely aware of the responsibilities and privileges that such a rank carried with it. To his inferiors he was courteous — but always, and rightly, he was their commanding officer. To his orderlies he was civil or abrupt — never for a moment familiar. To him the extreme familiarity of many of our own officers with their men seemed not only incomprehensible, but very dangerous — which brings us again to the same conclusion that we have just reached in regard to his theories on social relations — they were different from ours.

As we entered the Commissary I caught sight of the American Major, McCormack, who was in charge, and realizing the French fondness for formality, I approached him and said that Major de Gourney, the

Director of our Course, was anxious to buy a few cigars, but felt some diffidence as to the propriety of French officers purchasing tobacco at the American Q. M. — and then I introduced the Major himself. As the two officers confronted each other and shook hands, they presented as perfect a contrast as you could wish to see — Major de Gourney, tall, aristocratic, very erect, with all the poise and elegance of an ambassador, his whole bearing the acme of dignified politeness, extended a gloved hand with a grace rarely found outside the Continent, and smiled in a very friendly way that lifted the corners of his gray mustache, and showed beneath it a straight lip and a flash of white teeth. McCormack was built on different lines — half a head shorter than the Frenchman, square, thick set, with little or no neck, and close cropped hair showing everywhere from under his tiny overseas cap, which perched very jauntily on the side of his head far down toward his left ear. His face was square and clean shaven, with a short nose and a sort of twist to his mouth that prepared you to see a jet of tobacco juice issue at any moment from the lower corner of it. His eyes were blue and bright, with a merry half humorous twinkle that saved his face from looking hard. His whole bearing was tense, alert, energetic, and his motions quick and decisive. Truly these two Majors looked as different as they were, nor were their modes of greeting any more alike than their appearance. The American shot out a short stubby bare hand to grasp the neat gloves of De Gourney, and ejaculated:

"By God, Major, I'm glad to meet you. Sorry you didn't come down to look us over before — Some little shanty we got here, eh? — But hell! a man can't do anything without help — Too damn short-handed — Anything I can do for you?"

Major de Gourney was obviously startled by such abruptness, and for a fraction of a second looked completely nonplussed; but he instantly recovered, and

smiling more broadly and genially than ever, replied that he was quite enchanted to make the acquaintance of Major McCormack, and found the Commissary very well installed and a model of organization; if there were any cigars, he would regard it as a great favor to be allowed to purchase a box, as American cigars were truly excellent, and it was like an impossibility to find any longer good cigars in France. Which brand would the Major recommend?

"Cigars?" roared McCormack, swinging half around and pointing at shelves packed neatly with cigar boxes. "Got thousands of 'em — and there ain't one out of the lot that's worth a damn! Great God, Major, they won't send 'em to us! All we can get is the rotten stuff that nobody at home'll touch, and they ship 'em acrost to us because we can't help ourselves! Hey, Jack, take down a couple of boxes of them Fandangoes for the Major; they're the nearest thing to a smoke we got in the place. There, put those under your arm, Major, but for God sake don't blame me if they kill you. Something doing up along the line these days, eh? Where are we going to hit the Dutchman next? — believe me, he's ready to take the count now. Be in again, Major — we got lots of the same kind of poison if those don't kill you."

Major de Gourney was now completely mystified — he had never encountered this sort of person before; but he smiled with the utmost good humor, shook hands and thanked McCormack infinitely for his great kindness. On the way home we did not talk much; the Major was evidently pondering on this new manner of man that had breezed suddenly into his ken, but beyond the remark, which he twice repeated with a smile — "He is a very joking man, the American Major McCormack" he made no comment. And truly, from the French point of view, the snappy, thick set, hard swearing commander of our Q. M. was a "joking man," and it is easy to under-

stand the Major's bewilderment. To us he was a joy — we knew him well — his type may be seen anywhere in our broad land — bossing a gang of stevedores, commanding a trawler, roosting on the bleachers at a ball game, with a straw hat on the back of his head and a handkerchief around his neck — yelling himself hoarse and chewing the end of his cigar into a pulp — Yes indeed, we knew this man well. His point of view was that of the enlisted man, he knew nothing about the Army, but everything about organization, and he was organizing his Commissary on a purely business basis, paying as little heed as possible to the bothersome mechanism of things military, and he was let pretty well alone, because G. H. Q. was wise enough to appreciate his vulgar habit of getting results. His education had been in the school of experience, his ability was the result of lifelong competition, and like every Reserve Officer he was tremendously proud of being in the Army! A joking man indeed! — but a "practical" joker, whose jests were as likely as not to coin themselves into dollars and cents.

After we had got back to our barracks I was too busy to give any more thought to the matter, and supposed that it had dropped out of our Major's mind as well. But in this I was wrong. Not later than the same evening I was summoned to the office where the Major planned his manœuvres and prepared his lectures. He greeted me with a charming smile, and bade me be seated; then he said that he had been so delighted with the great civility of Major McCormack and his kindness and good humor that morning, that he wanted to invite him to take dinner with us all, in order to show his appreciation more fully. On one point only his mind was not quite clear, and it was on this point that he wished to consult me: would there be anything contrary to American etiquette — social or military — in such an invitation? He had himself unfortunately never had the opportunity

of acquainting himself with what in our country was good form. You can easily imagine with what difficulty I refrained from smiling; indeed if the Major had not been so terribly in earnest, I should certainly have answered his question by a peal of laughter, particularly when I thought of what would have been McCormack's own reply to such a scruple. As it was, I solemnly assured the Major that such a procedure would be perfectly regular, and that I felt sure Major McCormack would be only too delighted to accept the invitation. Major de Gourney was clearly much relieved. "Good!" he exclaimed; "that is as I hoped. My adjutant shall take the invitation to him immediately. Thank you."

You may be sure that Burnham and I looked forward to this dinner with the greatest interest, curiosity and enthusiasm: for, aside from the mere delivering of lectures regarding the American Army, it was our duty to interpret for our pupils, as fully and as frankly as we could, the entire American point of view — to reconcile in the minds of these conservative and aristocratic French officers, the apparent contradictions of Idealism and Practicality of which we Americans are composed. We had exerted our oratorical abilities to the utmost on this difficult problem; we had set the stage as well as we were able; and now the play was to be acted as though for our special benefit. We were about to see a perfect product of what we may suppose is meant by the word Americanism, cast bodily into the midst of the Old World. I had already, that morning, had a glimpse of the first act, when Major de Gourney bought his cigars, but now we were to be treated to the whole performance, from the rising of the curtain to the grand finale. At half past six on the day of the dinner the adjutant wound up the Ford, and with a lurch and rattle was off for the village to bring back the guest of the evening. Twenty minutes later he reappeared, with Major McCormack at his side, and the two stepped into

the mess room where we were all assembled to greet them. Major de Gourney stepped forward quickly, welcomed his American guest with the polished courtesy of a lifetime, and taking him lightly by the arm, led him about among the other French officers, introducing him formally to each in turn. McCormack's eye twinkled merrily, and his mouth twisted more than ever as he toured the room, leaving behind him a trail of "How do Cap'n's," — "glad to meet you, lieutenant's," that contrasted splendidly with the universal state of enchantment in which the Frenchmen assured him they found themselves. McCormack was shown to the place of honor at the right hand of Major de Gourney, the hors d'œuvre was brought on, and the curtain had risen on the first act.

I hardly know how to describe that dinner: merely to copy the menu would be easy; — excerpts from the conversation would be illuminating. but inadequate; what I want to convey is something of the extraordinary noisiness and good humor of McCormack, who never for a moment stopped talking or eating, — something of the exquisite politeness and deference of the French officers, and particularly of Major de Gourney, who quite counter to their custom when among themselves, listened with extraordinary attentiveness to the Major's monologue; — and a great deal of the amazing good-fellowship, liking, and mutual esteem which was at the bottom of it all. Perhaps its basis lay in the possession of both sides of a sense of humor; all the Frenchmen found the American vastly amusing, and laughed at his rapid fire jokes with an ardor that bespoke something more than mere politeness. But this seems hardly adequate. The real explanation was to come later. The hors d'œuvre vanished, and Major McCormack raised his glass which was not a quarter full, after the French custom, but quite full, in the larger American style, and took a long swallow. Then he turned to Major de Gourney with the ejaculation —

"By God, Major, that's damn good wine! How do you buy it, — case or keg?" His host smiled genially, — then laughed outright.

"Yes, yes, it is not good, — no — it is soldier wine."

"Don't give a — — if it's soldier's wine or General's wine, its damn good stuff, ain't it, lieutenant? Honest this is the bloomingest fine feed I've had in France — Look at that piece of meat! *That's* meat, that is! Can't get stuff cooked like that down in our mess — That cook down there's a pirate — he'd ought to be assassinated! Burns everything — burns good beef. This meat's cooked *right*. But — — it, you Frenchmen always do get good cooks. How in h— d'you do it — that's what I want to know!"

"You find it good, our French cooking? — I am very glad. Of course before the war — "

"Before the war hell! I don't care what it was like before the war. It's good right now, good enough for me, and I'm old enough to know good stuff when it's handed me; but then of course I'm not so damned old at that — Take the Major here; he's old enough to be my father. I'm a spring chicken yet — forty-one last October."

The play was certainly getting on; and as Burnham and I, from our reserved seats, watched the gestures and listened to the dialogue of the two protagonists, so utterly different in form and quality, vague feelings of joy, long dormant and half forgotten, stirred restlessly within us. We had not realized how lonely we were, or how we were longing for a glimpse of home and of our own people, until we were confronted by Major McCormack, U. S. R., who epitomized as perfectly as anyone I have ever seen, the kind of stuff that we Americans are made of. His manner, which we knew perfectly was regarded as rough and barbarous by our French brethren, was to us pure joy; — by degrees our keen anxiety that he should make a good impression was lost

in our homesick enthusiasm at seeing and hearing one of our own breed once more. We no longer cared what the Frenchmen thought; let them think what they pleased in their mediæval conservatism; we were proud to be the countrymen of this splendid Major, and his damns and his full glasses were to us infinitely more congenial than the "charmed's" and repeated fillings of our host and pupils. East was East, after all, and West was West, and the points of the compass relative! And we were west, and Major McCormack was west, and we were glad and very proud that it was so.

"God damn! Every dish a solo!" roared McCormack, as a huge platter of French fried potatoes appeared all alone. "Say, you Frenchmen are the darnedest birds I ever saw for prolonging the agony. Why can't you let a feller fill up and bust right away quick, instead of spreading it out over half the night, and watching him die by inches? I won't want anything more to eat for a week after this. I ain't used to it!"

Major de Gourney laughed gaily and filled his guest's glass.

"That's right," continued McCormack, "get me cock-eyed drunk at the same time! How many different kinds of booze does that make? But go right on, Major, fill her up! You can't make me mad that way!"

The Frenchman was a little embarrassed by this outburst, and hardly seemed to know whether it was to be taken seriously or lightly. But one of the great gifts of the French is instinctive sympathy; so he guessed right, laughed again, and changed the subject, which he appeared to find too exclusively gastronomic, by a reference to the admirable American attack that had recently resulted in the obliteration of the St. Mihiel salient. Instantly Major McCormack was enthusiastic.

"O, we can fight, all right — Our boys are there with the wallop when there's a Dutchman around; only they won't let us go to it as much as we want to, that's the

only trouble. But talking about the Saint Meehell drive, d'you know it was you fellers with the little rain-proof tin Lizzies that saved us a pile of dead soldiers — ain't that so, lieutenant? Tanks! They're the babies — You just keep your eye on them tanks, Major, if you want to know what's going to win this war! And the boche ain't got 'em" — the Major finished with an exultant whoop.

Burnham and I were kicking each other in ecstacy under the table. Camp Mailly was far away; France was a dream of long ago; we were in the United States once more, where dishes are washed by machinery and bread is toasted on electric frames. Truly this play was having an unexpectedly delightful effect upon us. — Instead of watching it with the anxious eye of a coach who wants his pupils to succeed, we had suddenly become frantic jingoists with our eyes fixed in pride on the American's square frame and twinkling eye, and our ears waiting only for the splendid jocular sincerity of his speech. Major McCormack was enjoying hugely the novelty of being in the presence of French officers. Burnham and I were enjoying quite as much the novel society of a perfect Yankee. The Frenchmen were still a little bewildered, and were withholding their verdict.

"Excuse *me*, Cap'n," said McCormack suddenly to Captain du Bois, a veteran of the regular army, with twenty years in the Colonies behind him — "but I've been looking at the row of medals you're sporting. Would you mind explaining about them, — what they all mean? I know that red one, the Legion of Honor, and the Croix dee Guerre, but I'm lost with the last half dozen. Campaign badges are they?"

Goodness knows what would have happened if this question had been put to an Englishman! Disaster, perhaps — surely a change of subject and universal embarrassment. But the French are not so. They are not clad in the flawless cloak of Anglo-Saxon reserve which

gives to our great allies the reputation of being cold. Instead they welcome personal questions in general, and questions regarding their decorations in particular. The handsome face of Captain du Bois lighted up with the joy of a happy child whose natural vanity has been touched, and he explained carefully, ribbon by ribbon, the meaning of his various parti-colored decorations: The Moroccan Campaign, — Service in Algiers, — Four years in Indo China — and a quantity of others that indicated Staff service here, there, and elsewhere over the scattered domain of France. Major McCormack was greatly interested and deeply impressed.

"That's all right, Cap'n! Believe me you've earned 'em if you've been twenty years in the regulars! I've been in one year, and it's damn near ruined me. The same minute Fritz sticks up his mitts for good and hollers Kamerad for the last time, you'll see yours truly Bob McCormack hop the fastest boat for the U. S. A., and when he gets there he's going to buy the reddest — — necktie and the loudest qualified vest on earth, and go round with his hands in his pockets thumbing his ugly beak at every big bellied Colonel he runs afoul of — no more of this man's army for this chicken — No Sir-ee!"

"You do not like the Army, no?" inquired Major de Gourney.

"Like it! Excuse me, Major, if I say that I damn well *hate* it! All I ask is just to get back into human being's clothes and on the old job again, and I'll kiss this khaki good bye so quick it will make your head swim!" With this outburst Major McCormack glanced down with complacent pride at his perfectly fitting blouse, and saw in his mind's eye the two shiny gold leaves that adorned his shoulder straps, the while he readjusted his polished Sam Browne belt. I felt Burnham's toe against my legging under the table and reflected that ours may have been called a youthful nation for more reasons than one.

"But you are a volunteer?" persisted Major de Gourney.

"You're right I'm a volunteer. They didn't get a chance to draft this old bird; I may be old, but the spring chickens don't get so far ahead of your uncle but what he can see their tail feathers!"

The last part of this was surely too much for the strictly classic vocabulary of the Frenchman; but the first part made, quite obviously, a distinct impression on him. Our hard-worked poilu waiter had brought the coffee and vanished. Pipes and cigars and cigarettes appeared. Major de Gourney passed a Fandango to McCormack. The cycle was complete. With a start Burnham and I recognized in the cigar the actuating element of the play, the apparently insignificant factor that had set in motion an international drama. But we did not yet realize the true import of that drama. Over the liqueurs each of us became so much interested talking to his neighbor that we temporarily forgot our American guest, for it is after a French dinner, not during it, that the real conversation takes place. Then it is, with a comfortable glow inside, and a thick haze of tobacco smoke outside, that the veneer of diffidence vanishes, and you truly talk, converting in your ardor many a mole hill into a mountain, and many a platoon into an army corps! It was not until much later that our thoughts came back to Major McCormack, whose cigar was finished, and who, together with his host and half a dozen others, was standing up preparatory to returning to his billet in the village. There was a tremendous shaking of hands and a prolonged conversation with each, but at last the rounds of the entire company had been made, the little adjutant appeared to say that the car was ready to take Major McCormack home, and with a vociferous assurance to us all that he hadn't had such a damn fine time or met so many damn fine fellers since he landed in France, the stocky little American was gone.

Major de Gourney and the two or three other officers who had sat in McCormack's immediate vicinity, looked tired. To them the evening had been a considerable strain. They had not always been able to follow their guest in his rapid ejaculatory and colloquial conversation, and they had not liked to admit it; so their replies had frequently been bits of clever guess work. If you have ever spent an evening at this sort of game you will readily understand the fatigue that these estimable Frenchmen now registered. They were exhausted, but had the balm of a clear conscience, of a duty well done. As for Burnham and me, with the departure of McCormack the curtain had fallen on our visions of home; once more we were in France, among Frenchmen, and the feelings of uneasiness we had had as to the sort of impression the American would make returned, more acute than ever after their temporary disappearance. How could Major de Gourney, suave, diplomatic, courteous, elegant, be anything but shocked by the unsandpapered candor of our countryman? Not that he had made any break or committed any particular social blunder; everything he had said was quite pleasant, even flattering to the French; it was his manner of saying it — above all his swearing; — that surely would seem unpardonable to our friends, who themselves almost never swear, and regard it as a habit of the "lower classes," and save on the rarest occasions quite beneath the dignity of an officer. We crawled into our bunks that night with grave fears that all our exertions to prepare the French mind for the American manner had been insufficient.

The next morning after our *café au lait* and toast, Major de Gourney sent his orderly to ask Burnham and me to stop for a moment in his office on our way to the lecture room — there was something that he wished to say to us. We found our commanding officer looking as spick and span and immaculate as ever, smoking his after breakfast cigarette, and looking very happy and serene. He

shook hands, and with a friendly "Bon jour, mon cher ami" to each of us, waved us to seats and began the subject on which he had summoned us.

"I wish to tell you, my friends, of the pleasure and honor that our Course has had last night from the visit of the Major McCormack. I have not had the opportunity to be friends with many American officers — only with you two — and I did not know how fine they were, and how friendly. I want to tell you that it will be something very agreeable for us to work with them and to make the war with them, if they are all like those I have seen. Very agreeable, — yes!"

We expressed our joy in appropriate language, and added that we had been afraid that our French friends had found the Major's manner rough — lacking somewhat the refinement that characterized all the French officers we had met.

Major de Gourney looked serious and his voice became very earnest.

"I will be quite frank with you," he said; "I do find the American manner not altogether as ours — more free, perhaps, — yes, a little rough, a little noisy. At first I was surprised, because I did not understand perfectly well what it was. But last night, after the dinner, I was lying in my bed and thinking of it, and now I know that I love the Americans as brothers: for the roughness is on the outside, and underneath there is no roughness — not one. And I learned many things too last night. You had no army — it is true, is it not? — not any army at all; you do not like the war, you Americans. — The Major McCormack said he *hates* the war, — he hates the army; he would be demobilized. But he is a volunteer, and he is come in France to make war with us, and I find that very fine — I find it very fine that America should come in the war, — so far away. There is nothing for her in the war, — she was not attacked, she would have no lands — nothing — And it is so for the Major McCor-

mack. All this I have thought last night when we talked, and when the Major joked — he is a very joking man, the Major McCormack — very merry. I have not understood all, but I have understood much, and it has shown me that the Americans are rough and joking people, but I love them as brothers: for they are the only people who make the war for an ideal! It is this which I wish you to know."

There it was, — our answer — from the lips of a Major in the French Regular Army. This was what lay at the bottom of the instinctive bond of sympathy between the French and Americans — and the Frenchmen with their extraordinary ability of seeing to the heart of everything, had looked through and under the rough Yankee exterior, and had seen within the real qualities of our land. And because they were able to recognize it, they extended to us a courtesy and friendliness that nothing could resist, — so we could not help loving them in return. It was not amusement — nothing so superficial or ephemeral as that. This was a friendship based on the solid rock of mutual admiration — theirs for what they rightly believed was unselfishness and idealism; ours for a courtesy we could not hope to achieve and a valor that had kept the boche at bay for four terrible years. Yes, the Major had said it — he had answered the question for us. There was no need for Burnham and me to prepare these amazing Frenchmen for what they would find in the Americans whom they were to instruct: they were able and very anxious to see for themselves the good things, and laugh genially at our crudities. The liaison needed no welding, for it would weld itself more surely and strongly than anyone could do it, on the natural anvil of a perfect understanding.

H. C. Kittredge.

THE DOUBLE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

IT is not the object of this paper to deal with the airplane. That has become so common an object in many of our cities that when one hears the purr of a motor one is as apt to look upward to see an airplane as to the right or left to see an automobile. We wish to treat briefly of another conquest of the air that men of science have quietly pushed upon us, and which we are accepting as a matter of fact, many of us without knowing how this timely discovery has prevented a world's disaster.

After years of patient research, man has succeeded in gaining control of that vast store of oxygen and nitrogen, the atmosphere, and bending it to his use in agriculture, in the industries, and in warfare. This discovery is probably vastly more beneficial, if less spectacular, than those by which he has acquired the art of flying.

The two things that have been mainly instrumental in culminating the success of this double conquest of the air are the internal combustion engine, on the one hand, and on the other the development of huge water-powers, and hence the availability of cheap electric power.

As long ago as 1785, Henry Cavendish discovered that small quantities of the nitrogen and oxygen of our atmosphere could be made to combine by subjecting them either to intense heat or the silent electric discharge; since then, to commercialize this discovery has been one of the dreams of many industrial chemists. The stumbling block in their path has been the lack of huge quantities of cheap electric power.

We require nitric acid in peace and in war; in peace to fertilize the fields and orchards; in war to send projectiles to the enemy. Though we have been surrounded by millions of tons of the component parts of this very

substance, we have been put to all kinds of shifts to obtain it from other sources. We have commandeered even the humble baccili to our assistance. We have laboriously spread two or three hundred tons of barn manure on our soil in order to place one ton of nitrogen there, and we have had to plow the manure in and beseech bacilli to convert the small quantity of nitrogen it contained into nitrate, which is the only form in which plant life can assimilate nitrogen. In early days we were put to even greater shifts for the nitrate to manufacture the black powder we used in warfare. Dead animal and vegetable matter was piled into pestiferous heaps in dark places to ferment and decay, and was moistened from time to time with all kinds of evil concoctions to accelerate the operation, which even then took years to accomplish. These piles of filth and breeders of disease we humorously called nitrate gardens. The nitrate generated slowly, effloresced and formed a crust on the surface of the heaps, and this was removed from time to time and was purified — it required it — by crystallization.

Then came the discovery by the Spaniards of that marvelous natural deposit of nitrate of soda in the Tarapaca and Tacoma valleys of northern Chile and southern Peru — a deposit 260 miles long, 2½ miles wide, and 3 to 6 feet deep, from which the whole world has been obtaining its nitrate for the last seventy years. But even an immense deposit like this, however, when the whole civilized world is drawing from it, must come to an end. For a few years preceding the war the output was more than two and a half millions of tons per year, and Germany, under the pretense of being the most advanced agricultural country in the world, was taking a third of this output. In this, as in many other things, Gemany fooled the world. It was not for agriculture, but for her infernal scheme of kultur that she required this material. She was piling up huge quantities of ex-

plosives, and she required the nitrate for them. And while she was doing this, we were holding her up as an example of civilization, aping her every action, and importing her professors to teach our children.

Towards the end of the last century and in the early years of the present one, scientists realized that the end of this vast natural nitrate deposit was in sight. The world had learned to rely on it. People had become congregated into centers, and it was only by intensive farming and the use of prodigal quantities of fertilizers that such people could be fed. The 11,373 square miles that comprised Belgium, for instance, had an average population of 665 people per square mile, and in order to fertilize this comparatively small area 310,000 tons of refined nitrate were required each year. The days of the only known large deposit of nitrate were numbered. Thinking people viewed the situation with alarm. At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the late Sir William Crookes averred that unless chemists could devise a means by which the inexhaustible source of nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere could be brought to the service of man, the civilized world would be facing starvation within another half century. The slow process of the nitrification of soils provided by Nature was incapable of coping with the demands made in congested districts. Then, in 1903, when things were looking their blackest, the news was flashed around the world that Birkland and Eyde had succeeded in commercially combining the oxygen and nitrogen of our amosphere in an electric furnace at Notodden, in Norway. The world was saved from starvation, and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the people never knew it was in danger.

Birkland and Eyde found that by rushing large quantities of air through an electric arc confined within firebrick walls the heat of the arc converted a small proportion of the air into nitric oxide, and this was rapidly

cooled down when it had passed out of the furnace and was converted into nitric acid. Only about two per cent of the air entering the furnace was converted into nitric acid, but, though the process is exceedingly wasteful, it is commercially successful. The original plant at Notodden has been added to from time to time, and today it is employing 1500 men, and using the whole of the electricity generated by a 200,000 horsepower water-power plant.

Hardly had the Birkland and Eyde plant got well under way than Haber discovered a commercial process for the synthetic preparation of ammonia from hydrogen and atmospheric nitrogen, and this suggested to Ostwald an indirect way by which nitric acid could be made from atmospheric nitrogen. It has long been known that when ammonia is burned in oxygen the products of combustion are nitric acid and water. Ostwald discovered that if ammonia and air in proper proportions were passed over specially prepared platinum, 85 per cent of the ammonia was converted into nitric acid, and in this way he succeeded in preparing nitric acid commercially. It was by this process that Germany provided herself with the nitrates for the manufacture of explosives after her stores of Chile saltpetre had become exhausted. In 1913 she produced 3,873 tons of ammonia by the Haber process; this is equivalent to 14,650 tons of nitric acid, while in 1917 she produced 129,000 tons of ammonia, equivalent to 484,000 tons of nitric acid.

Things were moving rapidly now. Thanks to unlimited cheap electric power, problems that had baffled chemists for more than a century had become clear and easy. In 1907 it was discovered that if calcium carbide was heated in an atmosphere of nitrogen it was converted into calcium cyanamide, and this, besides being an excellent fertilizer in itself, if treated with superheated steam was converted into carbonate of lime and ammonia. This proved to be an infinitely cheaper way of making

ammonia than that devised by Haber, and therefore offered a cheap method for the production of nitric acid, and today by far the largest proportion of synthetic nitric acid is prepared by this method. Some idea of the extent to which this new industry has advanced may be gained from the fact that a single company in Sweden is liquefying 100 tons of air per day, separating the nitrogen from the oxygen by fractional distillation, and using the nitrogen for the manufacture of calcium cyanamide.

Only the nitrogen of the liquified air is required in the manufacture of nitric acid, as the oxygen can be obtained just as simply from plain air, but a use for the liquid oxygen was quickly found. Burned with acetylene in a specially designed burner, it may be used for cutting or welding metals, and by its aid the plates of steel ships, which previously had been riveted, may be welded together. By the aid of this oxy-acetylene torch many operations that had taken hours may be accomplished in as many minutes. The heaviest steel plate crumbles before its intense heat. By moving the flame slowly around the combination lock of a bank safe, the enterprising burglar can cut out the lock in a few minutes, and reach the contents without exposing himself to the dangers of nitroglycerine or giving himself the toil of boring through the thick metal.

Up to the time of entering the war, the United States, usually the first among nations in inventive genius, and the first nation to demonstrate the practicability of the airplane, had done nothing towards this less spectacular but more beneficial conquest of the air. It was content to buy the products from Norway, Sweden, and Germany, and in the case of calcium cyanamide, from Canada. When, however, it realized it was dependent for the nitrates from which to make its explosives, on the natural nitrate deposits of Chile and Peru, which are separated from the United States by some 5000 miles of ocean travel, the United States Government appropriated first,

$20,000,000, and later, $200,000,000, for the development of latent water-powers, and the erection of nitric acid plants. So as not to have all its eggs in one basket, the Government decided to erect a number of plants in different parts of the country, but Muscle Shoals, in Alabama, was chosen for the principal ones. There a water-power estimated to be capable of providing 660,000 horsepower is being developed, and two large nitric acid plants are being erected. At the larger one calcium carbide will be made, and this will be converted first into calcium cyanamide, then into ammonia, then into nitric acid, and finally into ammonium nitrate. This plant is designed to produce 2,000,000 pounds of nitric acid per day. The smaller plant will make ammonia by the Haber process, which is used in Germany, and the product will be converted into nitric acid and ammonium nitrate. Both these plants are well advanced, and are already producing ammonium nitrate, which is the most concentrated nitrogen fertilizer known. To provide the necessary nitrogen, Muscle Shoals will have the largest air-liquefying plant in the world.

Now, fortunately, that there is no longer need for the manufacture of huge quantities of explosives, the products of these plants will be turned into channels of peaceful industry, and a large proportion will be used for the fertilization of soils. Thus, that which was intended for destruction will now increase our crops and make waste places green.

F. H. Mason.

THE SCIENCE OF HERO WORSHIP

THE sentiment of gratitude for the fighting men of the war is one that is extremely difficult to translate into material things. It is easy to stand on the curbstone and cheer as the returned heroes march up Main Street, it is easy to declare fervently that "nothing is too good for them." We may, for a time, give substantial evidences of our feelings by entertaining the soldiers, by finding them employment, and so forth, but these demonstrations leave us rather with a consciousness of inadequacy, and we instinctively feel that the whole business ought to find some organized expression. We realize that preoccupation with other affairs will quickly, once the first enthusiasm is over, leave the returned soldier out in the cold. The thought revolts us. We know that sooner or later, unless "something is done," we shall see our late heroes walking the streets — perhaps even see the armless, the legless, the blind, begging on the corners. It must not happen; but, as individuals, we feel our helplessness.

Yet, decidedly, the other side of the picture is not a pleasant one. Reflecting on the disposition that has been made of the Civil War soldier, we hope that there will be no maudlin official slobbering. The notion of perpetual pensions, growing annually as parties vie with each other in zeal to round up soldier votes, makes our gorge rise. We cannot bear to think that fifty years hence a generation that never knew this war as we know it, never knew these men as we know them, will have transmuted our affection and gratitude into thirty dollars a month for "soldiers' widows" who were unborn when the war was fought. Still less comfort can we take in the thought that in days not so remote, vote-hunting legislators will rush into schemes for "soldier preferences," among them preferences in official appointments, and

thus fill our public buildings at Washington, at Albany, or at Harrisburg with miserable unfits who, having once served their country gloriously, are now compelled to serve it basely in return for daily bread.

All this, we say, is making of their fine deeds a tinselled circus-trick. It is treating them more like broken-down jockeys and prize-fighters than like the men they are, that saved a civilization. We like to think they have sacrificed to make the world something better than a bargain counter, and then for reward make of them a new machine to destroy public service in the interest of corrupt politics.

Yet public sentimentality often acquiesces in this, just as it acquiesces in pauperizing its wards instead of building them up into useful citizens. Unreasoned "charity" always does more harm than good, not only to the object but to the subject. It is readily diverted to corrupt purposes.

It seems plain that our debt to the heroes of the war is a dual one. It is first of all a debt of sentiment, of gratitude. In the second place it is a material debt: these men have left their goods and their opportunities in life to fight for us, and have thereby made us trustees of their future. It is our duty to see that on their return they shall receive back not only what they abandoned, but shall be restored to a level of equal opportunity with us who remained at home. It is intolerable that any soldier or sailor shall be able to say that others took advantage of his absence to forward their individual interests.

We cannot give a man back his leg. But we can and must give him an equivalent for his leg — not merely an artificial one — that is not an equivalent — but something that will really replace it. We can give him a new mind — a trained, developed mind in place of the immature one he had when he entered the army, and which was then as great a handicap to him as his artificial leg is now. We cannot always give a man back his job — it may have ceased to exist — but we can equip him for a better job. We cannot give him back his little intimate

world as he knew it—his *milieu*—but we can make for him a better one, and prepare him to take a better place in it.

The country's material obligation to the returned soldier derives also from this — that the experiences of war have changed him mentally and morally, and have in many instances unfitted him to return to his former *milieu*. The thought of the "old job" — even when it is still open — sickens him. "*Me — that have been what I've been!*" He has new aspirations — not always better or higher, to be sure — but anyhow different.

This change is a by-product of his service to the nation, and the nation, recognizant, should compensate for it. It should try to find the new man his new opportunity. Whatever new ideals and aspirations have been engendered should be afforded room for development. And remember: This new mental attitude is still vague and undefined even to its possessor. He doesn't know what he wants to do, or where he wants to go — somebody should find out, if possible, and tell him.

This suggests governmental reëmployment work on a new and higher scale. It means not only finding vacant jobs for the jobless, but opening up new enterprises for men who revolt at the thought of returning to the stale pursuits of ante-bellum days.

These things we can and must do to repay him the practical debt we owe him — a debt that is just as much an obligation as if it were written on paper in a contract. But the sentimental debt? "Render unto Cæsar —"

As an example of sentiment run wild and seeking to destroy the very thing it would reward, consider the current proposal for a preference to all war veterans in civil service appointments and promotions in the State of New York and its municipalities. It proved popular with the legislators at the session in 1917. It was popular again at the session just closed. It is not yet, however, on the books.

The preference is in existence so far as Civil War veterans are concerned, and the pending measure seeks to extend it to veterans of the Spanish and World Wars. In the case of Civil War veterans it has practically run its course, and a troubled course it has been. Soon after the Spanish War, a small group of veterans, including "practical" politicians of both parties, began an agitation for the extension of this system. Year after year it was debated in the legislature, but since it was clear that the benefits of the measure could only accrue to a relatively small number, and that it would do violence to a much larger number, it never progressed.

In 1917 the movement gained momentum by the entry of the United States into the World War. The Spanish War veterans' organization that had been fostering this measure so many years, artfully soft-pedalled its special plea, and permitted the political elements to dwell particularly on the enormously larger number of soldiers in the World War. On this plea it passed.

In 1919 it came up again: for, since it is a question of amending the Constitution, it must be passed by two legislatures before it can be submitted to the people. This time it suffered amendment, because of the transparent fact that World War veterans could not benefit by it until the veterans of the Spanish War were first cared for. This would have meant not only that the new veterans of the war for democracy could not have a preference — it meant also that they could not obtain appointments and promotions *won on merit* so long as a "preferred" Spanish War veteran was an applicant. Thousands of World War veterans already in the civil service and entitled, on their records, to promotion, would have seen Spanish War veterans jump over them for a score of years to come.

The amendment of the bill so as to place all veterans on a parity, makes necessary another consideration by the legislature of 1921, when the issue comes up squarely on

its merits. The question then will not be one of discrimination between different classes of veterans — it will be one of fundamental democracy.

Every one is familiar with the principle of the "merit system." It is simply that public offices shall be awarded, and promotions in the public service shall be made, on the basis of ascertained fitness, instead of being made for political or personal considerations. It is essentially a democratic principle. It places all citizens on an even level of opportunity, and discriminates solely on the ground of skill or ability.

The principle of "preferences," therefore, is hostile to the principle of merit. Under the preference system, an appointment or promotion is made in disregard of merit. It is given to one of ascertained *inferior* fitness. The result is the instant lowering of the quality of public service; the discouragement of all public servants not in the preferred class; ultimately the reservation of public service to the preferred class solely; thus the creation of a class of office-holders with "vested rights" in public office; finally, the destruction of democracy and the substitution of a class-controlled bureaucracy.

Is this the means that we are to take to "reward" the returning soldier? After he has risked his life and perhaps lost his leg to "make the world safe for democracy," are we to make of him an instrument for driving democracy out of our Government?

It is only an illustration, however, of how easily good intentions, unguided by wise study, may defeat the very end they seek to achieve; how readily they may, in a burst of sentimentality, erect Privilege as a monument to Sacrifice. It may sound cold and unsympathetic to suggest that the "reward" of heroes shall be on a scientific basis. Yet on no other basis shall we escape the danger of diverting splendid sentiments to base uses.

William A. Bird, iv.

MUSSING UP MAMA'S BOY

A Dialogue on a Painful Subject

THE girl said she had come all the way from Kansas to marry him. But she found that after a year in the army — and six months of it soldiering in France — he had ceased to be the sort of man she wanted to marry. Being here in New York with her occupation gone, as it were, she wanted a job. She thought she could write. Particularly she thought she could write about what the war had done to the young manhood of America. That young manhood, I understood her to feel with a poignancy that cried aloud for expression, had been a very fine and rare thing. She was sure it was something other lands and peoples did not have, and had never had — a North American flower, native grown. And it had touched pitch and been defiled. War had done it — and France had done more of it."

Judkins stated the case thus baldly, but with an effect of choosing his words with care.

Carter, who had been listening, nodded. "I have heard," he said, "several women — women who hadn't had the case brought quite so close home to them — talk in the same sense. But what had the girl been doing before the war?"

"Teaching school, I fancy," Judkins said, "That would be a natural thing to do in Kansas. I had never seen her before, and I have not seen her since. But, anyway, ideals are a perennial crop in that part of the country. You are always meeting here in town young women from out that way who have brought a whole soul-full of them to what amazingly they call 'The East' — meaning not the scented regions beyond Suez, but simply New York or, at best, Boston. They meet here those other incorrigible idealists — the ones that come from the general

direction of the real East, from across the Vistula, anyway — and who may be Russian, and have names of that sort, but are apt to be Jewish as well, or more. Greenwich Village in its modern connotation is one of the consequences of this meeting. And there are others more serious."

"About this girl —?" Carter suggested.

"My office boy," said Judkins, "in announcing her confidentially, described her as a nut. I suspect he was more than half right."

"And the war has not done what she said it had done?" Carter persisted, "and what those other women also fancied it had done?"

"The war," said Judkins, "has mixed things up — scrambled 'em. It has scrambled classes together, and nations and races and religions, and thrust face to face Proprieties that never met before. Not to mention flagrant and unblushing Improprieties. The smug citadels of American provincialism have felt the shock of the social reactions that have followed. Kansas, no doubt, has felt it acutely. But I do not believe that America's young manhood has suffered any serious damage. To me most of the very numerous returned heroes of the A. E. F. seem to be surprisingly little changed. In fact, the trouble with them, perhaps, is precisely that they are so little changed. Somehow, we back here at home, vizualized that experience of theirs as transfiguring. And somehow they are not transfigured."

"Only dis-figured?" Carter suggested.

"Not that either," Judkins answered, "Just look at 'em. The women you have been talking with at least know better than that. I admit that the youngsters let things get into mixed conversation that they usen't. But in that, aren't they doing what the women themselves, more than anybody, have taught 'em to? Calling spades by their Christian names has for some time past been a sort of ritual — a thing highly recommended and semi-

devotionally practiced by the active feminine advance agents of the Ideal — the zealous creatures who are so firmly resolved to make the world over, if not into the image of Kansas as it is, then into the image of a sort of world edition of Kansas, a Kansas with a background of Russian literature, a Bolshevist Kansas, if you will."

"You are getting back to Greenwich Village," Carter said. "As I understand it, Greenwich Village is an institution in which young American womanhood is involved, but where the male element is exotic and preponderantly oriental. We were talking of young American manhood."

"We were," assented Judkins. "But do not forget that the point of view from which we approached the subject was that of soulful Kansas. It's a feminine view entirely — a narrow one — still uncolored by the alien influences that conspire to make the Village irresistible to errant single women of, but away from Kansas. Kansas at home does not strain after outlandish ways as ideals. Kansas at home shrinks from such things, as immoral and subversive.

"France produces yellow-backed novels. France is the land of grisettes and midinettes — who are not for a moment to be confused with washerwomen and shopgirls. France, in short, is the land of Madame du Barry. Everybody knows about Mme. du Barry, thanks to Mr. Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Our boys have been snatched away from their homes to camps where the company was not exactly that which their mothers would have chosen for them — in spite of being made up of other mothers' boys. Or perhaps for that very reason. Bad. And from camps over here — but a long way from where they belonged — they have gone to France. Worse! They have lived in France for months among those foreign French people who have missed the advantages of an American upbringing — home-raising, is the phrase. Everybody knows they have not even a word for home

in their language. And now the boys have come back with their conversation stuck full of French words like plums in a pudding.

"Naturally the flavor of the camp and the taste of an alien civilization in serious disrepair has got into their talk — and a little into their way of thinking. And naturally Kansas is taken a-back."

"Let's get down to the concrete," Carter said. "What was the other particular party in the girl's case that we started with — her, well, her embodied Disappointment?"

"I could not get from her," Judkins answered, "exactly what sort of young man her young man had seemed to her to be — before he went off soldiering. But from what I gathered in that not very extended interview, she was the determined sort of idealist — the sort that makes the people she takes for her own uses, into an image of her own; and who sets the image thus arrived at absolutely in the place of the real person. My idea is that the young man in the case, whatever he was like naturally, had got used gradually to being the inside of the admirable wax-works constructed about him, and that he hardly, perhaps, knew himself as different from the wax-works. It seems an even bet, at least, that after the simple manner of our species he might have gone on that way pretty well for the rest of his life — stayed wax in the girl's hands.

"But when he went away from Kansas and from the girl, and got mixed up in the army, where there wasn't anybody around to take sedulous care of the wax figure and keep it in shape, that work of art soon ceased to look like itself. It had to. Assuming the best intention in the world to stay put, and the utmost loyalty to the girl, he couldn't out there keep the work of her hands the way she would have it. Because he himself never really knew what the thing was like. His soldier companions naturally did not even suspect its existence. The Bill they saw

did not correspond in the least with the young lady's Willie. To be short about it, Willie soon forgot how to be Willie, and became Bill.

"In due time he came back. Bill came back, not Willie. What came back, of course, did not match at all with the image made out there in Kansas before the war — and made even more perfect afterwards because for a whole year or more — with the actual young man away drilling and doing K. P. and billeting in French villages and fighting for his country — the girl had leave to do as she pleased with it. It must have been a wonderful unlikeness of Bill. The consequence — well, I have told you the consequence."

"Very fine, all that, and very ingenious!" exclaimed Carter." But how do you know the graceless young rascal hadn't really gone to the dogs — hadn't at least found that Jacqueline of Picardy was more to his taste than, well, we'll say, Sadie of Emporia — that he hadn't abjured his native home-grown boyhood love to lust after the women of the Egyptians — I mean the French."

"I don't say," Judkins answered, "that he hadn't got new loves for the old. Though there were no specifications in the bill the girl presented. But that isn't going to the dogs exactly. Supposing he had known only Emporia and Sadie and the likes of Sadie, and supposing the world beyond Emporia had been revealed to him — had he for his young American manhood's sake got to be deaf, dumb and blind to everything outside of Emporia? Supposing he had merely come to New York, before there was a war or a rumor of war, to go into the retail shoe trade, and supposing he had found a Lucy or a Florence or a Lill that dimmed the glory of his Sadie, wouldn't his late Sadie have spoken of him very much as the girl did of the soldier who fell short of her high calling?"

"She might," Carter admitted.

Judkins went on:

"Women who stay behind in out-of-the-way communities — or out-of-the-way circles in bigger ones, even the biggest — and hug ideals while the men go off to get mixed up in the great central mess, always run the risk of being left, when all is over, with nothing but their ideals to hug. It's a pity, and it means, no doubt, a certain number of perfectly good women wasted. To do them mere justice, there are not very many left of this kind. They are all for getting out into the mess themselves. Nothing can stop 'em. But the other thing — the being left behind — happens in peace very much as it happens in war. You go to New York to seek your fortune, and you find a new world with new people and new ways. You go into the army to save the world for democracy, and you find a lot of things not included in the limits of your native village or the confines of your little round of city blocks, or dreamed of in your small-town philosophy. You find the continent of Europe, the land of France. You find life held as naught, and death stripped of bedside manners and funeral pomp. You find men who do not know the difference between a Democrat and a Republican, and women who innocently offend half the rules of social behavior prescribed for all respectable members of the esteemed rural or urban community in which you learned the manners your mother used to set such store by."

"Exactly," said Carter. "And you fall into shocking bad manners among the politest people in Europe. Openly you call them frogs. You treat them as it is the instinct of the intruding white man to treat 'natives.' And you come back home with no manners at all. I have seen them like that, our little American soldiers from over there. And sailors! There were two of them in the subway one day. And everybody smiled to see them. The women beamed on them — young and old: for the war was still on, and returned heroes were still a novel and a thrilling sight to see. And one of the gobs said to the

other 'Say, are you goin' back to your wife?' and the other gob said No, he didn't think he would. 'But, ain't you got kids?' said the first. 'Sure!' replied the other, 'Wot of that? I been havin' a good time. And I ain't goin' back.'

"The fellow who spoke thus was a good-looking ordinary American boy. I'm not sure that his morals were what he flaunted them to be. But I felt what came over that carful of people. And I know he would never have said such a thing, even in sorry jest, before he had tasted the doubtful freedom of a sailor's life. The question of morals is obscure. But I'm certain that manners have sometimes suffered from the war. I'm not from Kansas. I'm not even an idealist. I don't set any great store by the cherished etiquette of Emporia, or of Aristopolis, Alabama. All the same, I hate to see young American manhood scorning the manners that mother used to make. Even though, personally, I happen to prefer imported manners — English, let us say.

"The real trouble, I think, — the real basis for the things I've heard women say — women who weren't pacifists or pro-Germans or anything except the regular blessed sort that were prouder than Lucifer to see their men go out to fight for their flag — the real trouble lies in this: that so many of our young men who went over were either so young, or else knew so little of the world outside of America — and usually only their little corner of America — that they were not able to learn anything of importance from the good people over-seas among whom they marched and fought and billeted and swaggered and spent their pay — magnificent according to that people's standards — and squandered their still more magnificent pay-day gambling winnings.

"They saw just enough of the different way another people lived to shake their ignorantly complacent confidence in the sublime all-rightness of some of their most approved local rules of behavior. But they did not see

enough to make sensible comparisons — much less to profit by them. They came back rather like a lot of home-bred country boys who have been playing with a gang of street-urchins — who have picked up a few bad words and tricks, calculated rather to give pain to their adoring mothers than to wreck or mar their precious young lives."

"If you mean," said Judkins hotly, "to compare the brave, patient and civilized French people with a gang of low street boys — ?"

"I'm sorry," said Carter, "the illustration falls deplorably short, I know. It does the French grave injustice. It represents only what a certain sort of American seems chiefly to have seen in the French, and not at all what the French really are. But one of the effects of soldiering abroad, on young American manhood, has been somewhat like that. A very sterling and representative type of American woman has felt it, and been sorrier for it than you or I can quite understand; though, perhaps, only a few not very wise American women have behaved about it quite like your idealist from Kansas. I have heard them talk of this boy and that before and after France, or merely before and after Kelly Field, or Camp Devens or Yaphank. They miss something — or they think they miss something — something they have found in the American boy before, and do not find — or do not find so unmistakably — now that he is a hero. Whether it is something they put into him that never really was there, I don't pretend to know. But they are firm believers in the fact.

"I remember an exceedingly indignant lady who told me that a young lieutenant fresh from over-seas had said to her in the course of a casual conversation things she had never had anybody dare to say to her before. And he had been, she added, such a nice boy before, with the kind of manners a woman loves a boy to have. She was not a small-town woman, either — she belonged right here in New York, though very likely she was born and bred

somewhere in the real American country outside. Most New Yorkers are that — unless they come from the East of Europe. This one did not. Whatever her origin, the case of that boy, and of several other boys, sons and brothers of her friends, bothered her a lot. She said that everybody who had gone into the army — except the ones who had been chastened by hard service and daily peril and gnawing anxiety while the game seemed to be going against us out there — that everybody in uniform had got more or less bedraggled — whether they stayed home or went to France. And she had a husband in the army herself, and would not for all of heaven and earth and hell have had him anywhere else."

"Very characteristic!" commented Judkins. "The regular thing, in fact! But I still do not see why the French have got to be sacrificed to your damned illustration that does not illustrate; or if it does, illustrates only one side of a many-sided case. In spite of your illustration and your cloud of female witnesses against the army, I think I get your point. What it comes back to is the thing I said almost at the beginning of this painful inquiry. It is not that our young men come back from France changed, but that they don't come back changed. The boy from Emporia, Kansas, who walks down the gang plank of the *Leviathan*, and starts out to see New York in an over-seas uniform with a gay colored division badge on his shoulder, is the same identical small-town boy — for all that he has seen Paris and maybe won the Croix de Guerre — who went out from Emporia with the local militia company or with the draft. He was made in Emporia and he hasn't had time — for all that has happened to him that is extra-Emporian — he hasn't had time to be made over, or even sensibly modified.

"If what he has brought back from a wonderful foreign land and from contact with a great foreign people — his impression of it and of them, I mean — is pretty much what Emporia in its innocence expected him to

bring back, the fault, it seems to me, lies rather in Emporia than in the boy. He may be — and quite likely he has proved himself to be — a brave and capable soldier, and he has earned his war cross as fairly and at as clear a risk as any hero ever did. But after six months, or even a year in France, a Frenchwoman is a frog-girl to him, and nothing more. You see Emporia is a town of Little Americans. It always was. Little Americans, Little Englanders, Little Italians — the world was full of such people before the war."

"Which, among other things," said Carter, "is why there was a war. After a war on such a grand and cosmopolitan scale, the little American from Emporia or elsewhere, as he comes back from the A. E. F., is a bit disconcerting, I confess. A little learning is not only a dangerous thing: it is an offensive thing. Just now frequent and flagrant examples of it are a source of grief, rage and humiliation to a number of worthy and sensitive persons. Yet the sum of all these little shreds of knowledge is, after all, considerable. So many little Americans have belonged to the A. E. F., that I cannot believe that America will ever be quite so narrowly provincial again."

"You're forgetting the girl from Kansas," said Judkins, "She was the beginning of it. We must get back to her."

"I'm not forgetting," remonstrated Carter, "I remember that she is the raw material from which one side of Greenwich Village is recruited. Greenwich Village is a foolish sort of thing, but, after all, it shows a certain adaptability in the incorrigible ideality of soulful Kansas. I'd not be struck dumb with amazement if that girl of yours had already changed her mind about her unworthy young man. As likely as not, he is out of the army by now, and she has married him to save him. And more than likely in that case she *is* saving him. Which means that Bill has got so far toward being made over again into Willie that his old comrades of the camp and the Expeditionary Force would be shocked to see him. That is,

if they are not being saved themselves — from themselves — in the same fashion. There are other girls."

"In fact," said Judkins, "that fine and rare thing about American manhood — young and old — the thing that other lands cannot show the likes of, the thing that the army and consorting with foreigners was bad for, and smirched — was simply American manhood's complete subjection to American womanhood. The war supplied a brief interval of comparative freedom from petticoat government. But the war is over. And the yoke is once more — in spite of feeble ineffectual struggles — being firmly secured about the accustomed necks."

"There may be," Carter admitted gravely, "something in what you say."

HENRY IRVING BROCK.

WHAT DO MY CHILDREN LOSE?

A Bold Platform

"YOU never teach them to pray?"

My questioner might just as well have added what her tone implied: "Shocking!"

I did not tell that woman the truth. Like many another human being I enjoyed the inner satisfaction of creating a sensation. Although I preferred to shock the questioner by answering her in the negative, rather than to explain, my children were in the habit of praying, but not in her way.

Two of my older children — I am guilty of five — came to me one day and said,

"Nellie Smith says we ought to pray. What does she mean, mother?"

My principles of child training, whatever else may be said against them, are not the result of lazy-mindedness. I had been expecting this phase of their religious curiosity, and had planned for it when it should arise spontaneously, or from what they heard; unforced, at any rate. To insure them the greatest possible freedom in religious growth I have kept them from church and from Sunday school.

I answered them readily and as simply as I could, that prayer was speaking to the Great Spirit. Their next query was as to the manner in which this speaking could best be done. I told them that the very best prayer was by means of work so well done that you could offer it to the Great Spirit as a proud present. I now notice that my children often try to pray in this way. I catch them telling each other, "I'm going to sweep this room as a prayer to the Great Spirit" or "I did my spelling so well today that it prayed to the Great Spirit for me."

I have decided upon this idea because formal and habitual prayer so easily becomes empty and meaningless gabble. And prayer for personal favor is unreasonable and revolting. If they obey their best instincts toward themselves, toward others, and toward beasts, they will have little need of prayer. In this way they are obeying the highest laws of Nature. I do not tell them that in so many words. Eventually their questions will lead to it.

On the whole the chief underlying principle of all my aims is: *they shall remain unshackled.* I myself was shackled from my christening in early babyhood. It has taken long years and much waste of emotional energy to free myself. Religion was handed to me, moulded into shape and fully baked, like a cookie on a plate. My babies shall have the privilege of beginning free. Until their judgments have had a chance to reach some sort of stability no brand shall be stamped on them to mar their spontaneity.

In all the answers to their questions I try to make optimism the positive note. This was not difficult when the questions were suggested by life. As much of our religious discussion began in field and wood, or out under the stars, it was generally some phase of life that evoked their curiosity. Life is all religion. Webster defines religion as the feeling of love, fear, or awe of some superhuman power. We stress on "Love," skip fear, but are to some extent compelled to render awe. Children naturally overflow with love. They love sand, stones, moss, mushrooms, trees, bugs, toads, snakes, furry things, birds, wind, water, and fire. They enthuse lovingly over a bird's nest, a bit of broken bird egg, over cocoons hidden under the shaggy tree bark, over a shimmering dragon fly or a silver minnow in the brook. They so love all forms of life that they want to embrace and kiss them. It is not difficult to deflect this overwhelming love to the unseen Creator whose laws produced it. Their minds

soon seek to discover the cause of so much joy, and they will gladly love the Great Spirit behind it all.

In awe there is an element of fear, the only non-debasing form of fear. It is reverential wonder. The children stand in awe before the miracles of life. They find no greater marvel than the procreative force that underlies all life, from the production of oak from acorn to the fact of their own birth. They understand the essentials of this force. They are aware of the wonderful seed power of parenthood, both animal and vegetable. Their knowledge is a simple acceptance of facts — the frank, beautiful facts of nature. They plan to run a pony farm, and they discuss mares and a stallion as preceding colts, as a matter of fact. They have pet rabbits, and are scheming to buy a fine buck that they may have the pleasure of baby rabbits.

No whispered hidden talks take place, though they follow the suggestion of keeping these more intimate matters strictly within the family circle. One day the seven-year-old solemnly advised her parents against planting any more seed babies. She considered the house sufficiently crowded. We accepted her advice as seriously and as lovingly as she meant it. We might have shocked her into silence, but we could not have prevented her from thinking the matter over. We would probably have lost her future confidence, and she would have vented further sentiments on the subject in secret. The children feel no restraint, and are unaware of any secrets being kept from them.

Yet, for the time being, secrets must necessarily be kept from them. When the perverted, degenerate and dragged-in-the-mire humanity must confront them, accent will be laid on the evolution of humanity. If some of us have reached a step in advance of the mass, our part is to regard those of lower ideals with sympathetic understanding; to help when we can, but with discrimination and with sanity. When the children begin to observe un-

fortunate tendencies in others, they will be cautioned to guard their own forces for good and ill, and tenderly to foster what ideals they possess. They will be led to hope that any sincere lifting of soul toward high aims will lift not only the individual but the race.

With the cognizance of depraved humanity will develop the other extreme of hero worship. Since all children are very ready to give generous admiration to nobler souls than their own, they can learn through this sentiment to make some of the admired power theirs.

Death is one of the greatest mysteries to arouse their curiosity. It emanates often from the death of some pet. I confess that I never had the courage to assert to them that the pet had no soul. Neither had I the authority in my convictions to make such an assertion. Children are keen to compare. The bloated, stupid drunkard that died in the village seemed less worthy of immortality to me, and to them, than the loyal, intelligent animal friend. At times, where some human death touched their lives rather closely, I made strenuous efforts to direct their views to the indestructibility of the spirit. It was difficult, because of the common stressing of the gruesome at such times. I discouraged all mention of graveyards and of the trappings of the laying away of the empty shell. They look upon grave gardens as the last love tokens offered the discarded shells of our friends. They think of death as a progression, and are filled with the belief that the spirit of the friend is undergoing stirring adventures. They speak of those who have passed on as having discarded their earth shells to make new efforts and new discoveries in some bigger world. They know that we have no positive proof where that shall be. They have ventured to hope that it may be on some planet of those distant systems upon which we gaze on clear nights. While they make efforts to rejoice at the released spirit whose life work is over, they look upon young death as unnatural.

They feel intense regret that Youth should be snuffed out. They and I believe that it should be made more and more avoidable; that each soul should be assured, by every possible means, of a generously prolonged life-span here. Like healthy, normal children they quickly forget death, and face eagerly toward life.

With the oldest of the children only ten, it is not possible that more than a small portion of these principles of unshackled religion can be clear to them. But to produce clear and stimulating ideals in children when their questions demand answers, it is necessary to have decided beforehand upon a definite goal toward which to work. In our case the goal is to meet the questions of developing minds with fearless frankness, and to establish optimistic concepts of man's relations to himself, to his world, to his neighbors and to the Cause of all.

M. Telfer.

THE DWELLING OF A DAY-DREAM

I

I ONCE askt an architectural critic what he thought of St. Patrick's cathedral in New York; and he shrugged his shoulders as he answered that it was blameless. "It possesses everything that a Gothic cathedral ought to have — except life! In fact, it can fairly be described as the definition of a Gothic cathedral." That is to say, it is a servile transcription, devoid of the freedom and the spontaneity, the originality and the individuality, which are the essential characteristics of the noble edifices it pretended to emulate. It is a translation, made by a man of ability, no doubt, but by a man who did not think in terms of Gothic art.

I do not venture even to guess what may have been my artistic friend's opinion of a French Renascence house which occupies a prominent position on the Riverside Drive. It is an uninspired conglomerate of several of the superb chateaux on the Loire, cribbed, cabined and confined in a single city block of two or three acres. It stands revealed as a slavish transcript, without grace or charm or power. On the banks of the Loire it would be a poor thing; and on the banks of the Hudson it is a barren absurdity, out of place and out of time, a stark confession of architectural impotence.

Nor have I dared to inquire what my friend thought about a Tudor manor-house which is conspicuous at Newport. It has been vaunted as a triumphant effort to recapture the Elizabethan largeness; and it might have seemed more attractive if it had been planted in the center of a spacious park, if it rose from stately terraces with century old turf, and if it were approached by winding drives archt over by century old oaks. But it is pitiably circumscribed in a scant half-dozen acres, in

close proximity to a host of other country places, many of them quite as out of keeping with the American climate and with American conditions. Since England is a land of cloudy skies and of frequent rain, an imitation of an Elizabethan dwelling could not have the sheltering verandas essential in the bold sunshine of our hot American summers. The Tudor mansions which this American dwelling aped had been properly adjusted to the climatic conditions of the British Isles, very northerly and made habitable only by the warmth of the Gulf Stream. Moreover, if an Elizabethan residence is to be reproduced honestly, the American imitation must forego not only the veranda but also the carpets and the bath-rooms, which were unknown to the subjects of the Virgin Queen who were accustomed to the strewing of their floors with rushes and to the free employment of perfumes instead of bathing.

To build a Gothic cathedral over here, or a French chateau or an Elizabethan manor house, is akin to renouncing the use of our own language, as it is spoken in our own time and in our own country. It is an attempt, foredoomed to failure, to speak a tongue not our own, the grammar of which has been acquired painfully, and the idioms of which have to be apprehended as best we can. It is not unlike the unfortunate effort to write Greek plays in English, — a vain attempt to tell a story on the stage not in accord with the conditions of our snug twentieth century playhouses, rooft and lighted, but in conformity with what we believe we know about the conditions of the theater of Dionysus, several centuries before the Christian era, — an immense open air amphitheater, stage-less and scenery-less.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the best Greek plays were written by the Greeks themselves; and they were satisfied with their own methods of dramatic composition, and did not shackle themselves by deference to any models which may have existed in ear-

lier and alien civilizations. So the noblest Gothic cathedrals were erected by those to whom Gothic was vernacular, the finest French chateaux were constructed by the French themselves in the spacious days of the Renascence; and the stateliest Elizabethan mansions were built by the Elizabethans. If there is no hope of surpassing or even of equalling the originals, why should we waste our energies in the futile endeavor to imitate the inimitable? After all, there are advantages in being your own contemporary and your own fellow-citizen; and Charles Lamb was not to be taken seriously when he cried, "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity." Altho he had nourisht his style by loving study of his literary ancestors, the *Essays of Elia* are not written in Wardour street English.

There is the same unreality about all these architecture echoings that there is about the historical novel with its inevitably unsuccessful struggle to recapture the spirit of the past, and with its equally unavoidable anachronisms. No one of us by taking thought can step off his own shadow; and no one of us can ever hope to put his clock back to any departed century. It is impossible to dispossess ourselves of our accretions of knowledge, and not to credit to the past more or less of the wisdom of the present. The fundamental falsity of the historical novel was never more flagrantly disclosed than in the German tale wherein the soldier bade his wife farewell with the prophetic explanation: that "I am now leaving you for the Seven Years War!"

II

Indefensible as is the endeavor to import architecture in the original package, it is not more absurd than the attempt to borrow decoration ready-made. In trying to transplant a French chateau or an English manor-house, there is evident the desire at least to have a dwelling of a single style, however unoriginal it may be; but even more frequent of late in the United States than these

homogeneous plagiarisms, are the houses whose connecting rooms display a heterogeneity of disparate and discordant elements, each of them violently swearing at its neighbor. This is what is known as "period" furnishing and "period" decoration.

A room rigidly reproducing the stiff severity of the French Empire, will open into another hung with the tapestries and filled with the furniture of the reign of Louis XIV; and this in turn may lead into a third where the decoration is Adam and where the chairs are Chippendale. A Byzantine entrance may conduct the visitor to a Gothic hall, on his way to a Louis XVI drawing-room and to a George II dining-room, opening out on a Spanish patio arranged as a conservatory or on an Egyptian tomb forced into service as a billiard-room. The bed-rooms may be Japanese or Chinese, Hindu or Persian; and the only American room in the house is likely to be the kitchen, unless perchance the headstrong owner has insisted on making this Pompeian or Assyrian.

Could anything be less artistic than this inconsistent medley of periods and places? Could anything be more like an architectural crazyquilt? Could anything be less homelike? How can anybody ever expect that his household gods will settle down comfortably in so piebald an environment? How can any twentieth century American reconcile himself to taking up his residence in an atmosphere so alien and so unfriendly? How can he feel the warmth of his own hearth, when he has condemned himself to dwell in the frigidity of a portfolio of sample-plates? The most that the owner of a dwelling so motley can do is to pride himself on the accuracy of the imitations he has purchased, and to be vain over his own absence of originality.

There are those who hold that this devotion to the period-room is the abomination of desolation, but who are inclined to be more tolerant toward another method of despoiling the alien past to the profit of the American

present, — the method applied with surpassing skill by the late Stanford White. He attempted no facile reproduction of the residence or the apartments of any one country or of any one epoch; but when he traveled in Europe he was ever on the lookout for the beautiful fittings of any of the eras when the art of the decorator was flourishing. He would buy a superb marble mantelpiece in Florence, a splendidly elaborate pair of carved doors in Venice, a heavily beamed oak ceiling with the paneling which accompanied it in Prague, and tapestries and embroidered hangings, tables and chairs, sideboards and coffers, in whatever city he might visit. Then he designed a dwelling in a free adaptation of the formula of the palace of the Italian Renascence, proportioning a room to receive the paneling and the ceiling he had ravisht from Bohemia, and arranging the entrance hall so that it could be adorned by the marble mantel-piece and the carved doors of which he had despoiled Italy.

There is no denying that this process of lordly conquest enabled him to achieve a captivating sumptuousness. He had an instinctive understanding of the material means whereby he could get the utmost effect out of these accumulated spoils. He had taste and ingenuity; and he was a born decorator, — a belated but not unworthy descendant of the many sided artists of the Italian Renascence. When he took the stalls of a sixteenth century church hidden in one of the forlorn hill towns of Italy, and transformed them adroitly into a bookcase for a twentieth century American residence, he was inspired so to provide all the other furnishings of the room that there would be a harmony of effect. The result did not correspond with any one period and there was no desire for pedantic consistency of style. A house designed and decorated by Stanford White was modern in its way, for all its utilization of a variety of antiques. It was always brilliant; and it was often beautiful in its luxurious richness of color and of pattern. And, strange to

say, it was not altogether un-American in its flamboyant expensiveness, since America has arrogated the right to consider itself the heir of the ages.

Yet this incorporation of exotic elements into domestic decoration rarely arrived at complete assimilation; and now and again it stood confessed as little better than a litter of loot. Even when it was most successful, it was open to the charge that it was more or less an attempt to get fine art ready-made; and we are all aware that the ready-made rarely fits as well as the made-to-order. White's method was not in accord with the practice of the great decorators in the days when decoration was greatest. It can scarcely be accepted as a step forward in our progress to an American art which shall be truly our own.

III

"Modern architecture," so one of the foremost of American architects once declared, "should not be that of the illogical architect living in one age and choosing a style from another," whereby he is self-condemned to inferiority. And Mr. Hastings then pointed out that we are modern in our dress and would not think "of wearing a Gothic robe or a Roman toga; but as individual as we might wish to be, we should still be inclined, with good taste, to dress according to the dictates of the day." He reminded us also that in each succesive style in architecture and in decoration "there has always been a distinct spirit of contemporaneous life from which its root drew nourishment." And he outlined again the evolution of Roman architecture out of Greek, as the Latins demanded baths and bridges and basilicas; and in meeting these calls upon their craft, the Roman architects modified the Greek forms until there had been evolved out of Greek a Roman architecture, which was the result of the new exigencies of the Latins themselves. More than a thousand years later, the demands of the

people of Italy brought about another evolution, that of Roman architecture into Renascence, a logical outgrowth which was attained only by the efforts of three generations of artists.

The architecture of the Italian Renascence had to be modified again to meet the different demands of the French when they had their Renascence a little later; and it had to be modified once more to adjust itself to the needs of the people of England, where the climate and the ideals were very different from those of the French or of the Italians. Again there was an assimilation, an outgrowth, an evolution, until the result was English. Whistler might declare that Christopher Wren "had robbed St. Peter's to build St. Paul's," but none the less is the English cathedral English in its birth, even if its ancestry is alien. In their Palladian buildings the British were not so much borrowing the patterns of Palladio as they were continuing his tradition, conforming their practice to their own needs and their own desires. They scaled down the stately proportions of the palaces of the Italian princes to be commensurate with their own more modest necessities; and with little less of beauty the marble villa became the brick manor-house.

In due time the tradition of the Queen Anne and George I architects was transplanted to this side of the Atlantic, and adjusted in turn to our American climate and ideals of life, conforming itself to our needs and desires. So it was that our ancestors more or less modified the Georgian customs; and the result of their independent handling of their artistic heritage was the outgrowth which we have chosen to call Colonial. But the men who were responsible for Independence Hall and for Mount Vernon were only building as best they knew how in accordance with the spirit of their own time, and in obedience to its requirements. They never thought of style as something to be sought for at second hand, any more than the Italians had done in their day, or the

Romans or the Greeks in theirs. In fact the artists of a great period of architecture and decoration have never thought of style. They never felt that they had any liberty of choice, since neither they nor their contemporaries knew any other way to work. None the less did they achieve an indigenous individuality; and it never occurred to them to make marauding raids upon a castle or church that had fallen on evil days or to bind themselves to a microscopic fidelity to the models which had inspired them.

These early American builders might use brick, imported from Holland or from England, or they might employ the timber of the primitive forest, in which case they had again to modify the method they were utilizing all unconscious that their new departures were leading them more than a little way from the patterns of their immediate predecessors. They made ample fireplaces for the huge logs which alone could warm these residences in our long winters; and they thrust out verandas which alone could provide the shelters grateful in our scorching summers. They relied on shingles and clapboards in default of stone and slate; and they made all the other changes imposed by new conditions in a new world. They workt freely and spontaneously each in his own fashion and each profiting by his own individuality. They were speaking the only language they knew; and because it was their vernacular they were colloquially at ease in it and on occasion it encouraged them to be eloquent.

So long as the architect is convinced that "art stopt short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine," and so long as the decorator is willing to be a bond-slave to a "period," unable to call his soul his own, just so long will their misguided imitation result in stagnation and sterility. Their art will resemble the mule in that it will have no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity. It may also reveal another likeness to the mule, in that it is obstinate in refusing to go forward.

A family whose residence is a decorative grab-bag, even if the furniture consists only of "museum-pieces" must feel more or less as tho it had taken up its abode in a curiosity-shop, the atmosphere of which is chill and inhospitable. Such a dwelling must always remain frigidly impersonal; it cannot "adapt itself to its occupants," as Lowell in one of his letters asserted that a home always did, if it was truly a home. Its inmates can hardly help looking upon themselves as transients, restrained from capricious desertion by no clinging tentacles of affection for their own handiwork. They have had little or nothing to do with its making; and they need not care what becomes of it, when they depart and surrender it to others who will be equally unable to take root.

IV

We have all of us our day-dreams; and it is one of mine that if I were a multimillionare, still in the prime of life, and fortunate in a wife who was a helpmate, and in half a dozen sons and daughters who might gather about the hearth of an evening, I would build a house for myself that should be truly a home, "adapted to its occupants," made for us and for no one else, fit for a family to grow up in and to leave with regret and to return to with unfailing joy. Moreover it should be a dwelling at once contemporary and American, with nothing antique or imitated, and with nothing alien or exotic. It should be the product of America to-day, a genuine effort to represent our country and our time, an expression of the very best that an American architect could do with the aid of the foremost of our painters and sculptors.

If the house of my day-dream could be completed according to this principle, it would be as absolutely native to us now, as an Italian palace of the Renascence was to its owner; and it would be as spontaneous an outgrowth of our contemporary civilization as was a chateau on the Loire or as a Tudor manor house, each

in its own time and place. Its designer would not be thinking of his "style," and he would not be straining himself in quest of overt originality, any more than did the designers of the palace, the chateau or the manor house.

The sky scraper is our sole architectural invention, the product of our own ingenuity, and the result of our own necessity; and at first, so long as our architects felt obliged to cramp it into a pattern suited only to buildings designed for wholly different purposes, and so long as they strove vainly to secure a satisfactory esthetic effect by inappropriate ornament externally applied and only fortuitously related to the structure, it was nothing but an artistic monstrosity, imposing only from its mighty mass. At last they have decided to eschew these adventitious disguises; and they are now able to achieve beauty by proportion and symmetry and by a frank recognition of its stark and masculine uplifting of itself in air. Probably it would not be possible to make the dwelling of my day-dream as distinctively American as the sky scraper; but at least it need not be an empty copy of a palace or a chateau or a manor house. Of course it must be a modification of the so-called colonial house, adapted by our ancestors in the days before the Revolution from the eighteenth century houses of the mother country.

What we call "colonial" was borrowed from England as England had borrowed it originally from Italy; but we have made it our own in the course of seven score years and more. It is now vernacular; we speak it naturally; we think in it; and therefore we can use it without regard to any standard existing elsewhere — excepting always the abiding standard of fitness and taste. The house I have in my mind's eye might be of wood or of marble; but I like best to vision it as of brick, ever a satisfying material for a home. It would have steel beams, unknown to our ancestors, because these permit

the architect to get results difficult or impossible when he is limited to wood. It would be absolutely fireproof, again of course, because I want it to survive as a home generation after generation. It must be built by honest craftsmen, interested each of them in his work and each of them doing his best for sheer joy in this job.

The decorations, the hangings, the wall-papers, the lighting fixtures, the door-knobs, the fire-irons, the furniture, the floor coverings should all be American, and contemporary; and since in my dream I have no need to consider the question of cost, these accompaniments, whenever they could not be found in the open market, should be especially designed by the best available American artists. For example the marble mantelpieces that might be needed would not be ravished from a Venetian palace, but modeled by the foremost American sculptors of our day. For my fireplace there are available already firebacks designed by Elihu Vedder. If tapestries were required for doors and windows and walls, the cartoons would be entrusted to a mural painter of distinction with the suggestion that he should avail himself of American themes and of motives from our native flora and fauna; and the stuffs themselves should be woven in American looms. And the coverings, stampt leather or embroidered textiles, should also be the result of the loving labor of American artisans and artists.

The furniture also should be American, in harmony with the architecture, and therefore inspired more or less by the English models which our forebears brought over with them. But these models would not be baldly imitated; they would serve only as suggestions for the furniture called for by our latterday liking for comfort and even for luxury. If this furniture, found in the market place as it might be, or specially designed as it might have to be, proved to be harmonious with the house it was to help become a home, it would somehow reveal itself as adequately American, even if it avoided all wilful

effort at needless originality. I have seen in more than one New York club-house, furniture bold in its lines and yet unobtrusive, fit for its social use, wholly unpretentious, not consciously of any "period" — except our own. In the furniture as in all the other adornments of my dream-dwelling, and as in the house itself, the artists would feel at liberty to profit by the best that the past has bequeathed to us, but they would not be bound or circumscribed by a false fidelity to any of their predecessors.

And when this residence for the multimillionaire which I am not may arise in actual brick and steel and slate, and when it may find itself rooft at last, finisht within and without, and furnisht in absolute fitness, it would be a "period" house, — but the period would be now and here, New York in the twentieth century; and if it should chance to survive to later centuries it would show them the best that we can do when we set out to build a house — just as the Italian palace survives, the French chateau and the English manor house. It might not be the equal of any one of these masterpieces of the past; but it would be the result of an endeavor akin to that which had called them into being.

This dwelling of my day-dream is only a cloud-cappt tower, and I know that I may not live to see it translated into fact even for some other home-maker. But as Thoreau assured us in *Walden*, "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." And this is the pleasant task I suggest to someone else.

Brander Matthews.

AS TO BIBLIOMANIA

THE gentle satirist Addison, in one of the most delightful of his Tatler papers, has given us an amusing picture of the man who is devoted merely to the exterior of books and has no interest in their contents. Tom Folio's business in life was to collect fine editions for the libraries of the wealthy. He received catalogues from all the booksellers, and he was a very important personage in the auction-room. His knowledge of books was of vast extent — so far as title-pages were concerned. Tom looked upon Aldus and Elzevir as greater men than Virgil or Horace. If mention was made of a great writer he would burst out in praise of this or that printer. He thought that he had given a thorough-going account of a book if he told you the title, the name of the author, and the date and place of publication. If pressed farther he would praise highly the quality of the paper or the beauty of the type. As for the thought or style of an author, this he regarded as superficial learning, and had no patience with it. Tom's favorite edition of Virgil was that of Heinsius from the press of Elzevir, because there in the Aeneid he had found two commas instead of a parenthesis, and the beauty of the Georgics had been enhanced by the turning upside down of a semicolon.

Tom Folio's race is by no means extinct. Not infrequently today a lineal descendant may be found bearing the learned title of bibliographer or the more genteel epithet of bibliophile. Now surely nothing is more to be encouraged than bibliophilia in its best meaning; and in any case it is to be preferred to bibliophobia, a disease said to be widely spread among college undergraduates of the present day. However, like most things good or bad, this evil had its origin far in the past. In a scarce booklet written almost a hundred years ago by a man in some

ways still unrivalled in his description of books (most of which he had never read, and many of which he had never seen), I find the following lament: "Fear is the order of the day. To those very natural and long established fears of bailiffs and tax gatherers, must now be added the fear of Reforms, of Cholera, and of Books."

Fortunately for the preservation of equilibrium among human affairs, the law of compensation is widely applicable. For example, I may not have fifty dollars for purchasing the coveted first edition of Aeschylus, but this is even more than offset by the fact that a rich neighbor may have fifteen hundred dollars with which he could purchase the magnificent *princeps* of Homer, but he doesn't want it. The ancient philosophical theory of opposites, later elaborated by the school of Pythagoras, has been neatly summarized by Aristotle in his Metaphysics, where he tells us that "contraries are the principia of existing things." Accordingly, as partial compensation for the disease bibliophobia, another malady has long wrought havoc among helpless mortals, and this is bibliomania. Like starved wolves, those afflicted with this disease often band themselves together, ostensibly for common protection, in packs or droves, usually dignified by the name Societies or Clubs. Of these I need mention only the Roxburghe Club of England or the Caxton Club and Grolier Club in our own country. Even as hungry beasts on happening upon a carcass may turn savagely one upon another, so within the precincts of a Club violent conflicts may arise among the members. Try to picture to yourself the confused scene that ensues when there is put up "to be auctioned off to the highest bidder," the two or three copies "on vellum" of the Society's latest publication!

A bibliomaniac should be allowed to run at large so long as he inflicts no harm on men — or books. But occasionally bibliomania assumes a violent form; and then the bibliomaniac, like the murderer, deserves restraint.

The English bibliographer Blades, reports an Englishman whose hobby was the collection of title-pages. This man, if he can rightly be called a man, was rich, and did not hesitate to pay fabulous sums for rare old books. Goodbye to any ancient folio that came his way! Off went the title-page, and into the waste heap went the beheaded carcass. Right was it for Blades to class such a collector, along with fire, water, book-worms, and servants, among the enemies of books. After all, however, we may solace ourselves by reflecting that the "Fifteeners" for the most part escaped unscathed. For it is not likely that such an idiot would have the sense to seek the title-page at the end of the volume; and I may say in passing that title-pages as we understand them did not come into general use before about 1520. All information about the printer, place, and date of publication, must be sought in what is known as the colophon at the end of the book.

It may not be amiss to point out some of the usual symptoms of bibliomania. Dr. Dibden has given us a very searching analysis in his well-known work, and with his outline in mind, I shall fill in certain particulars that have come under my own observation. It is quite probable that many of my readers may recognize this or that symptom as fitting their own condition. But woe to the man in whom they are all conjoined. In the words of the old Greek dramatist: "This is enough to drive a man to cut his own throat, and more than enough to make him thrust his neck in the high-hanging noose."

One of the less dangerous symptoms is an eager desire for first editions. Who is the man that can remain unmoved at the mere sight of the first edition of a work that is a landmark in the history of knowledge? Vesalius's *De Corporis Humani Fabrica*, say, or Harvey's *De Motu Cordis*, or Wolf's *Prolegomena ad Homerum*, or Darwin's *Origin of Species*? What scholar at the law can handle with indifference Statham's *Abridgement of English Law*

Cases, the first English law book, printed in 1490 by Richard Pynson? What intelligent theologian will pass unheeded the Greek Testament of Erasmus, printed by Froben in Basle in 1516? Who can gaze without awe upon the Kilmarnock Burns, the First Folio Shakspere, the Aldine Sophocles, or the Florentine Homer? A few years ago when a copy of the "Gutenberg" Bible brought fifty thousand dollars in the open market, the highest price ever paid for a book, many persons were astounded, and thought the purchaser a squanderer. As a matter of fact it was a shrewd financial investment, and if ever again it be offered for sale, it will bring the purchase price with goodly usury added thereto.

But even so, not every one is interested in rare books. This fact led the late Edmond de Goncourt to make the following provision in his will:

"My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books — in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life — shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes." [1]

In the case of modern writers, first editions may have great intrinsic value because usually they have been brought out under the immediate supervision of the author, without omissions or additions. Perhaps the classical scholar, above all others, best appreciates the difficulties that may arise from later tampering with texts.

Occasionally slight changes in later editions are made much of by the curious collector. Thus the first edition of Dibden's *Library Companion* was later revised and im-

[1] This translation appears regularly on the back cover of the catalogues of the Anderson Galleries, of New York.

proved; but there was omitted a striking anecdote about certain "buck-skin breeches." Your true bibliomaniac will, of course, want both editions of this book; but if he must confine himself to one, he will rightly choose the first because of the following anecdote which is worth repeating:

"Lord Anson was one of the plainest and bluntest of mankind. He had studied little, and cared less for, the rules of polished society: and though he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral in Chief of the Fleet, it was said of him that 'he had been round the world but never in it' . . . A curious anecdote, not altogether unbibliographical, belongs to Anson's Voyage round the World. Mordant Cracherode, the father of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode of celebrated book-fame, went out to make his fortune as a Commander of the Marines in Anson's ship. He returned, in consequence of his share of prize money, a wealthy man. Hence the property of his son — and hence the *Bibliotheca Cracherodiana* in the British Museum. A droll story is told of the father, of which the repetition is pardonable. It is said that he returned from the Ansonian circumnavigation in the identical buck-skins which he wore on leaving England: they having been the object of his exclusive attachment during the whole voyage! Far, however, be it from me to give credence to the report, that there is some one particular volume, in the Cracherode Collection, which is bound in a piece of these identical buckskins!"

I have seen it somewhere stated that members of the Cracherode family did not feel highly flattered by the publication of this story. In any case it was withdrawn from the improved edition, thus adding considerable value to the first.

Another unmistakable symptom of bibliomania is an insatiable longing for copies on Large Paper. From the early days of printing it has been a frequent practice to run off a few copies of a book in a grander manner than

the rest. The paper used displays a greater amplitude of margin, and may be of superior quality. An author may have a very few such copies printed "for friends." In a letter dated Dec. 5, 1866, James Russell Lowell writes to a dear friend as follows: "I do not know whether I told you that the reason you have had no copy of Biglow is that I am printing twelve copies on large paper of which you are down for one." Early in the new year both volumes of the Biglow Papers arrived inscribed "To F. J. C. with the love of J. R. L."

However, the course of one's joy in large paper does not always run smooth. It may even happen that a friend thinking to do you a kind service may only dissipate the glamour that has long overhung a wide expanse of margin. This has recently happened in my own case. There now rests rarely disturbed on my shelves a book that used frequently to be in my hands. It is a copy of Bodoni's *Theophrastus*, published at Parma in 1794, and in it you may see large paper running riot. On its pages, easily measuring 17 by 11 inches, the print occupies less than half the space. My eyes formerly gloated over this vast expanse of unoccupied territory, which suggested the unlimited possibilities of the Great Desert. But my officious friend, who is a mere scholar, insisted on reading (think of it!) in my book. He had not scanned three lines before he discovered an outrageous misprint. My admiration for Bodonis began immediately to decline and for once in my life I find myself in the fashion. And such is the effect of bad association that I am now inclined to look askance upon all blank paper.

Again the bibliomaniac may be possessed with a wild desire for Uncut Copies. It is a disturbing fact that when a book is turned over to the tender mercies of the binder, we expect to find it later, like Dr. Syntax's mare Grizzle, "ready cropt and dockt." Naturally enough one rarely comes across an early book that has never been opened. But when such a volume is found, no persons possessing

character (except that of a book-binder) would have the audacity to apply a paper cutter. The value lurking in such a book is well appreciated in the recent catalogue of a London bookseller. A sixteenth century copy of an obscure writer is priced at four pounds ten, emphasis being laid upon the fact that "the first four leaves are unopened at the top." If the owner of books yields to the low desire for reading, then a paper knife is requisite.

It must be admitted that there is an indescribable pleasure in sitting down before a blazing fire on a winter's evening, paper knife in hand and a book of uncut edges across the knees. It gives one the feeling of having infinite time at one's command. Nothing can be more restful. Publishers have been quick to take advantage of this little human frailty; and at the present time the public is swamped with cheap and gaudy books with uncut edges. This disguise lends an air of pseudo-aristocracy to the vilest quality of paper.

This matter of uncut edges is foolishly affected by certain learned societies which should know better. See, for example, the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* and the *American Historical Review*. I have even heard it uncharitably suggested that only by such means can some learned journals insure readers for themselves, it being a fact recognized at least since the days of Aristotle, that a man will prize even a thing of small value if it cost him some toil.

An inordinate craving for Unique Copies may tempt the indigent bibliomaniac to financial ruin. Strictly speaking, every volume is unique, for no two things in this universe are exactly alike. But the word is used in a loose sense. Unique copies are those that in some marked way differ from all others. For example, in the Treasure Room of the Harvard University Library may be seen the poet Gray's copy of Linnaeus, interleaved and neatly annotated in Latin throughout. It is indeed a rare (perhaps I may even say unique) sight when poetry and science thus join hands.

Again an author's own copy of his work may be beyond price. On my shelves may be found Professor Child's set of his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, with numerous additions and corrections *sua manu*. The great scholar Erasmus was wont to assert that he could never read his own books when once they had been printed. Yet his *Adages* appeared in many editions, constantly enlarged; and I have hopes that some day his own annotated copy may come to light. In case of early books, uniqueness may be a matter of size. We have already seen that a book is often shorn of much glory while passing through the hands of a binder. My copy of the Elzevir Sallust was purchased at a price well within the limits of the average schoolboy's pocket money; but the Hoe copy, being a fraction of an inch taller than mine, and bearing the *unique* reputation of being "supposed to be the tallest Elzevir Sallust extant" brought one hundred and thirty dollars in the auction room.

When I was in Stratford some years ago I remember seeing a copy of the First Folio Shakspere in which it was claimed that the Droeshout portrait possessed unique peculiarities of cross-hatching.

Another sign of bibliomania is a boundless desire for Extra Illustrated Copies. This particular manifestation resembles appendicitis and Spanish influenza, in that its origin seems to be of recent date. In fact it is usual to trace it back to a single personage, one James Granger, an Oxford man, who was inordinately fond of prints. In the phrase of our day, he thought of everything "in terms of prints." In 1769 he published his *Biographical History of England*, with a preface showing the utility of a collection of engraved portraits. The great destruction of illustrated works resulting from this suggestion was appalling. Books containing engraved portraits soared in price, and few remained unmutilated. In a letter written at the close of the year, and now preserved in the British Museum, Granger's utter lack of the gift of prophecy is apparent

when he says: "I have great reason to believe that the rage of this distemper will soon be over." As a more enduring monument than his book, he left the word "grangerize" in our language. We may rest assured that Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, and Minos were unanimous in a judgment which has consigned James Granger, along with Judge Lynch, to Tartarus among the incurables. A capital instance of retributive justice being meted out to an evil doer even in this world, is a recorded copy of Granger's *History* extra illustrated and expanded to thirty-seven volumes!

This leads me to remark that not every portrait that passes muster in a book is genuine. In Sir John Sandys' learned *History of Classical Scholarship* will be found a "portrait" of the Dutch scholar Hemsterhuys, bald-headed yet flaunting a militant mustache together with a fine Hibernian goatee. Now we happen to possess an authentic portrait of this same scholar, and from it we know that Hemsterhuys wore a frizzly wig, while his lips and chin are innocent even of the suggestion of down.[1] It would be exciting sport to turn loose a band of old worthies in a large modern gallery, and watch them strive, in many cases, no doubt, in vain, to identify their own likenesses.

Occasionally one meets with the pathetic case of a man who is hoping to collect all the editions of an author ever published, together with all the books ever written about that author. If the chosen author happens to be Homer or Horace or Shakspere, the collector can labor on with the grim satisfaction that he has mapped out for himself sufficient work both for this life and the life to come. It is a healthful sign when such a collector falters in his original design, and resolves henceforth to confine himself to a task more commensurate with the strength of Hercules. The late Richard Copley Christie, long professor of

[1] In his more recent *Short History*, Sir John has rectified this little error.

history, of political economy, and of jurisprudence at Owens College, Manchester, was attracted in early life to Horace.

"Horace was the first [not the last, note you] Latin classic whom I read with real pleasure, and my affection for him led me nearly fifty years since to aim at a collection of the different editions of his works. I now possess seven hundred and ninety-eight volumes of editions, translations, and commentaries, the earliest being the Milan edition of 1474. But of modern and absolutely uninteresting editions and translations the number is so great that I long since gave up purchasing more of them, and confined my attention to those of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, only procuring those of the eighteenth and nineteenth that were distinguished by special merit."

Observe the wisdom of stopping at volume 798. If he had added two more volumes to that collection, ambition would have impelled him to attempt to round out another century. In lieu of this, however, his efforts were directed to procuring for his college the historical library of Freeman; to preparing his scholarly treatise on *Étienne Dolet*, the Martyr of the Renaissance; and to bringing together a peerless collection of books illustrating the history of Greek scholarship.

A few years ago when visiting the University of Padua I was conducted by a distinguished professor of Sanskrit through his own house, where I saw room after room filled in great disorder with all the editions of the Bible in all languages which he had been able to amass in the course of a long life. I have often since wondered whether Heaven itself could house a complete collection.

The Shakspere enthusiast will have little trouble in finding lawful game, yet there is the ever-present temptation to poach on other men's preserves. On my desk at this very moment there is a catalogue of an extraordinary Shakspere library. Numerous volumes are included be-

cause they have been "cited" by Shaksperian critics. Among the items "is a copy of the only surgical book which is known to have found its way to Stratford-on-Avon in the time of Shakspere."

Somewhat resembling this type of collector is the bibliomaniacal gourmand who is not satisfied with one copy of a particular edition but must have duplicates. The distinguished bibliophile Richard Heber always maintained that a gentleman should own at least three copies of each work in his library — one for show, one for his own use, and one for the use of friends. It is no cause for surprise that in the course of time Heber found himself the possessor of eight houses filled with books.

An infallible mark of bibliomania is a Gargantuan thirst for True Editions. Of all mental aberrations this is one of the strangest. It sometimes happens that certain copies of a work have slight differences in text. This is generally due to the fact that after a few impressions are run off a misprint is detected and rectified before the printing proceeds. A defect thus becomes a mark of excellence in the eyes of the collector. What classical *scholar* would not select the true edition of Pine's Horace with the misprint "Post est" for "Potest" on page 108 of the second volume, in preference to a copy with the correct reading? In his description of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, published in 1527 at Venice by the Giunti, De Bure mentions no fewer than twenty-nine glorious defects!

Numerous little variations may characterize a Genuine Edition. The Elzevir Virgil of 1636, in its true state, will contain two passages printed in red. There is a reprint under this same date with these passages in black. At the sale of the Beckford library a copy of the former sold for nine pounds twelve shillings six pence; while a copy of the latter brought *only* five pounds five shillings. At the Hoe sale a copy of the true edition fetched two hundred dollars. My true copy of the Elzevir Quintus Curtius con-

tains a buffalo's head prefixed to the dedication as well as to the text proper, and page 81 stands unnumbered. The true edition of the Elzevir Caesar has thirty-five lines on a full page, and page 149 is numbered 153; the false edition shows thirty-seven lines to the page, and the error in pagination has been corrected. At the Hoe sale a copy of the false edition brought *only* twenty dollars, but a copy of the true edition went for one hundred and five.

It occasionally happens that an original edition may make legitimate claims upon our attention. The earliest issue of Bryce's *American Commonwealth* contains a chapter on the Tweed Ring, which chapter was later suppressed. The original issue is not a rare work, auction catalogues and booksellers' catalogues to the contrary notwithstanding; rarely does any other come up for sale! A very curious example of later excision may be seen in the case of James Anthony Froude's *Caesar*. The concluding paragraph of that book contained a striking parallel between the life of Caesar and that of Christ. So many British readers were scandalized by this passage that it was later withdrawn. One additional literary example may be noted. Walter Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* appeared in 1873. In the final chapter the view is upheld that æsthetic enjoyment is the chief end of human endeavor. This led to a great uproar on the part of the Oxford clergy, with the result that Pater introduced modifications in a subsequent edition. Needless to say, the first issue is eagerly sought by the collector at the present time.

He who would indulge his whim for the acquisition of books printed on vellum must first acquire a long leather pocket-book. Undoubtedly the grandest example in existence of a vellum book is the *editio princeps* of the Latin Bible printed at Mainz. A copy appeared in the first part of the Hoe sale, and at that time due notice was given that "most, if not all of the known copies are the

property of public libraries or institutions where they will always remain. IT IS THEREFORE PROBABLE THAT NO OTHER OPPORTUNITY WILL EVER OCCUR TO OBTAIN A VELLUM COPY OF THIS MONUMENTAL WORK, THE FIRST IMPORTANT BOOK PRINTED FROM MOVABLE TYPE." The purchase price stands unparalleled in the history of book-selling, being fifty thousand dollars. As it passed into private hands, it may at some future time again come up for sale. If it should find its way into the open market, these figures will be considerably raised.

When the library of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot was dispersed in 1879, the catalogue contained no less than seventy "livres imprimés sur vélin" not one of which, we may confidently assume, fell into the hands of a poor man. In a current London catalogue I find the first edition of Landino's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* "on vellum" priced at two hundred and fifty pounds.

The most sumptuous production of a modern press is universally admitted to be the Kelmscott Chaucer printed by William Morris. The Harvard College Library owns a copy on vellum, the gift of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Unfortunately it is not on display in the Treasure Room; hence it is only rarely inspected by some curious visitor who knows that it is there and accordingly asks to see it. It must be admitted that modern printing on vellum, for some reason, is always disappointing. The ink invariably presents a superficial appearance, and the cuts have a smudgy look, in striking contrast with an early vellum manuscript.

As a work of art, an illuminated manuscript stands unapproached. Professor Middleton, a former director of the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, England, has maintained in his well-known work on *Illuminated Manuscripts* that

"On the whole a fine manuscript may be regarded as about the cheapest work of art of bygone days that can now be purchased by an appreciative collector. Many of

the finest and most perfectly preserved manuscripts which now come into the market in spite of the great additional value and interest which they have gained from their antiquity and comparative rarity, are actually sold for smaller sums than they would have cost when they were new. For example, a beautiful and perfectly preserved historiated Anglo-Norman *Vulgate* of the thirteenth century, with its full number of eighty-two pictured initials, written on between six and seven hundred leaves of the finest uterine vellum, can now commonly be purchased for from £30 to £40. This hardly represents the original value of the vellum on which the manuscript is written."

I pass this hint along to some more favored reader who may count his pocket change by pounds and not by pence.

My own modest collection can boast of only a single manuscript on vellum, and a little story connected with it may here be recounted. On one occasion, while inspecting an auction catalogue, my eyes lighted upon a common modern book which I desired to own. The item preceding it was a fine vellum manuscript of the fourteenth century, which for several nights in succession was mingled inextricably with my dreams. More times than one I became the proud owner of that manuscript, only to be deprived of it at the first peep of dawn. Meanwhile my bid, something less than the publisher's price, had gone into the auction room for a current book which I reasonably supposed few persons would care to have. Imagine my surprise when some days later on opening a registered parcel I beheld *in propria persona* the aforementioned vellum manuscript. It was broad daylight, but I had some difficulty in convincing myself that this was not another dream that had wandered forth through the "gate of carved ivory." But when the phantom refused to disappear a struggle with my conscience began. Now this particular manuscript contains some discourses not only about "Reward in Heaven," but also about "Punishment in Hell." Thus assisted, unfairly as I then

thought, conscience won the day,[1] and I at once wrote a letter telling of the mistake that had occurred. In due time I received an answer couched in courteous but firm phrase in which I was informed that the error was my own. "An examination of your original bid shows that the number put down corresponds with that of the manuscript in our catalogue. You should have added the first word of the title to avoid mistake. We are sorry to cause you such great disappointment, but in fairness to all concerned our rules must be strictly upheld, and we must let the matter stand as it is."

There are many other marks of bibliomania which must not detain us now; for example, the sombre search for Black Letter. In conclusion we will confine ourselves to Incunabula.

The human mind is much given to the fashioning of pegs and pigeon-holes as aids for its weakness. It is a source of great comfort to be able to label a thing *apothekenweise*, and thus have it ready at hand for use without need for troublesome thought. We are all voluntary subjects to reasonable system, more or less; but the book-lover finds himself tyrannically restrained by an unreasonable chronological barrier. The invention of printing falls somewhere near the year 1450; and any book printed up to and including 1500 is called an *incunabulum*. An indissoluble halo crowns any piece of printing falling within these bounds. Of course many works of the greatest intrinsic value appeared during this period, but it is a fact that most of the immortal Greek writers were first printed after 1500. Sophocles was first printed in 1502, eighteen plays of Euripides in 1503, Pindar in 1513,

[1] An amusing anecdote is given in the *Life and Letters* of Dean Stanley, which shows how our dreams, if they come to us through the "gate of polished horn," may be the source of good fortune. Locker-Lampson (a famous book-collector, by the way) there tells Stanley how "musician Hallé's cook had lately won a good round sum of money in a lottery with the number 23. Hallé was interested, and asked her how she came to fix on so lucky a number. 'Oh! sir,' said she, 'I had a dream. I dreamt of number seven, I dreamt of it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I chose that number, sir.'"

Aeschylus in 1518. Even the Greek Testament first appeared in 1516. But custom requires that they be excluded from the aristocratic society of incunabula. Even the Virgil, in which for the first time Aldus used his revolutionary italic type, said to be based on the handwriting of Petrarch, is refused admission, because it first appeared in April of the year 1501.

If a book-dealer can push a date back as far as 1500, he can feel justified in pricing that book in guineas instead of pounds. In a catalogue of an extraordinary collection of incunabula, I find a certain *Expositio in Psalterium*, without date, place, or printer. Its insertion is supported by the statement that "it can hardly be earlier than 1500." Of course the charm would have been wholly destroyed if it had been stated, as well it might have been, that "it may be later than 1500."

The incunabulum that probably holds first place in the affection of most classical scholars is the magnificent Homer printed in 1488 at Florence. I once flirted, for a few minutes, with a lovely copy in Quaritch's book-shop in London, where it was priced at two hundred and fifty pounds. In a recent catalogue of another London dealer I find the Syston Park copy marked at an additional hundred.

Ingram Bywater, late Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, one of the profoundest Aristotelian scholars of all times, and an indefatigable collector of rare books, was of opinion that early editions of the Greek classics would never become cheaper. "Prices are fully maintained; in fact early editions can hardly be had at any price. The fall has been in eighteenth-century editions, which left much to be desired from the point of view of scholarship, and have been superseded by better modern versions." Bywater himself, toward the end of his life, became the owner of a copy of the Florentine Homer. "He had received," says his biographer, "one Saturday morning an early copy of a Parisian bookseller's catalogue containing

an advertisement of the Homer. When he mentioned it to his wife at breakfast she exclaimed, 'Oh, we must get it, and you must go at once to Paris to inspect it.' Bywater accordingly packed his bag, started off, and reached Paris that evening. The next morning he found the bookseller at home, inspected the book, and satisfied himself that it was perfect in every respect — paper, type, margin especially — came to terms with its owner, and arrived in London again that night, bringing the prize with him, and leaving a very substantial cheque in its place."

In all seriousness, it is becoming more and more difficult for the man of restricted means to secure good copies of fine old books. They are not all as yet permanently confined in our public libraries; they are constantly appearing in the auction room.

"But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease, —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!"

G. C. Scoggin.

UNTO OTHERS

I

JOHN STOCKTON was a labor agitator of an unusual type, in that he was an excellent mechanic. The majority of agitators are either men who have never worked with their hands, or manual laborers who are not interested in careful performance of the work that gives them daily bread.

Stockton was also unlike most of his fellows in the wife he had taken. She had been a teacher before her marriage, and had awakened in her husband a curiosity regarding the details of what they both knew so many people looked upon as a social necessity — a college education. The result was that they did something unusual and original. They got a catalogue from Columbia, bought the books necessary for one of the prescribed B. A. courses, studied them faithfully after the day's work was over, and of course got just that little learning which is a dangerous thing.

After this Stockton considered himself the intellectual equal of any college trained man, and took no small pleasure in noting the lack of specialized and technical knowledge betrayed by some of the office men with whom he came in contact.

He soon became an official exponent of his union, and developed an unusual facility in addressing meetings of his fellow workers. He had read most of Karl Marx's works, all of Tolstoy's novels and Shaw's plays. These with the current publications of various labor organizations, formed the stock-in-trade on which he drew when speaking. A certain shrewd eloquence, his evident sincerity, and the fact that he would take no pay for his efforts on behalf of the general strike movement, made

him a potent factor in the success which strike propaganda was having at Lynchester.

From the propaganda point of view Lynchester was very favorably situated. Of a total population of some thirty thousand, over twenty thousand were employed at the Lynchester Munitions Factory; the rest were scattered among small commercial undertakings, the only other considerable corporate body in the town being the people connected with the State University and the hospital and schools surrounding it. If the labor element at the munitions factory could be brought to the point of striking, there could be no effective opposition.

Stockton was a firm believer in the efficacy of the general strike as a means whereby "the workman" might force the powers that be to give him a fair share of the fruits of his labor. His mind was saturated with the belief that labor is the only source of all the wealth of the world — labor meaning manual work. According to his view, all but a very small part of the profit made by any industrial undertaking should go by rights to the workman. The Lynchester Company had paid a dividend of twenty per cent, and every time he took home his weekly pay envelope of some forty dollars odd, he calculated the amount of which he had been "robbed."

He had a knack of coming out with little calculations in a way that pushed his arguments home to his hearers. When the company opened a reading room for those of its employees who cared to use it, his comment was "That cost two elevenths of the weekly robbery."

One day he was passing the runabout in which the president of the company drove his wife. "That's what I could buy with the money the company has robbed me of these last two years, and an electric washer and sewing machine, into the bargain."

One of his mates who had a large family, was complaining of the high price of shoes. "If you didn't have to make the company a weekly present of five dollars,"

said Stockton, "you could get an extra pair every pay-day."

"What fools we are!" he said once at a meeting of polishers and reamers, "To go on letting a lot of lazy folks eat our food! If we went into one of their pantries, they'd think nothing of firing on us. We let them steal from us in broad daylight, and say 'thank you' as well. Could any one of them polish? Do they know how to bore a full-choke down to a modified? You men can make modified barrels; but you won't work your full-choke tyrants down to modified human beings. All we need to do is to make our demands all at once and all together; no power in Lynchester could oppose us; they could not import 20,000 blacklegs to replace us . . . " and so on and on.

Because Lynchester offered so good a prospect of success, it was very carefully worked up by the "organizers." Not only were the munitions workers canvassed, but also those in all the public utility enterprises. Motormen and conductors on street cars, engineers in all branches of municipal work; store employees, day laborers on road work — all were minutely informed of the "value" of what they did, and of the certainty with which increased pay would follow a united effort in a place so favorably situated as Lynchester.

This was done with much less ostentation than is usual, and with so little interference with work, that those at the head of affairs underrated the seriousness of the menace. Mr. Temple, the president of the munitions company, did take an opportunity to remind the members of a deputation of workmen that the country was at war, and that this was not the time to do anything to interfere with the output of munitions. "The lives of the men we send over depend on the amount of fighting stuff we can give them" was naturally the substance of what he said.

Stockton made immediate capital of this. "We're at war for a few million Belgians and Frenchmen, are we? Well, I'm at war for a hundred million American work-

men, and their children, and their children's children. Isn't that something worth fighting for? The world is spending millions every hour for a few square miles of Europe; if one hundreth of the war expenditure were spent on reform right here, there wouldn't be a slum in the whole country, and half the police could be turned into productive workers."

It was not easy to get the rank and file of the office staffs into line. They were conscious of the competition for any clerical work which does not require special training. Stockton looked into the details of their work, and argued to them in terms of records, files, and the innumerable forms which grow in modern offices.

"If you strike, even if they got a force in your places," he said, "does any sane person think it would be possible for them to make out a single day's work issue tickets in less than a week? And what about the checking? Why, there's a whole lot even in checking bin-tags! Besides, all the workmen will be out — no office work will be needed. . . "

Another difficult group to bring into line was the transport section. The trolley company had recently given an all-round rise to conductors and motormen, in addition to increased annual leave on full pay, and the prevailing sentiment was against striking.

"I see your point," said John, "but remember that the day may come when you will need our aid. Do you mean to say that there is nothing more you could wish for? Besides, the stopping of the street cars will do more than anything else to make the strike a success; people won't want to walk miles to work; and it will be such an inconvenience that everyone will look into our arguments. Once they do, they cannot fail to be convinced; anyone but a bigoted capitalist must see that we are right.

"So you see that by staying at work you will not be neutral — you will be actually fighting against us. Are you going to be traitors?"

Mrs. Stockton's father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances and his daughter's studies in Utopian literature had led her far out of the sphere of his plain common sense. In fact, it had given her a feeling of superiority which her filial love prevented her entirely enjoying. John respected the old man for the straightforwardness of his dealings and his habitual feeling for the under dog; but could not convert him.

"Ye don't see where ye're going, Jock," he said one day — "Jock" was one of the few words which betrayed his Scotch origin — "ye're worse than Runaway Jim — he keeps his eyes open, and doesn't run his head into the barn wall. If we were all to do as you say, I'd have to divide up my land with the louts who prop up the saloon walls — and what would become of the farm then? D'ye think there'd be peaches and pumpkin pie for little Jim if the garden depended on Hobo Hackett or Booze Billings?

"Ye're getting more money in one week than I ever saw in six; that's due to the bosses, isn't it? Well then, don't they deserve a bit, too?

"Hey? It's not good for a man to have too much money? You think they'd be better off with less? Maybe they would; but 'tis a free country, my lad, a free country. No, son, the mill-wheel can't turn faster than the water runs; no more can you change human nature by giving free drinks all round."

Once when Stockton was railing against the capitalist, the old man said: "Why, Jock, ye're a capitalist yersel,' ever since Mary began putting money in the bank, and ye even own part of the factory ye're working in: for when they built the new addition for the war work, they got the money from the savings bank, and if you, and other capitalists before you, hadn't saved up capital, ye wouldn't have a place to work in today."

But Jock had all the stock half-thought-out arguments against this at his finger ends, and stuck to them.

When it came to agitation for the public utility workers to join the movement, the old man got wind of it in his trips to town, and their talk was more stormy than it had ever been. His words on parting were:

"Well, Jock, ye're a good lad and a clever, and if some morning the freight trolley doesn't bring in the cans, I'll bring milk for the bairns mysel'."

"But you won't need to, father," protested Stockton, "we've warned people to stock up canned goods against the strike, and if they don't, it's up to them."

"And what about the sick folks, and the hospitals?"

"Do you think we are brutes? Of course we'll give permits for the necessary things; that's the way it's always done by organized labor; the town'll be better run than it ever was before."

"It all sounds verra fine," said the old man, sucking his pipe till it gurgled, "but ye can't make me believe that there won't be suffering if ye turn the town topsy turvy. Mark my words, if ye set out to make trouble, ye'll be sorry before ye'll be glad."

The only one who could have influenced Stockton radically was his wife. But she had been his first convert, and had her heart and soul in her husband's propaganda. She was proud of his success. There had been many to sneer more or less openly when she had married a mechanic — "the sort who comes home every day in filthy overalls, my dear!" — and his triumph as a leader was a vindication of her choice.

Her part in the campaign had been to stir up the women, not only to support the idea of a strike, but to take practical measures to ensure its success at a minimum of discomfort. She led them in buying supplies of necessaries, so as to be able to hold out for a week at least — and had assured them that with the country in the state it was, it would not be possible for the strike to last even that time, without being successful.

The Stocktons had one child, a sturdy boy of five,

with his father's shock of hair, his mother's intelligent brown eyes, and a lovableness all his own. No inconsiderable part of the influence Stockton had over his fellow workers radiated unconsciously from his home life. Mother and father were bound up in one another and in their child: however conscious people were of the insufficiency of the Stocktons' economic theories, they were unconsciously attracted by the personalities of the man and woman whose words came from hearts centered in the love of home.

II

It had been arranged that the strike was to start on Wednesday at 8 p. m. There was no small strategical advantage in choosing this time. Night workers get the best pay, and are less in number than day workers. They had been most carefully "Worked up," and if they struck, it would strengthen the determination of the weaker ones not to return to work in the morning. This was specially true of the public utility workers — the transport workers and their like — whose attitude and probable course of action was not likely to be what the syndicalists called "supporting solidarity"; they were more likely to grumble freely — but continue working nevertheless.

"I see your game," Stockton said at the last mass meeting, "you're not saying much, so's to suprise the enemy, but you won't desert your comrades — you'll down tools at eight tomorrow night." But this optimism was not shared by his associates.

As John was at his bench the next afternoon, it seemed to him that things could not possibly have been more favorable to their plans. The workers were absolutely independent; they could suffice for themselves materially and morally; without them, the routine of life could not go on; their class could carry on the work of the world without external aid.

This was the last hour he would be working under the old conditions; that night would bring the great change in his life.

Just after five o'clock his foreman asked him to go to the office. His heart beat quickly. Could it be capitulation at the eleventh hour? "Your wife wants to speak to you," said a clerk, pointing to the telephone. John's mind turned, with a shock, to little Jim, who had been poorly.

"I'm afraid Jim's ill, John. He seemed to get worse suddenly; the doctor's here; and I wish you would come home" his wife's voice trembled.

"I'll come at once," he said, "ask the doctor to stay till I get there."

Everything but his boy went out of his mind as he took his coat and ran the short distance between the works and his home.

Dr. Fuller was watching the boy when John got there. The child's face was strangely flushed, unfamiliar. The doctor beckoned John to follow him to the adjoining room.

"It's a case of acute appendicitis," he said. "It has probably been coming on for several days, ever since he complained of pain; and the hot poultices have brought matters to a head."

"Does it mean — an operation?" asked John.

"I don't see any other possibility."

"But he'll come out all right?"

Dr. Fuller looked at him kindly. "We'll hope for the best, he said gently, "but it would be wrong to conceal or minimize the danger. I do not operate myself; but I'll help in any way I can."

John stiffened up as if to fight the invisible enemy who was overtaking his boy. "Who's the best surgeon in Lynchester?"

"Dr. Temple makes a specialty of abdominal cases; he's at the University Hospital this afternoon, if I am

not mistaken. I'll ring him up and get him to come to see your boy."

Dr. Temple's father was the president of the munition company, and also the founder of the University Hospital. Stockton had once worked out of what percentage the aggregate wages of the workmen had been "robbed" to found the institution; but now, as he sat waiting for Dr. Temple, no such trivial calculation crossed his mind. The mere refined, good-natured look of the man who stepped out of the president's little runabout less than a quarter of an hour later, brought a feeling of comfort; John had no time to remember that he was one of "classes," one whom the "masses" ought to fight as their worst enemy.

Dr. Temple's examination confirmed Dr. Fuller's diagnosis. "We must operate as soon as possible," he said, "it's the only thing to be done."

Then, seeing the look on the parents' faces, he added: "Operations are always dangerous, of course, but the youngster has a strong constitution; I've had as bad cases before, and pulled them through — worse ones too; so we've good hope of success."

Then he held a short consultation with Dr. Fuller. John and his wife stood by the bedside of their child; and it was characteristic of her to try to suppress the fear she felt, when she saw the expression with which her husband looked at the quiet little face and closed eyes.

"Dr. Temple's such a clever surgeon," she said, "I feel much more hopeful now; I'm sure he would not have spoken like that if he had not meant it."

The boy's features contracted for a moment, as if from pain.

"Jim looked much worse than that all the time before Dr. Fuller came," she went on, smoothing the tumbled hair. "He's more comfortable now — he smiled at me before he went to sleep."

Dr. Temple beckoned to John. "As it's not advis-

able" — he carefully avoided the word "impossible" — "to move the boy, we'll operate here. I'll send over the emergency apparatus, and a nurse, as soon as I can; then I'll come back with an interne. Dr. Fuller says he will administer the anesthetic." He took out his watch. "You can be back in an hour, Fuller? All right, then; I'll see you here at 7:15." Then he gave directions to the parents about preparing the sickroom and the bathroom; the familiarity and ease with which he made suggestions, and the reassuring last look he gave the little patient, inspired them with hope.

At 7:15 the ambulance was in front of the house. The doctor, a nurse, and an interne carried in a wheeled table, with accessories for dressings, packages containing overalls for the doctors, sterilized sheets, rubber gloves, cases of instruments, medicaments, and other paraphernalia. While the necessary arrangements were being made quietly and expeditiously, John said to Dr. Temple, "I can see that this must be an expensive job; but I'll undertake to pay it back soon . . . "

"Don't bother about that, now," interrupted Dr. Temple, putting a friendly hand on his shoulder. "I'm glad to be able to do it. We're in the same firm, you know," and, smiling whimsically, he gently pushed John out of the sickroom, telling him to stay downstairs with his wife, to see that the kitchen fire was kept up, to have plenty of hot water ready; "and you might muffle the door bell, and the telephone bell, so as to keep the house as quiet as possible." He made them feel that they were being useful, which is about the best comfort one can have at such times.

They carried out his directions, and then sat down to wait. The kitchen door was open. They could hear footsteps overhead, as doctors and nurse went to and fro; and water running, as hands were getting a final scrub. Then the door of the sickroom was closed. The listeners downstairs heard a murmur of voices; then nothing.

They sat there, fighting the dread which seemed to pierce their souls.

John got up and stole to the foot of the stairs; his wife followed. The sickroom drew them with an irresistible fascination, and they crept up the stairs till they could see the closed door. Soon the sickly, nauseating odor of the anesthetic reached their nostrils. John's hand tightened over his wife's.

Inside the sickroom each was at his post. The preparations has been thorough; every contingency had been provided for; the special light had been connected, and was arranged at a convenient angle. The anesthetic had taken effect normally. Dr. Temple stood over his little patient, with the operating blade in his hand. He made two slight abrasions on the white skin, one where the incision was to begin, the other where it was to end. He looked around once more, to see that all was in readiness; and then deftly and firmly pressed the razor edge into the delicate flesh.

At that moment the town clock struck eight, and all the lights went out.

There was a fierce exclamation from the sickroom; and in the horror of the darkness John Stockton realized that the men at the powerhouse had gone out.

The strike he had made was sure to succeed.

C. Amberton.

AN AUTUMN VINEYARD

I

I HAD reached the age of forty without ever having earned a cent by manual labor. Some I had performed, indeed, by way of carrying armfuls of blocks to the wood-box in the second story, and filling the coal-bucket; but these chores are part of the daily routine of a college professor, and are not rated as a merit which should lead to an increase in salary. Nearly every coddled brain-worker is assaulted at times, I think, by a vague, helpless longing to do something with his hands, to contribute to the physical productiveness of the world, even if it be only by digging a ditch. The theoretical superiority of brains to brawn suddenly seems like an illusion, and he believes for a moment that there is no true creation that is not visible to the eye. A dollar, I thought, earned by the sweat of my brow will be infinitely more filling to the spiritual pocket than one garnered from class-room benches.

It was an old idea with me, not a new one; but my vagrant impulses were mightily stiffened by the sight of others on every side finding opportunities for war service, while none appeared for me. Also, I had a slight attack of indigestion. At any rate, I left my family behind one day, and set out for the grape-growing region. It was September, and a cool one. In some years the thermometer ranges well above one hundred in the Napa Valley at this season; the grapes profit by it, but the pickers swelter. This year the weather was ideal for the workers. An early rain, unexpected in California, had damaged the prune crop a few days before, and left a frosty feeling in the mornings.

Going into Napa I caught a ride with a drayman who had been hauling sacks of cement to a State Highway

project. He said I should find work without trouble; the grape-men all the way to Calistoga were crying for hands, glad to take anyone who came.

"An' it's easy work cuttin' grapes, you know; women an' schoolboys do it, an' earn four dollars a day; a good man can make eight."

My chief perplexity had been to find work that I was physically able to do. Not that I was known to possess a floating kidney, or such other lucky ailment as Perlmutter envied when the draft law passed, but being one of the lean, stoop-shouldered, under-muscled specimens of the genus bookworm, I harbored justifiable doubts as to my ability to do a fair day's work beside a stalwart man. Hence the remarks of the drayman heartened me greatly.

Before nightfall I called at a brewery in Napa, and inquired if anyone knew where grape-pickers were wanted. Two drivers were encouraging.

"Yes, everybody's asking for pickers. D'ye want to know where you can get seven and a half cents a box? Go out to Hagen's ranch. He told me this morning he needed some men."

But when I spoke to the brewer himself, he shied. Baird, ten miles up the valley, had telephoned in asking him to get him three men if he possibly could. He looked me over, surveyed my Adam's apple, my thin legs, my khaki tramping suit, which for some reason always connotes fishing or hunting, not work, and said:

"Did you ever work on a ranch?"

"No," I confessed.

"Think you can cut grapes, though, eh?"

He vouchsafed a final glance and turned to his desk. Evidently he did not care to risk his friendship with Baird on me.

I spent the night at a real hotel — my last — and started next day to find Hagen's ranch. One of the attractions of this place for me, or such it seemed then,

was that it boarded its men. The vineyards about Napa are not close to the city. Some of the hands live near their work, others ride bicycles out from town, but I thought I needed to live where I picked. So I swung out for Hagen's ranch, which lies five miles away, against the coast range that forms the east side of the fertile valley. It was a glorious morning to be walking along a fine road in the bright sunshine, between small farms, orchards and dairies. Huge live-oaks were spaced over the roundly swelling hills, whose contour, soft yet firm, is like no other region in the world but the coast range of California. Prune orchards stretched for long distances; a few growers were still gathering the remnants of their partially spoiled crop, taking down the trays from the stacks where they had been piled to protect the fruit from the rain, and laying them in the sun. The yellow plums, gradually to darken and wrinkle into plebeian prunes, formed rich masses of color on the brown of the fallen leaves. The houses were the tidy homes of the well-to-do, and rare was the farm without its garage beside the barn.

I came to vineyards, but the small ones had no provision for keeping men. At a cross-roads I met a huge four-horse wagon spilling over with lush boxes of grapes, and stopped to pass a word with the driver. He assured me that Hagen's ranch was sorely in need of men, and that it boarded its help. I went on.

To a vigorous man, accustomed to knock about the world, my emotions during the walk to Hagen's ranch will be incomprehensible. I was going there to find a job, of course, and my feet carried me thither over a long and toilsome road. But all the while I hoped and prayed that there might be no men needed there, just as a boy with the toothache prays the dentist may be sick abed. Yet for the time being, my spiritual salvation depended on my doing a day's work in the fields. If I did not, I was a coward, a weakling, a good-for-nothing parasite

on the face of the earth, and self-respect would take its departure from me forever.

Hagen's ranch is, or has been, a magnificent country estate. It lies at the very end of the Ranch Road, right against the foothills. At the gateway the road divides into two drives, shaded by enormous eucalypti; one leads to the house, an imposing manor, and the other to the farm-buildings. It was almost noon, and a cart was returning from the fields. The driver was not sure if pickers were needed; I should see the boss. I rode to the barn on the cart, and there the hands were gathering for lunch. A one-eyed outcast led the gang, then came two clean appearing Jewish lads, then a caste laborer greasy from top to toe. Where was the boss? He lived in a little house at the end of an alley, and I started between the whitewashed walls to find him.

At that moment my courage was excellent, but on the way I had to pass the bunkhouse where the hands slept. I caught a glimpse of a half-dark interior, of some cots laid end to end, covered with dirty quilts. In my brain flashed a visualization of the same interior at night, with the door closed; of the odors that might arise from the hobo on one side and the greasy overalls on the other; of possible, even probable inhabitants who never left the beds, even by day. It turned me sick. A soldier from the trenches would have esteemed such dry lodging a paradise; to me, fresh from a home as neat as modest, where a bag of lavender sometimes found its way under my pillow, it spelled inferno. I went on through the alley, I passed the bonded winery, I emerged at the far end, but I never interviewed the boss, nor even set eyes upon his dwelling. Instead, I turned sharp across the face of the big mansion, and, hoping not to be seen by the men who had directed me, I legged it — oh, I made time, I assure you! — down the other driveway to the gate.

What a cheap craven I felt as I slunk down hill, how

I cursed myself for a quitter, no one has ever known. But oh! what a weight was off my heart! How my strides lengthened out, and how the fenceposts flew by! I would have respected myself more had I known then that more experienced hearts than mine have quailed at the ranch bunkhouse and its inmates. Wise migratory field-hands carry a blanket roll and sleep in the fields.

At the turn into the Napa highway, by a curious chance, I came upon the same grape-wagon driver who had directed me to Hagen's two hours before. He was going home empty, and hailed me with surprise.

"Didn't you make a go of it at Hagen's?" he shouted, reining in his team.

"No," said I.

"That's strange. I don't understand it. He telephoned me last night to know if he could have some of my men. Well, perhaps he's got somebody since. Still, it's strange!"

I had no answer, and he drove away with the mystery.

Before night, by dint of walking and catching rides, I reached St. Helena, seventeen miles north of Napa. Experience had taught me that it was not a country ranch I needed, but a vineyard near enough town so that I could room there.

II

St. Helena is a green, homey village with one paved street, one American hotel, and one American restaurant (conducted by a Greek). It lies in the very center of the grape country. Before reaching it, I had passed through miles and miles of vines, hung with luscious clusters of white and purple fruit. Stevenson, who looked to this Napa Valley to replace the dying vintages of Europe, could never have imagined that a man-made blight was to threaten the nascent industry over whose future he lingered with such loving thought. After all, the only consequence of prohibition which the world can properly

regret is the artistic loss, the loss of the ancient art of wine-making.

I found a room at a Portuguese lodging-house, for fifty cents — a huge front room, a real bridal chamber, a seventy-five cent room, the pleasant little Azorean told me, but as I was a workingman I could have it for fifty. And it was clean as clean. He said, too, that if I wished to work in the grapes, I had only to find Rico, the fruit-stand man, who made a business of finding help for the growers.

Next morning, sure enough, Rico, the stout beery-faced Spaniard, was standing on the corner in front of his fruit-stall, looking for men. A job? Yes; he paid seven and a half cents a box. Begin right away. The vineyard was in the very town, only five blocks from where we stood. He drove me out in his buggy, lent me one of the short, hooked, grape-knives, presented me with a tally-slip to keep track of the number of boxes filled, and showed me the rudiments of the trade. The truth was that labor was scarce on account of the war, and the crop was near rotting. But wages had not risen noticeably.

I was at work by 8:30 that day. The vines covered about ten acres, behind a neat white house on the main road. When I began, there were only two other persons in the field, a young Spanish couple who had come over from Santa Rosa "for the grapes," and were lodged at the house. They were professional laborers, built short and square, faithful and tireless. The woman was no whit behind her husband, in cutting or carrying. Rico told me to follow their lead, and I did my best, but that was far behind.

I am built too far from the ground to cut grapes. I had to bend over to reach the vines, while the Spaniards stood erect. At the end of an hour the big muscles up and down either side of my spine felt like two raw nerves. In fact, for two months after I could not work with com-

fort in my Morris chair; at the least bend forward, my back began to speak to me of the grapes. Still, I cut steadily all the first day, taking only half an hour off to eat some bread and cheese. I timed myself to see how many boxes I could fill in an hour. I never made more than four; that would total forty boxes in a ten-hour day, but I could not hold the average. I tried to learn the knack by watching the Spaniards. They did not seem extraordinarily quick of hand. They had to stop and pull the leaves aside, just as I did; they too had to hunt sometimes to find the right stem. But what they did not do was to pause. They never straightened up to ease their backs a minute, or to wipe the sweat away. It seemed no time at all before one of them was toting a full box to the end of the row, there to await the wagon which should load them and cart them to the winery.

Carrying the full boxes to the roadway was my *bête noire*. A box of grapes, when the hands are paid by the box, is supposed to weigh fifty pounds net, and the tare may run to ten pounds. To lift such a box and carry it bodily forty or fifty feet, and repeat in fifteen minutes, was too much for me. I dragged mine by one end, bumping over the clods, and the Spaniards looked askance upon me.

Early in the afternoon a wagon visited the field to take away a load of boxes. The driver was a green youth, with plenty of confidence. It was no business of his to load the boxes into the wagon, and he knew it. "Who's loading these boxes?" he shouted as he rattled down the lane.

The Spanish girl asked me if I was going to load, for her husband had left the field a moment. I told her no; I wasn't paid to load. In truth I would as lief have undertaken to swim San Francisco bay in a south storm, for the wagons are built with the floors extremely high from the ground.

"What about that guy with the whiskers? Ain't he

goin' to load?" the driver sang out in my general direction. No one answered. "Well, he won't pick grapes here very long if he don't." I made no sign of hearing. Humiliations were coming my way that day, but humiliation is good for the soul, and I devoured it gladly. When the Spaniard returned, he loaded his own and his wife's boxes. Mine remained on the ground.

I quit at 5:30. The Spaniards worked on till dusk. As I dragged to my room I passed Rico, still standing on his corner, redder than ever, — there is a saloon beside his fruit-stall, — still scanning the street for help.

"What's your score, for a green hand?" he hailed me.

"Thirty boxes."

He laughed. "Did you cut yourself any?"

I showed him a few slashes on my left thumb. He laughed again.

"You'll do better to-morrow."

Rico was a bad prophet, but he did me one good turn that day. He directed me to the Railroad Hotel as a good place for a laborer to eat; and there, seated at a clean white oil-clothed table, between a fireman and a freight clerk, I had for thirty-five cents a savory, satisfying meal of real Italian cooking that palliated the discomfort of being absent from home. The Railroad Hotel was my goal at breakfast and suppertime thereafter.

I did not sleep soundly that night, contrary to the received belief as to the reward of honest toil. The second day was hard. I was at the field by eight, and stayed till quarter to six. I had thought to gain skill with experience, but it did not prove so. We ran into worse picking, where the bunches were smaller and the leaves heavy and troublesome. I made only thirty-four boxes in that long day, while the Spaniards cut fifty apiece. Rico sent a fourth worker to us, Bob McCown, a veteran American day-laborer. He was paid by the day, was made boss of the field, with authority to oversee the

others, and in addition he was to load all the boxes. Thus I escaped from the *impasse* of loading.

That was fortunate for me, because the wagon-driver on the second day was no irresponsible stripling, but the owner of the vineyard himself. Till then I had not known, nor cared to inquire, whose vintage it was that we were harvesting. A trim, modest farm, I had supposed it might belong to some prosperous barber, or a retired schoolmistress. Not so; the owner was Jean Got, a French teamster of about forty, a tall, spare man with aquiline nose, black moustache and the eye of a task-master. He had emigrated with hardly a cent, had slaved all his life, had bought his farm by tiny savings, and he was not now one to let a copper slip from him. Technically, Rico had charge of cutting his vineyard, but Got knew the value of the master's eye, and oversaw his fields with the tireless sharpness of one who knows he can perform any task in them better than the incumbent. He signalized his advent by casting his veteran glance down the rows we had already cut, and pointing out our shortcomings.

"Come boys, pick clean, pick clean. Look at dat," holding up a missed bunch. "Grapes are wort' money dis year, an' I don' want to lose one. Watch de Spaniards, pick like dem." He scolded Bob McCown for having put in a few unripe grapes which he regarded as "second crop," to be picked a month later. Me he accused of contributing some bunches that had begun to spoil. When he came to my boxes of the day before, he threw out four of them as underweight, and added their contents to the others. He was right, as the event and the winery receipt proved, but it was galling.

All the pickers knew that he was making more money this year than he had ever dreamed of. Only a few years before the growers had been content with ten dollars a ton; last year, the first of the war for the United States, they had received $25 and thought themselves in clover;

this year they were being paid $40 and $45 a ton. But no increase in pay had come to the hands.

"What makes this fellow so skimping?" said I to Bob. "Does he want to get rich all in a great big hurry?"

"They're all like that" he said simply. "And more when they've been mule-skinners all their lives."

I began to have a more sympathetic understanding of the Bolshevik point of view. Of their *points* of view, let me say; of the one they hold when they are under dogs, and of the changed one that is so quickly theirs when they become masters. For the muscle-workers, whom Tolstoy idealized, have, unfortunately, no more self-restraint than the capitalists. They too want all they can get, not all they deserve. In the vines, skilled laborers like the two Spaniards were earning about $3.75 in a hard day of some eleven hours. At the same moment, green hands in the shipyards were drawing $7.90 for allowing their names to remain on the payroll, while they played craps behind a logpile. But the latter have since struck for higher wages.

In the afternoon Got's daughter, a buxom high-school girl, came out to earn some pin-money by picking for a couple of hours. She gaily cut six boxes to my four without a drop of perspiration. My record at the end of the day was thirty-four boxes.

That night I slept still less. The third day we ran into some Zinfandels, a dark purple grape highly esteemed for wine, but growing in small clusters. Moreover, half of these were spoiled, and had to be rejected. The hands were agreed that we had struck an exceptionally slow field. I decided to knock off at noon on the following day, and go home. There were some affairs there needing my attention, but they would hardly have seemed so urgent, if I had not proved such a failure as a picker. Even for the sake of a muscle-earned dollar, I could not bring myself to work longer for $2.50 a day, $1.25 of which went for board and room.

Next morning, therefore, when I passed the ruddy Rico on his corner, I told him I meant to draw my pay that noon, and asked if I should find him in at that time. He was, as I have said, the contractor for the field, and responsible for the wages. Yet, to my surprise, he told me to see Got for the pay. He, Rico, was going to the hills for all day. "See Got about it, he will fix you up," were his words.

Another morning of declining score! Eleven boxes, the slimmest half-day's record any able-bodied grape-cutter ever checked off! Just before noon, I took my sorry, grimy tally-slip to the field boss, and Bob could not suppress a little sniff, although he was an inexpressive man.

"One hundred and seven boxes in three days and a half! Got won't think you're cheating him."

He signed me a certificate that I had picked that number of boxes in that number of days, and said his responsibility ended there. I carried the certificate to Got, who was in the field, and asked for my long-awaited dollars. He replied that he could pay me nothing without an order from Rico.

"But Rico told me you would attend to it. And he has left town for all day."

"I don' know nuttin' 'bout wot he tol' you" replied the wiry dark Frenchman, "but I can't pay you nuttin' 'thout an order from Rico. You see, he has de contrac'. I haf to protec' myself."

I began to fear these two old cronies were in league to fleece me.

"No, no, don' you worry 'bout your money. Your money ees *right* in de house dere, waitin' for you. You bring me an order from Rico, an' if he's gone, Mrs. Rico tens to hees beesness for him. You go see her. You'll see it'll be all right. Everybody in town knows me, Jean Got; you ask de firs' man you meet on de sidewalk, he'll tell you Got always pays. Your money ees waitin' for you, *right* in de house."

I went back to the fruit-stall, found Mrs. Rico, who fortunately knew me by sight, from previous days, and gave her Bob's certificate and the tally-slip. On that evidence she made me out an order on Got for pay for one hundred and seven boxes. All that remained was to extract the money from the narrow-mouthed pocket of the Frenchman.

Five blocks back to the house once more. Got was outside. His first move was to multiply seven and a half by one hundred and seven, and get the same total I had. Then he told me to ask Bob to step up from the field. What more had Bob to do with the transaction? I did not know; neither did he, and he didn't like the looks of it.

"What does that mule-skinner want now?" he growled, as we came up together. "My responsibility ended when I signed your paper."

"I give it up," said I; "but if he makes as much fuss every time he pays a hand he'll waste a lot of hours at it."

"He'd better not make a fuss over paying me. I'd make the town hot for him. But I don't want to get into any trouble about your pay. I want to work for him the rest of this week."

"I don't anticipate any trouble," said I. "He just hates to shell out, that's all."

When we reached the house, Got had his canvas cash-bag in hand, but his face wore a worried look.

"I can pay you eight dollars an' two cents all right," he said, "but how'm I goin' to pay de half cent?"

"It's legally three cents," said I.

"Yes, eight dollars an' three cents," he sighed. Then he began a search for coppers and found none. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,* I haven't any *p'tite monnaie.* Can you change a nickel?"

I was sorry, but I could not.

"Laure," he called to his wife, "*as-tu des sous?*" No,

she had none. Neither had Bob. Neither had a high-school boy who appeared just then, wishing to pick.

"I mus' go to de bank dis afternoon an' get a lot of pennies for de hans. But wot am I goin' to do 'bout dis?"

"If you were real generous, you might make it five cents straight," I said. I was near bursting with inward laughter, and I pummeled Bob gently in the back as I stood beside him. But the boss never let his face quiver.

"I will, I will make it five cents," said Got, and, seizing a pencil, he altered the figures on the receipt which he had prepared.

The next step was for Bob to sign the receipt. Then I signed it. Then Got paid the money into Bob's hand, coin by coin; then Bob paid it into mine in like manner. Thus was completed a curious old-world financial ceremony, smacking of days before the invention of checks.

At that juncture I chanced, in running my hand into my pocket, to feel there a stray copper. I offered it to the grape-grower.

"Here," I said, with bitter irony in my soul, "here is one cent that I have found after all. Take it, and so you will have paid me only eight dollars and four cents."

Got accepted the cent without hesitation, or even thanks, and thrust it in his bag. I cast a glance at Bob, but he did not even look at me. He was busy engaging the new boy. The trait had not the interest of novelty to him.

In this manner did I come into possession of my first muscle-earned dollar. And really, I could not see that it was more filling to the pocket than any other kind, in spite of Tolstoy's teachings. Certainly it bought no more shoes, even spiritual shoes, than a class-room dollar. But it did cure indigestion.

By a College Professor

THE POLITICS OF PROHIBITION

VIVIDLY is the letter remembered. It was an innocent looking little billet, scratched on a sheet torn from a school child's pad, such as every conspicuous candidate receives, rarely reads, and answers with a "form" made up of blatant flatteries and dodging generalities. But it received no such indifferent attention: for with all the insouciance of a pleasant howdy-do, it put forward a question that made the candidate's correspondence clerk and then the candidate himself stop and ponder.

"If elected will you support, and, if opportunity offers, vote for national prohibition?"

That was a year or so before national prohibition was taken seriously by anyone except its immediate promoters — and candidates for office. No customary political rhodomontade went forth as a reply, to roorback and become a Hamlet's ghost. With that divining eye of political mediumship the letter was seen to belong to the few coming into the headquarters which could not be answered by other than a simple "yes" or "no" or something clearly tantamount.

It went to the files unanswered, as did many like ones that came in droves daily for several weeks. Each was from a voter who had perfect right to propound the inquiry. The question was not put in exactly the same way by any two. Often a letter would contain expressions on other subjects, and frequently would be the conveyor of fine good will toward the candidate — personally. There was no outward indication that any one of the letters was inspired; yet everyone of them was all but worded by shrewd political experts.

Virtually every candidate for legislative office during the past eight or ten years faced the same clever and

insidious bombardment of interrogation. Often the question was pressed verbally, — as usually happened in the cases of candidates seeking places in State legislatures, — by near neighbors and close personal friends. In whatever form presented, it was rarely put rantingly or arbitrarily, nor was it usually accompanied by threats or arguments.

"I don't anticipate the question arising during my term," an uncertain candidate sometimes would reply.

"It may not," the inquisitor — perhaps a clergyman of good repute or a layman noted for religiosity — would respond. "But, my dear Brother Jones, if it should —"

Or the candidate might hedge with the old campaign evasion, "It is not an issue."

"No great moral question should ever be a campaign issue," the constituent would say, "and the best way to keep this one from so becoming is for you to give affirmative reply to my question."

Regardless of how the candidate answered, his opponent would be similarly catechized. Neither would be asked to commit himself publicly for national prohibition: for those who engineered national prohibition always endeavored to keep the subject from being an open campaign issue. It wasn't because they always feared the popular vote: it was easier and simpler to get the movement over in another way.

The point at which most pre-election maneuvering aimed, was to get all competing candidates to line up quietly for prohibition.

After the letter bombardment had failed, the State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League called personally on the candidate who figures in the opening of this article. His approach was calm, courteous, and practical. His bearing was that of a man who wouldn't scorn a social drink, and was borne out by the interview in which there was no mention of Demon Rum.

"We have a better organization than have the liquor

people," he said, glancing at a map on the wall. "Theirs is confined to the communities where they still do business; ours is there, too, and also in all the other communities from which saloons and the saloon trade have been driven. Candidly we can deliver you the most votes, and we would like to give them to you because you can be trusted. Remember we stand by our folks."

"But suppose I ignore both of you, and make my campaign on issues in which the bulk of the people are more interested?" the candidate asked. The dapper superintendent merely shrugged his shoulders.

The candidate lost the election.

It is significant to note that when national prohibition came to a vote in the Congress of which the candidate would have been a member, had he won, each of his State's members of House and Senate, with a lone exception, voted aye on the amendment. Oddly the exception was the only one of the lot who in seeking election had taken pronounced position on national prohibition — and he was against it! But everyone of the others, you may be assured, was tied up tighter than any audience committee ever bound Houdini, and long before the amendment came to a vote. Some were personally opposed to the amendment, and while voting for it undoubtedly prayed silently for its defeat.

Why did they, like many others torn by a similar conflict of impulse, vote against their convictions? Crassly it was because they had to; and they had to because they are human beings.

A majority of the electorate represented by no one of them would vote either for or against any one of the men because of the stand taken on national prohibition. No majority of an electorate thus represented had ever cast its vote with the prohibition idea chiefly in mind.

Here's the crux of the enigma: the back-home minority that could be counted on to put national prohibition over and above all other questions was larger and more

vigilant and more determined than the counter minority whose opposition to national prohibition took precedence of all other considerations.

Legislators are only normal humans who like to hold their jobs or get better ones. This elemental of politics, the Anti-Saloon League, copying in large part from the tactics of the liquor interests, formed the basic principle on which national prohibition was maneuvered. When you remember that barring referendums the assent of only about 3,500 properly located individuals is needed to amend the Constitution of the United States, you will realize how wise the League was in thinking of our legislative machinery in terms of individuals. If you don't believe this, figure it out on the basis of the number of persons making up Congress and the State Legislatures.

The combined membership of House and Senate is 531; a two-thirds membership, 354. The total membership of the State Legislatures is approximately 7,250, or an average of about 150 per State. Thus only about 2,700 individual votes, barring referendums, are necessary to the ratification of an Amendment. But only two-thirds of a quorum in each House of Congress is necessary to bringing about the submission of an Amendment, and a great many Legislatures, which ratify by majority votes, contain fewer than 150 members — though some contain as many as several hundred. By figuring on only what could happen, it may be shown that it is possible, though by no means probable, for about 2,100 individuals to amend, emasculate or abolish the Federal Constitution. This would mean a bare two-thirds of a net quorum vote in Congress and ratification by the three-fourths of the States having the numerically smallest legislative bodies. Ordinarily the process requires the votes of between 3,000 and 3,500 persons, who, of course must be properly distributed in Congress and the Legislatures.

There is no intent here to criticize the managers of the Anti-Saloon League. This humble student of political

method has the highest admiration for them and their skill, nor does he consider illegitimate the methods employed by them. This complex system of Government we enjoy renders political generalship a necessary counter against political anarchy. And such generalship — though when we object to it, we call it manipulation — is essential in the successful promotion of any political movement, good or bad. It is not improbable that Madison and Hamilton made it so in order that the scarcity of high skill might serve to prevent hasty and ill-advised changes.

When the League Superintendent already mentioned told the candidate that his crowd stood by its folks, he disclosed what was perhaps the most vital precept underlying the League's strategy. For the average American is inclined to entertain the Utopian view that official rectitude finds, like virtue, sufficient reward and protection in the doing.

"What he did was only his duty," he says after the mayhap unpopular thing is done on his urging, "then why should I dig into my pocket and give my time toward protecting the fellow from the antagonisms his virtuous performance aroused?"

Such an attitude of blended ingratitude and indifference has rarely been assumed by interests that prevailed on public men to do something that was clearly wrong.

The Anti-Saloon League didn't scorn the worth-while lessons taught by the records of political corruption. It borrowed ad libitum from the intellectual storehouse of the very interests it sought to destroy.

"Vote with us," the legislator was assured, "and you may depend on it we won't leave you to sink or swim alone; we'll exert every resource we have in protecting your individual interests."

Those resources were immense, not in the way of money, so far as this writer knows, yet ample there, he suspects; but in ways more important to the legislator

than mere funds. They could "deliver" the votes and influence of persons far more valuable to a candidate than were the saloonists and their direct following. League votes were made many times more than ordinarily powerful by a carefully formed organization, to the construction of which more than a quarter of a century's time was given.

The corner stone of that organization was a big majority of the Protestant pulpits. The beams and pillars consisted of prohibition sentiments lying outside as well as within the direct sway of the churches. Somewhere in the structure there was found place for all the odds and ends of anti-liquor opinion. It was all co-ordinated and so bound together that it had to function as a whole for national prohibition, regardless of whether many parts of it were so extremely inclined.

The shrewdest detail move of all was a selection of a name at the beginning. "Anti-Saloon" squared with the sentiments of the old-time temperance advocate, the W. C. T. U., and with those of almost every individual and organization making war on alcohol. It went much further, for it brought within the fold even those persons without religious or other fervor against alcoholic drinks *per se* but who did oppose the open saloon.

None of the temperance organizations could well countenance the active co-operation of men who indulged in drink. Even a bartender could work with the Anti-Saloon League whose very name was answer to its critics.

And by way of parenthesis it should be noted that for long the League pitched its program not on enforced abstinence but on the abolition of the saloon. There is some question as to whether it came voluntarily to view the subject with the all-exclusive severity lately evident in its policy. Anyway, the public may thank anti-prohibition leaders for originating the form of "bone dry" prohibition now coming to prevail. For many years the "Antis" defied the "Prohis" to enact "real"

prohibition, which was produced first in a big way by the so-called Reed Amendment. That Amendment was fathered by one of the bitterest opponents of national prohibition, and was opposed by some of the movement's strongest supporters. And the prohibitionists were surprised no less than were the liquorites when actual tests showed that the public could and would submit to statutes that make virtually any form of alcoholic indulgence a violation of law. After-tests, that were promoted more or less insincerely by the liquor people, proved that extreme measures would not, or at least did not, promote the violent reactions the prohibition leaders always feared. Then the Anti-Saloon League naturally "went the limit." Really it could not do otherwise, or others less unselfishly inclined would have ridden the crest of the wave, and thereby wrested from the League its scepter of leadership. For proof of the basic contention here made, witness the Hobson Amendment, which for long was the League's national prohibition proposal. It only forbade the manufacture for sale and the sale of intoxicants, and, as construed by its author, left everyone free to go back to the practice of a century or two ago, when many people made what they drank.

The fact that the League approached with hesitant caution extremism that damned most of the proscriptive movements of the past, shows that it was not, as many think, ever guided by fanaticism. Of course, fanaticism was made use of, as was every other emotion that could be reduced to functional harmony with the League's program. But no psychiatrist would rate the men making up the powerful quadrilateral of the prohibition movement, with the fanatical type. They are as level-headed a group of men as ever directed a campaign, one being a good deal of a genius for money raising, another for law, another for organization, and another for legislation. They were in at the birth of the League, in a little Ohio college town, twenty-five years ago, and have since directed its affairs

with the sternness of autocrats and the tact of courtiers. And in view of the later denominational line-up, it is curious to note, as an aside, that the seed of suggestion from which grew the most powerful single purpose political organization this country ever knew, dropped from the fruitful mind of Archbishop Ireland.

In this particular, the course of the League's managers has partaken of the fanatical: They concentrated on the one object of prohibition; in the language of political slang, they "single shotted." It might be difficult to learn their views on any one of the numerous big political questions which for a quarter of a century have been companions to that of prohibition.

And in building up their organization they sought especially those persons who would follow their example. They never worried over that nebulous, perhaps unattainable, certainly undeterminable, thing we glorify under the words "popular majorities." What they wanted was a minority whose political actions would be governed by one thing and that alone, prohibition.

They got it, and thus came in possession of a "balance of power" that now can be made to decide the immediate fortunes of three-fourths of the public men in the country.

In that every-thing-for-prohibition minority, numerical strength is only the second item of power. In the successful wielding of such a force, distribution is far more important than numbers.

While the impulses that inspired individuals to dedicate without reservation their suffrages to the League are not wholly uniform throughout the country, probably they are more nearly so than any others that could be similarly used for another purpose.

The elemental emotions, manipulated most capably by the League, are as common in one place as another. And, speaking of elemental emotions, an analysis would show that, aside from the religious fervor for enforced temperance developed for generations in the more ag-

gressive Protestant churches, the one which proved most helpful to the League was the rather ugly one of Hate.

The sober or non-sober man who held a grudge against intoxicants because of some injury to him or his, was perhaps the League's most helpful confederate. For he usually fought with a zeal exceeding even that of religion. And when it is remembered that there are not many family trees from which no skeleton of drunkenness dangles you will understand how powerful was that force when capably organized. If we could root out the motives underlying every Congressional and legislative vote for national prohibition, we might be amazed at the number that were prompted by close-home inebriety.

But the League in carrying on its propaganda avoided the mistake made by the erstwhile temperance movements, in "playing up" the "reformed drunkard." They made use of him, but mostly for emotional purposes only.

Aside from its psychology, motive worried the managers of the League very little. Like Kipling's man and his fun, they took help wherever it could be found. Those who offered to lend a hand were never asked why they came. A lawyer who for many years was a high-priced lobbyist for the liquor people suffered dismissal when his employers decided he was no longer worth the money. "Damn 'em, I'll get even," he declared; forthwith putting himself at the disposal of the Anti-Saloon League. He, despite quite a reputation for light-living, immediately began to appear, frock-coated but without the slightest pretension of religious conversion, in some of the most respectable pulpits in the country.

A former Governor who was long among the League's bitterest opponents, turned over-night into a supporter — after figuring in a sensational episode that became public.

Such men were taken in with open arms, without, as in the old days, first being referred to the Penitent's Corner. And "converts" like them furnished the League

a species of "know how" that often was the sole property of its opponents.

For the liquor people, being able to hire expert brains, usually exhibited the best specimens of political jugglery, by which they probably delayed at least for several years the sweep of the tide that ingulfed them. But sleight-of-hand will never in the end defeat concentrated zeal and fervor intelligently directed.

In one State where details of the fight are familiar to the writer, the League had a majority of the Legislature under its thumb for ten years, without being able to use it more than once. So cleverly was it out-juggled by the liquor people that finally the prohibitionists had to resort to the bold expedient of striking. The "Prohis" walked out of the Legislature, without adjournment, forcing an extra session on which there could be no time-limit. Then the liquorites surrendered; for they knew that no kind of strategy would defeat the patience of the "Prohis."

It was the zeal of a group of voters, in almost every precinct, that would cast away every political consideration under the sun, in favor of prohibition, — that made the success of the movement inevitable, regardless of whether a majority of the people favored it.

"So long as we could rally our friends, we could defeat them," said an authoritative distiller to the writer. "At first it was easy, but they wouldn't stay defeated. We had to make the fight at every session of the Legislature. Their crowd would increase in both numbers and energy. With them it was largely a matter of emotion, with us one of thought. While our friends didn't change their opinions, they got tired of being called on so frequently."

In the writer's opinion, the war and the absence of thousands of men at the front, expedited only by from one to three years the coming of national prohibition. The war gave the prohibition leaders a new talking point and enabled them to draw striking contrasts, — particu-

larly as to consumption of food products and employment of labor in the production of intoxicants, — that were not so impressive in peace times. No doubt the Anti-Saloon League made extra effort to bring about ratification while the fever of war-making was on, and before the millions of Americans who were in Europe, could return. But the chief incentive no doubt lay in the conviction that they had the Legislatures then in existence "sewed up." Few members of those Legislatures had been chosen openly with regard to national prohibition. New ones inevitably would have had to face the issue — and the prohibitionists would have been fools not to have recognized and acted upon the value attaching to a bird in hand.

Many wonder at national prohibition coming so suddenly. It was perfectly natural: after liquor was driven from more than one-half the country, national aridity was as certain as the moon. This was because opposition necessarily centered in the liquor trade. Wherever that trade ceased to be, there was nothing around which opposition, no matter how theoretically existent, could revolve. Whenever a congressional district, for example, "went dry," those opposed to prohibition began to measure Congressional candidates by other than proscriptive yard sticks. But the ardent prohibitionists, whose spirits were steadily reinfused by the Anti-Saloon League organization, didn't do likewise; they became even more exacting, and more arbitrarily vigilant. Thus they always constituted a block of votes, which, though it may have been proportionately small, could decide the political life or death of most candidates, because there was no countering block of votes. Under those conditions, the bulk of folks opposing national prohibition on principle naturally let the prohibitionists have their way.

Nine times out of ten the political parties pursued a standing-aside policy, which made it easier for the League to handle them jointly through the back doors

than singly through the front. In party platforms it preferred omission to approval.

While the "Antis" usually were quicker thinkers their vision never equalled that of the prohibitionists. They simply wouldn't believe national prohibition a probability, and centered their efforts on holding as much piecemeal territory as they could. Meantime the Anti-Saloon League was pledging — on vague but ultimately concrete "ifs" — candidates for legislatures no one else scarcely dreamed would be called on to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment. Thus we had the rather odd spectacle of at least one Legislature refusing to pass State prohibition laws, and hastening to ratify the Federal enactment — and both by overwhelming vote. It is reasonable to infer that many members were pledged — and rather honestly — to both sides.

Let it be said in conclusion that there is no attempt here to assert that a majority of the people in the United States don't want national prohibition. The writer believes that now they are going to have it anyhow, a majority really wants it — at least experimentally. It made no difference whether a majority wanted it; for it isn't majorities, but minorities, which count in this Government of ours. All the majorities we ever have are nothing more than combinations of minorities.

I wonder what would happen if all the drunkards of the land were to organize, and for twenty-five years cast every one of their votes to the single end of popularizing drunkenness, politically.

But there is nothing to give their opponents lasting worry in mobile minorities and "balances of power"; for it takes more than a statute or even a Constitutional Amendment to put anything over permanently. Witness the fate of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Aaron Hardy Ulm.

ON HAVING THE MEASLES

AT the height of awkwardness — and pathetically humorous awkwardness at that — lies the attempt of an adult to adjust himself to some inevitable tragedy of youth. I know: for I once had the measles just as I reached what I had hoped would be my year of discretion.

I arrived home for a hasty bread and milk luncheon and my mail. There were people to be telephoned to, appointments to be made. After two weeks of feeble and frenzied assistance in a campaign for "the cause" I did not wonder at the ache in my head or my sudden dizziness. But head suggested hat.

"Mother," I asked, "has the hat that I'm to wear at the big meeting Monday come?"

"How red you are!" commented my mother by way of reply.

"But the hat?"

"Is your throat sore?" she persisted with the irritating serenity of the experienced.

An hour later I was lying in bed refusing to take castor oil and cursing the measles.

"Bosh!" said the man with the thermometer, "First remedy for all ailments. Easy to take. No case of measles should be without it. But it's not the fault of the measles that you're here. You've been neglecting yourself." And he glowered at me accusingly.

But his glowering affected my usually bellicose nature not at all. It was so graciously pleasant just to wriggle my toes against smooth linen. Toes that were free from tight but dusty shoes. Just as I was free to let my mind kick off its shackles of "point three: to make business men sign "here" and "call Mrs. Sullivan at ten," and wriggle.

Or I could lie with mind and body still and luxuriously lumpish.

Then callers had to come and spoil it all. But they only hesitated at the door long enough to wish me luck. Soon a man tacked on the house a sign which proclaimed my affliction in bold-faced type. And after that I was avoided with a discretion that I rejoiced in.

Later the afternoon sun beat upon the closed shades of my window, and I lay, with feverish heat within and without, praying for the night. You remember that thing of Shelley's,

> Swiftly come over the western wave,
> Spirit of night.

That was my ritual.

The heat brought snatches of remembrances of duties never to be performed and small ambitions never to be satisfied. The world that I had dropped out of beat about me. And the coming of night, which had been supplicated with due regard to all mysteries, brought with it only a tightening of the throat and the restlessness of thirst.

People whom I seemed to have known came and went. They were curiously objectified like the cabbage roses upon the border of the wall paper, that picked up their skirts and danced in an oddly familiar rhythm. To but one thing of this world did I cling — a large thermos carafe of iced water which was at my side. It had the appearance of resting upon a table, but in reality it was floating detachedly in the air. The carafe in a way testified to my independence of the struggling world that put thermometers and orange juice into my protesting mouth and couldn't even keep away the afternoon sun.

One night the solution of all my difficulties came. I had only to assert my detachment, to be entirely quit of this bothersome business of poking spoons and stifling suns. The carafe was my symbol. I had only to set it firmly in mid-air and I should be free.

The crash brought the whole family to my bedside — mother with her hair in curlers, father in those pink pajamas which make him look like the king of the Cannibal Isles, post-missionary period, and my young brother with his fists in his eyes. I was shivering slightly. The fever, they said, was gone.

Why bore you with the details of a well vaselined convalescence? But my last conversation with the doctor might be interesting.

Now here you are — or should be — expecting me to retire from the scene of my domestic confidences with a happy phrase of the doctor's, and here I am digging my chin in your shoulder and calling for a "moral" in a voice much like that of the peppery Duchess who is famed for her verses on home training for the boy. Isn't it annoyingly life-like? I insist upon stopping to suggest some other kinds of measles that people frequently have, beside the German and civilized varieties that are so well known to every wild-eyed parent who has concealed a pill in jelly.

There are many sorts of measles which a few, resting upon the mother wisdom of a judicial or pedagogical position, can detect with the same irritating assurance with which my mother put me to bed and called the doctor. But they cannot always call the doctor.

For instance: suppose I had been born to be a Colorado miner boy, or a New York girl who made paper flowers by the gross. Suppose that I had been put to work so early that to me education was a vague memory of spitballs and the multiplication table, that I had been forced to work because my parents were prematurely aged, as a consequence of their having worked when they were too young. Suppose my mental resistence is farther weakened by long hours and short pay. Then I am irritated by the germ of the "older anarchy," that is: by the violence of my employer and his hired detectives and other

gunmen. The result you can predict easily. I have a severe attack of the measles of social revolt.

Immediately then I am cut off from the old, familiar world: for my disease is contagious. Politicians poke "jam and judicious advice" down me with an argumentative spoon. I am labeled "Anarchist" or "I. W. W." or "Syndicalist," and strictly avoided so that the world may continue soft for "democracy."

But I, I care not a whit. For I am rejoiced in my measles and am waving the red flag in the rhythm of my fevered pulse. I rejoice in my enforced isolation, calling it "class consciousness." And I stand upon my soap box, praying, with due regard to Marxian ritual, for the coming of the night of social revolution. What wonder that I am eager to test the theories that I have woven by some breakage with the world, some sabotage. But the result is not like that which attended the breaking of the carafe. There are other breakages, too, — perhaps my moral strength, perhaps my spirit, surely my heart. And breakages such as these are costly.

I have heard of individuals who have been cured of the measles of social revolt. We have all seen the remedies advertized in the newspapers alongside of painkillers. Instead of whiskey, all these "patent" cures have as a basis the Economic Summersault, which effects the exchange of the character of one class or century for another. Then there is the well known Billy Sundae which, with pesudo-religious ice-cream and sentimental chocolate sauce succeeds in smothering the illness. But it occasionally smothers the soul of the patient as well.

These remedies are in no wise preventive. And now that every one, from Christian Scientists to political health boards and from Johns Hopkins' graduates to midwives, is chortling about prevention, it is clearly needful that we put our ear to the ground. While listening we can consider that, even as curative remedies, the three mentioned above are sadly deficient. They

can cure, it is true, but only under forced or hot-house conditions.

There are many other kinds of measles. There are moral measles and literary measles, which break out in sporadic, scarlet spots like imagist verse.

Then there is that measles of the soul which most of us contract at some period or other. It comes to some of us in the eagerness of our youth, which is perplexed by the multitude of terrible and inexplicable facts in a clover field wet with dew; to others in the sorrowful happiness of age. It comes to all delicate and impressionable people. And we are all delicate and impressionable, although very few of us are brave enough to admit it. But it is always caused by a recoil from a world whose relations to ourselves we cannot comprehend; and a still greater recoil from the limiting bigotries of those amazing other-worldly wise people.

So we build of our own deepest needs and desires a world of which we discover the laws and customs as if by divine grace. And we proclaim that the world may easily be compassed by man's spiritual understanding: for lo! we have beheld it in its truth.

This is a sort of measles of mysticism.

"What do you doctors intend to do about this measles business?" I asked, "You know you can't let it go on like this."

"There are two theories," he replied, "Some men suggest that every child should be exposed to the disease in youth, and have it easily and appropriately. While others demand that we put our efforts into making people so strong that there is no danger of their ever being attacked."

DOROTHY STONER.

THE RIGHT TO ACHIEVE

MUCH nonsense has been talked about the social origin of discoveries and inventions, and men and women are permitted to go about unattended who teach that a communistic state from which individual initiative and responsibility had been eliminated, could lift itself from glory unto glory and from beatitude to beatitude. The truth of the matter, of course, is that we have confounded words with things. We speak of the dynamo or the internal combustion engine as an invention, whereas it is a combination of numberless inventions. All concrete things made by man, all processes that he has perfected, all institutions that he has created are social products; thousands, or millions, of men and women may have contributed to the integral result, but (and this is the vital point) every specific discovery and every specific invention entering into that integral result has been the contribution of one individual mind, or at the most of a very few individual minds. The important truth, then, concerning achievement that should be stressed is that as the generations and milleniums have succeeded one another, achievement has inevitably become more and more definitely the work of particular individuals, differing each from each and from all other individuals that ever have lived in the world.

The relative contributions to total achievement that have been made by chance and haphazard effort, by society and by the individual are revealed most clearly in the methods by which achievement is realized, and in the evolution of those relationships and habits which we call the institutions of human society.

The method of achievement combines two processes. One, the earlier of the two, is the blundering experimentation called "trial and error," or, better, "trial and elimina-

tion"; the other is the reasoned and carefully planned experimentation that we call inductive science. In the beginning, the trial and error that consists in mere activity was but little helped out by that trial and elimination in thought which constitutes reasoning: yet by persisting in it, primitive man acquired precision of reaction, to wit, a cunning of hand and of brain that we call his skill. He acquired skill in craftsmanship, in observing facts and in detecting significant relationships among them, skill also in estimating the relative values of his own acquisitions and pursuits. In that stage of progress the contribution of any one individual to improvement was infinitesimal by comparison with the commingled contributions of multitudes and generations. But when the men of a later time, equipped with skill and with generalizations, began to eliminate error by foresight, and by preliminary imagination to devise new observations and new experiments by which to try out provisional conclusions, the ratio changed. Then was the birth of inductive science; thenceforth the individual thinker began to be increasingly important, until, in our modern days, the crowning discoveries of truth have become always associated with individual names thereby immortalized. The demonstration of the earth's motion was not made by an ecumenical council, it was made by Galileo. The law of gravitation was not formulated by a trade union, it was worked out by Sir Isaac Newton. The circulation of the blood may have been suspected for a thousand years by every perspicacious surgeon of the blood letting guild, but William Harvey proved it. The true law of heredity, missed by millenniums of stock breeders and generations of laboratory men, was discerned by Gregor Mendel, experimenting in the monastery grounds at Brunn with the ordinary garden pea.

The elementary social reactions are instinctive. They go back to gregariousness. We may safely guess that they were not to any great extent affected by higher mental

processes until mankind had learned to make tools and weapons. The modifications then wrought by experience consisted at first, presumably, of habits almost unconsciously acquired. Possibly all of the known varieties of family organization so originated.

So far, the difference between the band of human camp mates and the herd of consorting animals was not profound. Social behavior characteristically human came into existence with the rise of religious beliefs, for with religion came exorcising and worship, banning and blessing, taboo and sanction. By these sacra every social situation was radically transformed. The relations of men and women, of parents and children, of brethren, acquaintances and strangers were no longer determined by inertia alternating with violence. They became abhorred and were forbidden, or revered and were required. The social order so created endured long before it underwent much farther evolution in reaction to rational ideas. How few and ineffective ideas once were, it is hard to realize in these turbulent days, when the social order is shaken from time to time by highly complex and revolutionary theories.

By so severely condensing history we bring within our mental vision the relative performance of the commonplace multitude and the exceptional individual. Belief is collectivistic; ideas more often than not are individualistic. It is questionable whether the true origin of any non-scientific belief held by a considerable number of men has ever been discovered or ever will be. Suggestion is the germ of it, emotion its nutriment and strength, and these imponderables evade investigation. But from the moment when belief begins to absorb ideas, we detect the work of individual minds. The barbarian, impressed by exceptional personalities, attributes tradition and mores to culture heroes. Civilization, disintegrating myth, also thrusts into the historical background the collectivistic element in religion. Innovation is frankly undertaken by

individuals, and sectarian differentiation is attributed to them. Over Moses and Aaron, Elijah and Jonah, controversy may rage, but no one presumes to deny that Confucius and Saint Augustine, Servetus and Calvin, John and Charles Wesley, Joseph Smith and Mary Baker Eddy were historical personages whose dates and doings we know.

In the evolution of economic and political institutions, the ratio of thought to belief is larger than it is in the evolution of the primal folkways of religion and tribal morals, and the specific contribution made by known individuals is correspondingly great. Two or three illustrative examples will suffice.

The institution of slavery arose, no one knows where or how. It may have sporadically appeared and died out a thousand times before it became firmly established. Destined in the course of time to fall under moral and practical condemnation, slavery at the dawn of civilization was an enormous advance upon all previous attempts to utilize the potential productiveness of human labor. By means of it fertile river valleys were drained, and arid areas were brought under cultivation. In years of plenty grain was accumulated against years of want. Towns were walled, and great buildings were reared, in the construction of which mechanical and engineering problems were solved for the benefit of subsequent generations. Mining and the smelting of metals followed upon quarrying, and the ages of bronze and iron upon the ages of stone. In a word, slavery created a new abundance and a new security. It made possible a new and larger experimentation. As a consequence of these achievements it so altered the ratio of death-rates to birth-rates that dense agricultural and town dwelling populations succeeded the sparse barbarian groups of an earlier time.

These material gains achieved through the institution of slavery were to superficial observation products of a brutal collectivism; yet demonstrably they were not.

Men enslaved were not more numerous than the same men free, and their physical strength was not greater in thralldom than in liberty; but as slaves they were directed, and their labors were correlated by the individual brain of their owner or overseer. In fine, the productiveness of slavery is not attributable to the enslavement of the slave but to the liberation and more efficient functioning of the slave director. And in later ages the enfranchising of the slave was not made possible by the wide-spread humanitarianism that desired and demanded it. It was made possible by the steam engine, invented and brought to working efficiency by a few highly individual minds.

Even more distinctly does political progress disclose the achieving function of the individual.

Dense populations demanded a complex social organization. The territorial state superseded tribal federations, and in creating and improving it, man found at length limitless scope for his powers of mind and will. For thousands of years he exerted himself chiefly to make the state great and strong. He saw in his monarchs more than human might and wisdom. He did not question their divine right to rule, because, from the days of primitive belief, exceptional men had been regarded as embodiments of supernatural attributes, and as surcharged with divine or demoniac power. Rendering them obedience as loyal subject, he paid their taxes and fought in their armies, conquering, subduing and building broadly their imperial dominions.

The militaristic and material achievements of imperial dynasties were stupendous in the valleys of the Nile and of the Euphrates and on the great uplands of Capadocia where the Hittites reared their power, but they did not greatly help the individual man who happened to be a subject instead of a priest or a king. They did not open his mind to the riches of knowledge or awaken his soul, or encourage him to act for himself, taking responsibility and assuming initiative.

These were the achievements of European, or Western, civilization. Greece and Rome created, France, England and America have established the right to achieve of citizens, of all individuals, and not of priests and kings only.

Protected by the sea power of Crete, the small fishing and trading communities of the Mediterranean coast and islands lived securely, freely and self-reliantly. They developed no militarism. They were outspoken and independent, and the instincts of liberty grew strong within them. Athens and Rome created the institutions of republicanism. They made the first partially successful experiments in democracy. Drawing many suggestions from the legal code of Babylonia, but using them always in their own way, and shaping them in accordance with their own circumstances and habits of thought, they built up a body of law which proved to have in it the reconciliation of political stability with civil liberty. By Roman law, surviving through the great invasions, were subsequently tested and shaped the barbarian codes of Lombard and Frank, of Briton, Saxon and Dane, and on the foundations so laid were reared the great free legal and political institutions of Western civilizations. These institutions assert, establish and maintain the right of the individual to achieve.

That any responsible person should wish to deny a right so toilsomely won, and should wish to limit achievement would be incredible if the fact were not thrust upon us, and if we did not quite definitely know what reasons have influenced the minds of reactionaries and of revolutionaries who, about equally, have played the part of obstructionists.

Reactionary obstruction is the older. It has sprung from a fear of offending kinds or of offending heaven. Religious fear has done the greater harm, because it has obstructed the discovery of truth, by which all further achievement is rendered possible. No one can read the story of the long warfare between science and theology,

without being convinced that the masses of human beings are at this moment less well fed and clothed, less vigorous in mind and in body, and less happy, than they might have been, had research been unimpeded instead of penalized for two thousand years. It would be unsafe to prophesy that the warfare has ended, but at present, fortunately, it is not waged on the great scale or with the old-time bitterness, although some of us not yet retired for age bear scars received in contending for the right to teach the antiquity of man and the doctrine of evolution.

Revolutionary intolerance of achievement has sprung from a sense of injustice, and, on the whole, has been not discreditable to conscience. By and large, it has assailed achievements and ways of achieving that conscience in modern days has more and more condemned. Conscience cannot admit that men of superior ability may achieve brutally or thievishly, at the expense of less gifted fellowmen; and the democratic conscience denies the rightfulness of those achievements which constitute the great fabric of political and economic privilege that was reared by monarchy and aristocracy, and which in part is perpetuated by plutocracy. The Puritan revolt against the Stuart dynasty; the American revolution, which barred monarchy and orders of nobility from America; and the French revolution, which levelled nobility and monarchy where they had been defiant, were morally justifiable, as most of us in democratic America believe. Privilege, however, is a hardy plant, and unjust conduct is perennial. They were not eradicated by the political revolutions. Like weeds that have been cut down but not uprooted, they have again grown rankly, taking this time the form of financial and industrial abuses of private ownership — an institution that we hold to be right in itself and necessary to civilization. Again, therefore, the democratic conscience is in revolt. An angry discontent has spread among the peoples and has attained disquieting momentum. A social revolution has been proclaimed, and a

world stricken by war is threatened now with chaos. To this turmoil of revolt must be attributed many new attempts to limit achievement, and obstinate denials of the right to achieve. In variety they are innumerable, and in the light of reason they cannot all be regarded with equal approval or equal disapproval. They range from legislation to curb monopolies, to laws and union rules to limit hours of labor; from academic impatience with studies and researches not obviously and severely practical, to soldiering and sabotage in the workshop. One idea runs through them all. Some men are getting wealth, power, leisure, knowledge and happiness at the expense of others, and that achievement must be made an end of.

This, however, is not all. If it were, the personal problem which each of us has to face, of determining his own attitude toward these matters, would be much simpler than actually it is. Righteous anger against injustice is not the only force at work in social unrest. In the psychology of democracy, there are more things than can be accounted for in terms of moral emotion or of clean cut ideas. Elemental instincts of terrific strength are yet vital and active, and among them is the instinct of envy.

It is a characteristic instinct of democracy. This, I think (and I speak as a convinced believer in democracy), is an indubitable scientific proposition. Instinctively democracy fears superior ability, and is jealous of it. The amorphous human mass expects that ability will acquire power, and will use it cruelly. If the fear is not allayed, and the jealousy is not brought under control, suspicion ripens into hostility. If then the many happen to be ignorant as well as belligerent, they avoid political methods of warfare, which they do not understand, and at which they expect to be beaten, and resort to "direct action," in which they need no instruction. This is partly why English workmen, frightened by labor-saving inventions, tried to kill the factory system by smashing machinery. Fear of losing jobs was not the whole of it. It is why

strike, and sabotage, and violence so often go hand in hand.

Too often organized society meets direct action with repressive action only, ignoring the causes of antagonism. If enlightenment suggests a broader policy, it usually identifies policy with enlightenment. Trusting (perhaps naïvely) in our educational machinery, we look to education for safety. We tell ourselves and instruct others that inasmuch as intelligence can be developed, and instinct can be reconditioned by knowledge, democracy can be taught to value superiority and to profit by it. This is true, but it is not all the truth.

What if knowledge comprises information not appeasing? What if educated intelligence obtains proof that superior ability does on occasion use power unjustly and cruelly, thereby confirming the suspicions of envy? We know that such untoward consequences of education have sometimes come to pass.

The inference is not obscure. If the right to achieve is to be maintained against revolutionary assault, enlightenment must be backed up by substantial justice. Wrongs must be redressed, and democracy must be reared sincerely on the square deal.

Two farther conditions also are necessary, and to maintain these is in a peculiar sense the duty and the privilege of educated men and women. It is a chief obligation of the university.

The right to achieve is the right to innovate. If every discovery were made, if every machine were perfect, if every acre of ground yielded a maximum return to capital and labor, no farther material progress would be possible. The result would follow quite as certainly, however, if mankind happened to be convinced that perfection had been reached, although in fact it had not been. All this is true also of social achievement. The Republic of Plato is a picture of a perfected human society as Plato conceived it. Had his conception itself been faultless and

if the society that he imagined could have been created as objective fact, nothing would now remain for the reformer to undertake, and the sole function of the statesman would be to look after necessary repairs.

In every generation we have publicists with numerous following, who hold that the social order of their time, if not unblemished, is so nearly what it should be that innovation would be dangerous and possibly disastrous. This is ever the attitude of the conservative mind, although conservative political parties do not invariably adhere to it. When, on the whole, they do adhere to it, they become incapable of adjustment to new pressures of circumstance until, rigid and crystallized, they shatter, as the old régime did in France, under the storm of revolution, and as English Toryism did under the blows of the new industrialism of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Never so fully developed in America as in the old world, this type of conservatism nevertheless exists, and is influential. It opposes any change in our political system as it was left by the fathers. There is much to be said in justification of the attitude. In comparison with the work of the Constitution makers, much of our later political experimentation has been unintelligent. They were men of extraordinary gifts, whose fabric must stand, as Burke declared it to be, one of the greatest creations of the human mind. But to regard it as final, to assume that it must never undergo modification, will be fatal, unless the world of human interests itself has forever ceased to change. In like manner, our industrial order and its legal basis of private property and freedom of contract cannot be saved from destruction by the childish expedient of pronouncing it impeccable, and refusing to consider the possible necessity of adapting it to the shock of new forces.

The other consideration is the obverse of the right of innovation. The right to achieve carries with it the obligation to respect achievement. Nothing could be

more wild or more false than the doctrine, now preached throughout the world, that the only way to remedy injustice, and extend full economic opportunity to all mankind, lies through the destruction of a social order that has slowly been built up by the thought and toil of all of the world that has attained civilization. Achievement is built upon achievement, and the destruction of any part of it makes the world poorer. It is true that now and then a complete clearing of the ground is rendered necessary by the ruin wrought by war or revolution or neglect. But only madmen believe that the entire edifice of man's handiwork since the dawn of history, lies in ruin. Enormously the greater part of it is strong and fair.

It is the demerit of all revolutions, in contrast with evolution, that they needlessly and wantonly destroy. Viewing the most righteous of revolutions, the historian finds himself deploring deeds of violence and desecration that can be excused only as outbursts of the fury that war has unleashed. Cromwell and his followers did not help the cause of undefiled religion by stabling their horses at the altars of English cathedrals, or by whitewashing walls upon which devout men for generations had made offerings of love and faith in forms of beauty. The Boston Tea Party was a bad precedent, too often appealed to in our later history, in extenuation of deplorable mob lawlessness. The mad rage of the Paris Communes swept away priceless things. It devastated wantonly, and, what is infinitely worse, it taught Prussian and Bolshevik how to do it.

Respect for achievement is one of the fruits by which we know sound education from spurious. It is a large part of culture, in distinction from *kultur*.

Culture cherishes and hands on from land to land without question of race or creed and from one generation to another, the worthiest work of mankind. It seeks to know only that the work is real. Religion and philosophy, literature and art, law and liberty, by whomsoever created:

by east or by west, by Egyptian or by Ægean, by Greek or by Latin, by Celt or by Saxon, all are, for the man of culture, things beautiful and of good repute. Culture is the true brotherhood of man; a spiritual kinship attained through reverence for the thought which, as Cicero says, was in the mind of God before any human law was written or state was formed.

Kultur also respects achievement, of a kind. The kind is exclusive, not inclusive. It can belong to but one race. It is arrogant, and inculcates arrogance as a basic virtue. It is ruthless, justifying, as Machiavelli did, any means that promises to exalt a race that vaunteth itself.

Between culture and *kultur;* between respect for all worthy achievement, and respect for Prussian achievement only; between the right of all mankind to achieve, and forcible denial of that right to anyone, the world has chosen. America has chosen. She must not now default. Liberty has yet to be defended; perhaps more warily against foes within than against foes without. In the tragedy of Germany, the world has once more been shown that political independence cannot long survive the extinction of political liberty. Let us be watchful lest we, a free and favored people, by any negligence or error prove again what history has more than once demonstrated, that political liberty cannot long survive if tyrannous majorities (whether their intent be frankly evil or be good) deny to the individual the most vital, and as it assuredly is, the most sacred of moral rights — the right namely, of the individual to be a free moral agent.

Franklin H. Giddings.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. T.

We apologize to our friends not interested in Psychical Research for devoting extra space to it in this number. There are special reasons for printing each of the articles at this time. And we see reasons that may lead us to compensate in an occasional future number by printing nothing on the subject.

Perhaps we should offer an additional apology for including in the following paper much that will have no significance to the reader indifferent to the subject; but there is more than usual that will give to the investigator suggestions which we have not space to point out more specifically.

And while we are in the way of making apologies, we may as well add one for the apparent egotism of giving so much of our own experience under the stenographer's designation of "Mr. H.": it is of course the most direct testimony we can offer.

EDITOR.

NO two psychic mediums are alike, and the growing mass of concurrence in what they express in their different ways is becoming *very* portentous. One of the most gifted, regarding whom, we believe, nothing has before been printed, is Mr. T. ——, a successful business man living in a provincial city. His gifts remind one strongly of Mr. Tyrell, reported in Mr. J. Arthur Hill's *Spiritualism*, but Mr. Tyrell does not go into trance, while Mr. T., though he often has teloptic and telakoustic experiences when awake, goes into trance in all his semi-public manifestations. Three of his friends, who have known him long enough to be able to vouch for his integrity, have led him to manifest occasionally before groups of some fifty or more people in New York. He gives his services only gratuitiously, to promote investigation; and his friends, with the same motive, underwrite the expenses, which of late have included the rent of a semi-public hall.

Mr. T. strikes me as a man of unusual simplicity,

modesty and sincerity. He tells me that a trance is to him simply a refreshing nap, that he remembers nothing of it (in other words, that the intelligences manifesting are not his, but those of the controls), and that he is, as he appears, in perfect health. In fact, to see him and Mrs. Vernon standing together is enough to dispose effectually of the notion that there is something abnormal about psychic "mediumship." There is no question, however, that the conversion into *telekinetic* force of the better-known forces of the human system is a tax that may be carried to an injurious degree.

Mr. T.'s ostensible controls are Black Hawk — not the well-known one, but one of the many Indians of that name — and Colonel Lee, who led a regiment to the Civil War from Mr. T.'s native city.

His tombstone has been found, and the dates of birth and death correspond with those given through Mr. T., *and that of his death is the date of Mr. T.'s birth.* His signature as given by Mr. T. shows a reasonable correspondence with one made during his life.

It is absurd to suppose that Mr. T. knows anything of consequence about the experience of other people ostensibly recounted by his controls. It is still more absurd to suppose that his controls did while living; for, assuming him even to have existed in the flesh, they died before most of the events they relate. And it is more absurd still to suppose that he and the other busy and respectable people philanthropically promoting these seances have nothing better to do than hunt up, even if they could find, the facts recounted in them. I confess that any one of these suppositions seems to me more unreasonable than the spiritistic hypothesis. Are there still more reasonable suppositions in sight?

At the seances, after the company is seated, Mr. T. leans back in an armchair at the end of the room, and closes his eyes. In a few minutes he is snoring just loud enough to be heard. In about eight or ten minutes, he

stands up, his eyes still closed, and begins an oration in a loud voice, with exaggeratedly slow and precise enunciation, and old-fashioned pomposity of manner. He has announced himself in this manifestation as "Colonel Lee."

Colonel Lee's addresses are generally on the need of a substitute for the dogmas now vanishing, and of keeping an open mind toward the indications of Psychical Research. I doubt if he has used that term. The addresses are entirely reasonable and temperate, and about up to the level of the average sermon. There appear here and there, not always appositely, an echo of current phraseology which is repeated by more people than understand it, such as "vibrations" and "the fourth dimension." After speaking from ten to twenty minutes, he resumes his seat, and soon begins snoring again. In a few minutes, his eyes still closed, he sits up, away from the back of the chair, but in a meditative attitude, with head down, and forearms across the arms of the chair, or across his knees, and announces himself as Black Hawk.

The characters of Colonel Lee and Black Hawk are as far apart as the poles, and Mr. T. as far from each of them as each is from the other. Colonel Lee is a "gentleman of the old school," formal and precise in all his utterances, and with hardly a touch of humor. Black Hawk is a tame Indian, with sundry distinctive little mannerisms. He is apt to move one of his legs, which, he says, was broken, infected by tuberculosis, and the cause of his death. He is intensely colloquial, ungrammatical, humorous, and even witty. When he is speaking in his own person, as a rule he uses defective English, but when he is reporting a vision, or rather an audition, he approximates the language he hears in his dream. Whatever the contrasting characterization may be, it is not from memorized parts, and it is not acting, any more than Mrs. Piper's Thaw babies and Imperator are acting.

Here are some of the stenographic notes of the sittings.

I give a brief specimen of Colonel Lee, and then go on to Black Hawk, who is a much more interesting person:

FROM A LECTURE BY COLONEL LEE, JUNE 7, 1919

"Many do not awaken till all that formed a part of their physical form and being have been swept away in the nothingness of decay and débris. But in many instances the mind awakens soon to being and understanding and soon the spirit returns to its friends and earthly haunts and habitations, there to finish in some way or other the uncompleted tasks and the unfulfilled notions and desires which made its earthly life so real and tangible a thing. And then, the mind slowly awakens to a fact, namely: that in this world of evolution and progress a prototype of physical, earthly beings exists—not a complete prototype, but complete in so far as the reactions are the result of mental memories which are carried across the grave. Buildings exist in our world, in many instances not unlike yours to the eye, real and tangible to us; they are formed of an ethereal substance, not unlike dust, in your world, which is hardened and which forms a temporary being which is real and tangible to us but which is nothingness to the mortal eye. More than this, we find there libraries, atheneums, collections of the grandest and fairest works conceived in the minds of man, exist and are enjoyed by all. More than this we find that oportunities for education and enlightenment are boundless as compared with those existing in your world, and as such are utilized by the many. Remember that your mind, even in your world lives in the fourth dimension, and when you move it by desire from one point to another, instantaneously, or nearly so, that your mind travels in the fourth dimension. My friends, you sit before me as spirits now, incarcerated in walls of clay. Some day you will step forth and leave these and be free; free from all that binds you now to earthly fears and follies. . . Here we accomplish those things which you dream about, and form a part of that intangible substance, that stuff that dreams are builded on, to you. To us they are real; to you they are nothing. More than this, my friends, obviously, the opportunities for locomotion or for movement of the spiritual body are unlimited. We think and there we are! Not instantaneously but nearly so. We cannot be in more than one place at one and the same time; it may seem so but it is not.

The Next Life and the Planets

"Mr. H.: Colonel Lee, if one of us could be put on another planet, it would be impossible for him to live?

"Col. Lee: We could not see; the conditions would be such that we could not hear.

"Mr. H.: Now, in your life, are you superior to those conditions?

"Col. Lee: We are not. We, inhabitants of the earth planet and inhabitants also of the spiritual realm about this planet — now listen to this — we cannot exist permanently in the spiritual realm about other planets of your solar system. There are conditions of vibratory action which make it impossible for us to remain permanently in another world than ours.

"Mr. H.: Can you visit the other worlds?

"Col. Lee: We can, but cannot stay long, owing to something that would correspond to your difficulties, something that is inimical to our spiritual life, namely, psychic vibrations, if you understand the term.

"Mr. H.: Do you get any telepathic impressions from other planets?

"Col. Lee: Many."

COLONEL LEE, APRIL 5, 1919

Church Unity and Metempsychosis

"Q.: Will you speak of Church Unity?

"Col. L.: Are you acquainted with anything of this sort? (Laughter.) I must admit, I am not! Are there other questions?

"Q.: Is there such a thing as reincarnation?

"Col. L.: Not in the commonly accepted knowledge of the term. You, as you, lived before this earth existence [as 'The Idea'? Ed.], and you continue after it. You neither are born nor do you die, in reality. I have sometimes said that you are not here at all, but merely a physical expression of you; a prototype, that is all. [Compare Black Hawk below. Ed.]"

BLACK HAWK, FEBRUARY 1, 1919

Metempsychosis

"Q.: Is there such a thing as reincarnation? You say that we live before we are born?

"B. H.: Probably you ain't born; I heard a man say you ain't die if you ain't born! [Compare Col. Lee above. Ed.]

Is there such a thing as reincarnation? Not that you live as an animal.

"Q.: Does one human soul go into a second body?

"B. H.: Black Hawk don't see reason for believing that. We don't know it to be true over here. No, in some way that may be true through indirect influence, but there is no direct evidence that one control another."

This could hardly refer to temporary control in the technical sense, and may reasonably be interpreted to mean the life-long control which the fantasy of metempsychosis implies.

BLACK HAWK, MARCH 1, 1919

"Black Hawk be glad to come to see some white peoples, to have them listen to me! We have a nice party! I don't put them to sleep, either! I don't put so much gas out, like that! [Apparently a reference to Col. Lee's speech which preceded. Ed.]

Veridical Statements

" B. H.: There is a spirit here by the name of Percy Welch(?). He goes to this old man here. (Indicating Mr. H. H., who is sitting near Mr. T.)

" Mr. H.: Perhaps I know him. Try again for his name. B. H.: (turning to the left and speaking to his vision) What's your name again? (To Mr. H.) Pierce Welch. Mr. H.: Correct. B. H.: He stands there and he says— (B. H. says to the vision: Wait a minute, say it again). (To Mr. H.) He says: 'Ask him (Mr. H.) if he remembers the new boat-house we built in New Haven, and the discussion we had about it in 1863.' Mr. H.: I don't remember the discussion, I remember our building a new boat-house. The date is off; that is the year after we graduated. B. H.: He say that they built it there. Your class discussed it in '61 and '62. Mr. H.: Ask him what he did for the college, please. B. H.: (to the vision) What did you do for the college? (To Mr. H.) He says: he put up a building. Mr. H.: So he did. That man and I were classmates in Yale College; we graduated in 1862; that is all correct. B. H.: You tried to get into the army the year before that? Mr. H.: No. B. H.: Oh, yes, you did; after you left Russell School! Mr. H.: *That's* right, we went to college from Russell's School. Ask him the initial of his middle name. B. H.: He says: 'N.' Mr. H.: Correct. When did he build that building? B. H.: He says: '1910.' Mr. H.: No, that's wrong. B. H.: (to the vision) Try him again, you don't know! (To Mr. H.) He says: '1900.'

Mr. H.: That's more like it. B. H.: He says that he wants you to know one thing. I would like to have you find if this be true. He says his son has gone to Saranac Lake; he went there the early part of this week, without anybody in New Haven except his immediate family knowing where he is gone. My daughter in Hartford knows where her brother is and two other people; he says, I would like you to see if this is true. Mr. H.: I will see, if I can. Most all of my acquaintances there have passed through to the other side by this time. [I have not succeeded so far, but have asked only one friend to inquire, and I doubt if he has done so. H. H.] B. H.: You were thinking about this man to-night, weren't you? Mr. H.: No. That is all the more remarkable. I am much obliged for telling me about that. B. H. I am beyond your thanks or your curses. All I want is your good-will. Mr. H.: You don't object to being told of it, do you? B. H.: I don't object to nothing!"

I was not nearly as intimate with Welch as with some other classmates, so it seems strange that he should be the one to appear. But the same has been true of Mrs. Vernon's communications, and her controls say they have avoided my intention so as to avoid the suggestion of telepathy from me.

"B. H.: There is a spirit here by the name of Baldwin from Orange, New Jersey."

I knew such a man at college and also not intimately. Another of the audience took up the name, however, as applying to someone else. Black Hawk continued:

More Veridicity

"B. H.: They come not strong the first time. Black Hawk don't see before. I tell you something now. Would you know a spirit by name of West, from New York City? (B. H. is evidently addressing Mr. H. again.) Mr. H.: I might. B. H.: (to the vision) Where did you live; what is your name? (To Mr. H.) He says: 'Shelby West.' Mr. H.: Yes, not quite correct, but near enough. B. H.: J. Selby West. Is that right? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H. (to the vision): You do know your name; that is right! Mr. H.: Any message? B. H.: He wants to say something to Henry. Mr. H.: I am Henry. B. H.: Well, there is a marriage relationship somewhere. Mr. H.: I married his

daughter! B. H.: You did well. Mr. H.: Indeed, I did. B. H.: And you survived it! This man says to Henry: "This is unusual; we discussed this thing; do you remember where?" Mr. H.: No. B. H.: He says: I do, says Shelby. Mr. H.: Where was it? B. H.: He says: Walking in the Park. Mr. H.: We probably discussed it in more places than one. B. H.: He says: We are waiting for you. [His whole immediate family is now on the other side. H. H.] Mr. H.: Ask him if he is in any hurry! (Laughter.) B. H.: *You* ain't in any hurry, are you? Mr. H.: No, I am not particular.

"B. H.: Who is Anna Eve(?)? Mr. H.: The last time I saw her she was ninety-two years old! That was my mother's name. B. H.: No, not this one. Had she two names? There is a young woman about thirty-four years old, from Burlington, Vt. A young woman; you have a home up there? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: She stands in front of you and she says to me: 'Tell him that Anne Eve is here.' Think it over. Mr. H.: See if she can give me something else to remember her by. I don't associate the name with anybody up there. B. H.: Your folks were a long way from town when you came to town? When you was born—in the south? You were born in a town by the name of 'B.' Mr. H.: Yes. . . ."

My father's family were all in New England, whence he had gone to Baltimore. My mother's singular name in connection with my summer home in Burlington is of interest in connection with another mention of that subject by Black Hawk in the next seance.

Black Hawk's Language

"Mr. H.: Black Hawk, did you talk French any when you were here? B. H.: Sure, but I be more interested in Indian than in French, but me was raised in North country. Mr. H.: You knew some of the French Canadian people? Did you talk their language a little? B. H.: I did talk a good deal with them. Mr. H.: I thought your language sounded a little as if you had been with them. . ."

Black Hawk and Mr. T.

"Now, old man, what do you want to know? (B. H. asks this of Mr. H.) Mr. H.: Before you went to sleep you had a vision of a man you thought would interest me. You saw a tall man with a beard. B. H.: I never told you. You are dreaming

yourself. What do you talk about? Mr. H.: Oh, it was Mr. T. who told me. [*I. e.*, Mr. T. and Black Hawk are not the same! Ed.] B. H.: You see that is a horse of another color!"

Black Hawk Asks a Conundrum

"Say, old man, Black Hawk know of a bird that have wings and don't fly, did you ever hear of them? Mr. H.: Yes. [Thinking of the Dodo.] B. H.: They are dead ones, you know! (Laughter.) Dead birds have wings, you know! That is a funny joke. About to-morrow night they will have it! We might as well laugh about this thing and have some fun! . . ."

Nat Goodwin

"B. H.: He says: "I knew him well; I am confused; Mansfield tells me he came. Poor old Goodwin! [Nat Goodwin the actor. Ed.] Has gone! From you. Goodwin is in his grave.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
"Treason has done its worst,
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy,
Nothing can touch him further."

"B. H.: I don't know how it says that, about Goodwin. A voice: 'Domestic malice cannot touch him further!' (Laughter. B. H.: What is the joke? Ans.: Goodwin had a good many) wives. B. H.: I am very glad he did! (Laughter.) . . .

"B. H.: Ask Black Hawk one or two questions then me go. I don't want to have you say after I go, 'Well, he got tiresome to-night!' I would rather you said 'I wish he would stay longer!'"

Aspect of People in the Next Place

"Q.: Does one who dies a child remain a child to the people who knew it? B. H.: No, not exactly. You see a child grows older. They grow up in me world. Now, an old person would look younger when they come. They go to the supreme moment of their powers. An old man would go to forty, you see, and a young man would go to forty. As far as coming back to demonstrate, they try to look as you last remembered them. We live in the land of memory to you. Good-night."

BLACK HAWK, MAY 3, 1919

Some Advice on Practical Affairs

"B. H.: He says that he wonders if you are going to plant any more trees in the country home, the mountain home? Mrs. T.: We are doing so. Why does he want to know? Has he any advice to give about it? B. H.: He says to plant nothing but Norway pines. Mrs. T.: What are they going to do over there? With those boys on the Rhine? B. H.: She says there is nothing much to do but guard, but they will be withdrawn after July first very rapidly to the seaboard. Others will take their places; that is when she see him come home. I guess they will wind up that watch on the Rhine!

"B. H.: I see a George Robbins with you. Q.: I don't know George Robbins. B. H.: Are you sure you don't? Q.: Are you sure the first name is George? B. H.: No, but he tells me so! (Laughter.) I would not want to bet much on it! But they are sometimes right! Q.: Was there any further message from William Estes? B. H.: No. I don't see what they come for unless they have something to say. My time ain't worth much but it's worth something!

"B. H.: There is a W. H. Van A. here. Mr. F.: A minister? Yes, I knew him. Has he any message? B. H.: . . . He says. . . The truth of life will soon be demonstrated. The time is not here. But a year will bring it, when science will take a different attitude in one short year. It is good to be alive. There is a G. W. here. He wants to send a message to C. C. W. Mrs. T.: Where does she live? B. H.: He says: Great Neck, Long Island. Mrs. T.: I know her. What is the message he wants to send? B. H.: (To the vision?—what do you want to send? Anything of any importance?) He says to tell her to have the courage of her convictions. And not to be discouraged by what others tell her, nor disturbed by what she hears from E. C. L."

Relations of the Controls to Each Other and the Sensitive

"Q.: Why do you Indians come back so much more often than other people? B. H.: Well, I don't think they do, but we make more noise! But it may be true that we do. I hardly think that be true.

"Mr. H.: Black Hawk, do you know Colonel Lee? Who spoke here to-night? B. H.: Sure, I know him, don't you? (Laughter.) Mr. H.: Do you know Mr. T.? B. H.: Sure, I

know him a good many years. I know him and I love him. . . Mr. H.: Now, at this moment aren't you making Mr. T. dream you and express you? At this moment is not Mr. T. dreaming you? Dream that he is Black Hawk? B. H.: That is for you to decide! You know better than I do; if I told you, you would know all about it! Now, you know you want to make up your mind on this because Black Hawk does not know. Mr. H.: Have you ever spoken through the body of anyone except Mr. T.? How did you happen to pick him out? B. H.: I don't know except I found I could; I don't know how I do it either. Mr. H.: You did not know him before in this life, did you, Black Hawk? B. H.: No, Mr. H.: You don't know much that goes on, do you? Do you know what does on in Colonel Lee's mind? B. H.: It is a little bit easier, probably, to read minds in me world, but not very much. Mr. H.: But more than here? B. H.: Yes. But not so much more. You see, people say, 'Now he have a psychic gift.' He may be back of you people because your ancestors have this psychic gift; at one time everybody had it. And again people will have it, everybody will have it."

Black Hawk's Language, Present World, and Dreams

"Mr. H.: Don't you continue to go to school; you progress and learn? B. H.: When Black Hawk first come to talk I could not speak English, [Friends confirm this. Ed.] but I could not speak at all. Now I can speak so peoples can understand somethings. What do you want, old man? (B. H. asks this of Mr. H.) Mr. H.: You knew some words in English, didn't you? B. H.: I knew some words. I could get enough to eat! I was down in the states ten months one time but I lost the most of it in spirit life: so when I came back I found I could not say nothing. I would have to think in English, you see, to speak good English. You have to think in English and in French. I don't speak good English if I tries to think in French! Now, I get so I can think in English. . . Mr. H.: You have talked a good deal with your friends here as you are talking now? Have you any interest in the northwest? Why don't you manifest yourself there and give advice? There are a great many questions that are vexing them now. B. H.: What advice could a poor Indian give? Who would listen? Mr. H.: But we are listening now.

"Mr. H.: Black Hawk, do the people who spoke different languages here, and did not understand each other, understand each other over there? B. H.: If we don't understand we learn a common language or we don't talk.

"Mr. E. S.: Someone has asked that you describe your world to us. B. H.: Our world is not so much different from yours. We go to sleep in your world and wake up in our world . . . not of our own making, yet a good deal like the world we have left. The same things interest us at first. A good many want to rest at first. Mr. H.: Did you dream much when you were in earth life? B. H.: What do you want to dream about? (Laughter.) If you do your work and get tired and go to sleep you don't dream none! Except hopes; that's what Indians have dreams of; that kind, red mans have hopes for something better for his race. But that is while they are awake; they don't have that strength of mind to put them through, to carry them out, to build. But the last twenty years I had hopes of a nice house like a nice hut, but I never had strength to get at it to build it. That is what the red man lacks in some way; the white mans does it, he is strong enough to make his dreams real."

BLACK HAWK, APRIL 5, 1919

More Veridicities

"B. H.: Black Hawk be come to talk to me friends. I don't make so much noise what the other one do! [Colonel Lee? Remember what was said of his orotund manner. Ed.] Before Black Hawk would be talk to me friends I would be willing to answer your questions, you ask me now. Black Hawk wants to say that there is a spirit here by the name of James Shelby West. Mr. H.: Yes, I know. What does he want to say? [He had appeared on March 1. I had not been thinking of him on either occasion. H. H.] B. H.: He says that he used to live at 21 West Thirty-sixth Street. Mr. H.: That is true. B. H. (to the vision): This man wants you to tell him where he lived at that time. (Turning to Mr. H. and explaining) I ask him (the vision) to tell you where you lived at that time. Mr. H.: I lived with him. What does he say? B. H.: Now, wait a minute. He says: "14 East 54?" Mr. H.: Yes, afterwards I lived there. That is true. B. H. (to the vision): What do you want now you are come? No, I would not say that.—(To Mr. H.) He says that he wants his name and the reference to him in the book you are writing now about this thing. Mr. H.: That is possible. B. H. (to the vision): He says it is possible. Good-by!"

This was the old gentleman to the life: he was a bit self-assertive. And at the time I was at work on a new edition of a book. But I don't believe Mr. T. knew any-

thing about it, and between T. and Black Hawk neither appears to know what the other knows.

Black Hawk's "No, I would not say that," above, tallies with some points elsewhere to show that he exercises some discretion in reporting his visionary visitors—apparently that he declines to report matter that might be too intimate to give before a considerable audience.

"B. H. There is a H. W. here. Who wants to speak to Margaret, in earth life. Do anybody know him? (To the vision, Where did you come from, old man; where did you live?) (To the questioner) Alleghany, he says. Pennsylvania. Who knows Margaret W.? Margaret D. Mrs. DeK.: Margaret D.? [A different surname. H. H.] B. H. Margaret D. Yes, H. W. wants to speak to her. Mrs. DeK.: Her friends are here. Margaret D. is not here but her friends are here. B. H.: An uncle, probably. Mrs. DeK.: I will send the message if Henry Wade will give it to me. B. H.: Before Black Hawk gives the message you find out about this Henry Wade. She might not want to hear from him! Mrs. DeK.: I see what you mean, Black Hawk, but Mrs. D. is not here; I will have to write to her. B. H.: Well, the mails carry sometimes! (Laughter.)

I have sent the foregoing to "Margaret D.," who is a very level-headed psychical researcher, and finds it exceedingly interesting.

"B. H.: And now Black Hawk sees that Augustin man what I talk about before. Mrs. DeK.: Augustin Daly? B. H.: And he wears the same hat now, to identify himself, that he do when we was here before. That big brown hat, you remember? Mrs. DeK.: Yes."

I remember it too. There has been much discussion and a good deal of nonsense talked over the notion of spirits wearing clothes. If spirits impress themselves telepathically on the minds of sensitives, why should they not impress with clothes if they want to—or without? Apparently they have done both.

More Veridicities

"B. H.: All right, ask me some questions. C. P. S. is here. And a W. E. And a Daniel H. Mr. H.: What about him? Are

you sure you got the name right? B. H.: No, I probably got it wrong! What is the name? Mr. H.: See if you can tell me. B. H.: I see a man stands in front of me; looks about forty years of age. Kind of stout man, thick-set. And he wears a high hat. And I want to go back; he takes me to a city by the water somewhere, to the south of this place. And with him is a James Hearn. Mr. H.: I don't recognize that name. B. H.: Of Baltimore. They was together in some business. Mr. H.: Baltimore is correct. That was a long time ago. I don't remember the name, James Hearn. Well, it was a long time ago. [There was a Hurd. H. H.] B. H.: And when you father goes out you was far away from home. You was north of home? Mr. H.: Try that again. Ask him again. B. H.: Do you mean when he died? Mr. H.: I was at home, but he was not. B. H.: He says you was north of him, northwest when he died. Mr. H.: That is a mistake. [I was nearly due East. See below. H. H.] B. H. (to the vision: Where were you, anyway? He says you are wrong). (To Mr. H.) He says 'sea-food.' [He was one of the founders of the Baltimore oyster industry. H. H.] Mr. H.: Yes. B. H. (to the vision): Did you die on the water or on the land? Where were you? (To Mr. H.): He says he had a boat with your mother's name on it. [He did not die on it. H. H.] Mr. H.: That is quite possible; he had several boats. B. H. (to the vision): What was the name of this man's mother, then? (To Mr. H.): He says: 'Ann Eve Siebold H.' Mr. H.: That is correct."

"Mr. H.: I ought to tell you that that description of my father is correct, including his wearing a high hat. [He always wore one — a white one in summer. This was over sixty years ago. H. H.] B. H.: In the old country? Black Hawk jokes with you, man. Mr. H.: It would be right to thank you for that. B. H.: You are welcome. [Note the contrast of his answer to my thanks before quoted. H. H.] Mr. H.: Did you see all those people standing by you? B. H.: Black Hawk does. Mr. H.: See if you can get my father's name. B. H.: Well, he don't be here; he told me Daniel D. Is that right or wrong? Mr. H.: It's both, right and wrong. B. H.: No, not either. Mr. H.: My grandfather christened my father Dan but not Daniel. B. H.: I will have to go into the corner for that! [as naughty children have to? H.] for Black Hawk be wrong! Shoot him quick."

Two or three more points here. Probably Black Hawk got my father's name as Dan, but reported it as Daniel,

as people were constantly doing while he was here. His age as forty is suggestive. He died at fifty. See Colonel Lee above on this limit. The impression of our not being together when he died seems a mixture of several impressions. He was killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, some hundred and fifty miles west of Baltimore. But he was quite in the habit, before (and after?) his death, of thinking of me as at school in New Haven, northeast of home.

"Mr. C.: Have you heard from Colonel Roosevelt since he has been there? B. H.: No, I hain't seen him never; who was he?"

Black Hawk on Immigration

"B. H.: . . . That ain't half as serious as the trouble you are going to have in this country of your own over here. For instance: if you are half a dozen people you live in your little town and somebody comes in that town and he comes in from Europe and he can't talk and he can't read and he can't write but he can think. And you don't do very good for him and pretty soon he gets mad, then he does something to you. The question is, who be to blame? That is just what America has done and says, 'Come in here,' and you want to keep him down. Your whole social structure in America depends on your keeping down a certain element; they got to be kept down if others are going to be up. It is the same all over the world; America does everything she can for these peoples; she should have strained them when they come anyway: but instead of that she says: 'Come in now.' Now you got them in you are going to have trouble. It ain't American citizens but it is the people who have been coming in without questions; it is going to make your troubles and it is going to make a lot of them.

"B. H. (Turns to the vision: Now wait a minute, do you want to talk about anything? I know you can't give a definite message to her so what is the use of giving any? That is my idea; no, I would not say that, not if I were you. If you don't say nothing you don't have nothing to take back? If you don't say nothing you keep yourself out of a lot of trouble! I am the only one who has got to talk!)"

More Veridicity

"B. H. . . . There is an old lady by the name of A. E. S. H., an old lady. Mr. H.: Yes, I knew her. Is there any message? B. H.: There be a blood tie to you she says. Mr. H.: Yes, rather close, I should think, for she was my mother! That is all! B. H.: She was older than you are when she died; but you are catching up to her she says! Mr. H.: I have got a good many years to go yet. B. H.: She was ninety-two when she died? Mr. H. Yes, that is right. B. H.: She says she has never lost her interest—except for a few months when she was asleep here—her interest in material affairs; she says she likes to read as well as ever, and she does read the papers that she used to like. And she asks you if you are going to Vermont soon? Mr. H.: I hope so. B. H.: She says it is beautiful up there now, on the hill, and she has been there too. Near a lake, ain't it? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: You have fixed so people can go in swimming there, years ago. Mr. H.: Is there any other message about going in swimming?

I made a swimming pool. All this is rather remarkable. My mother was unusually fond of scenery. Some time before her death I built a new summer home, and it was a constant regret to us both that she was too old for the long journey to it. Remark a note on this topic in the preceding seance. Evidently Black Hawk then got half-way impressions which this time were clearer.

Of course skeptics will say telepathy, and I cannot be sure it was not; but telepathy is getting a good deal to carry these days.

"B. H.: Your father died away from home. Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: He die away from home and you were away from home. Mr. H.: I was home. B. H.: I am trying to get it straightened out. . .

"B. H.: There is a Henry World here. Would you know who that is? Does anybody know? To this girl here (pointing to the stenotypist) there is an Emille come and he says that his girl is sick . . . and he says to feed her bran. (To the vision: Do you think she is a horse?)"

Well! What do you make of it all?

THE EDITOR.

MARK TWAIN RETURNS?

IN the preface to his *Contact With the Other World*, just published by the Century Company, Dr. Hyslop says: "Though I regard the evidence of survival after death conclusive for most people who have taken the pains to examine the evidence critically, I have endeavored in this work to canvass the subject as though it had still to be proved."

In that spirit he has written the following article. It is a more succinct presentation of the subject than his detailed chapter on it in his new book. There he also gives chapters equally detailed, on ostensible manifestations from Robert Swain Gifford, Professor James and Carroll D. Wright. We recommend them, and the book as a whole, to the attention of all who care to investigate the results of Psychical Research.

EDITOR.

MARK TWAIN, when living, showed his interest in psychic research by publishing an article on "Mental Telegraphy," though he wrote it before psychic research became respectable, and until telepathy became a recognized fact it was taken for one of his jokes. His interest in the subject also induced him to buy a Thompson picture purporting to have been painted under the influence of the deceased Robert Swain Gifford. Nevertheless in spite of this interest, when living he was rather pessimistic and sceptical about a future life. If a traveler really can return from the bourne, most people would say that it would be natural for Mark to come back and say: "I told you so."

But during my experiments to get the contents of a posthumous letter by a well known man, Mark Twain was one of the ostensibly associated personalities, and made an allusion to Mr. Howells who was his intimate friend, and remarked that he had seen Evelyn. This was the name of the deceased daughter of Mr. Howells and the allusion had had a pathetic interest about which very few of the public knew anything. It is not necessary

to give details here in order to save its evidential interest. The incident was only an opportunity to say more, and it evoked the following which, whatever coloring it obtains from the sensitive's mind, has a tinge of Mark Twain's humor. The sensitive had never read a word of him.

Here is what came:

I ought to tell you first who I am, for fear you might be under the impression that you are talking to Saint Mark or some other great one. I am S. C. and think it about time I dropped the *nom de plume* which gave me a following; namely, Mark Twain.

(Thank you, I know.)

I see so little to make me comprehend what the meaning of it all is, that I am not in the least tempted to mount a pulpit and preach to the lost. I only know that I am saved, and that I have a few choice friends along with me, and we are not worrying about the state of the rest of the world. It is most wonderful to be able to see so much at once. [This recalls the "synthetic perception" of the James control in our No. 7, pp. 186 ff. Ed.] That is the one thing that stands out more clearly to me. It seems as if we had gained a double capacity to see. Do you understand what I mean by seeing?

(No, not exactly. Explain a little.)

Two worlds instead of one. We see double in other words, and no one seems intoxicated either.

(Does the old physical world look as it did before passing?)

Sometimes it looks pretty much the same. It depends on where you float. Wall Street looks very much like — shall I say what I think? (Yes.) Inferno. It seems to have no saving grace as an atmosphere about it, but it always does look like that to a man who is not on the inside. I find a smoky atmosphere plenty good enough for me. [Mark Twain was an inveterate smoker.]

I think I ought to file a protest against some of the malevolent criticisms that have been made in my absence. Do you know how I have been hashed up since I died?

(No I do not. I suppose I shall be done up when I get over there.)

So we are in the same boat. Let's take a pipe and smoke away our trouble.

(What made you choose the simile of a pipe?)

Nothing particular, only because I knew you would not smoke, and I would do it all myself. You may learn when you get over here. You never can tell how soon a thing like a great truth may dawn upon a poor benighted man.

(Well, I hope it will not be one kind of smoking.)

I have not yet seen the sulphur pit, but I presume that there is one. Most of us would be glad of a chance to toss an enemy in on the sly, but so far I have restrained my desire, and made a great effort to keep the peace and not to mar the joy of heaven.

This passage will not require explanation for those who know Mark Twain, and they will only ask whether the sensitive would be capable of it. She has no capacity for producing humor, though appreciating it when read, and as remarked, knew nothing of his writings until some years after this message. It was another set of incidents, however, that aroused a new interest in my experiments. The above were purely casual.

Two ladies, private people of St. Louis, were interested in psychic matters, Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings and Mrs. Lola Hays. Mrs. Hutchings had been one of the discoverers of Patience Worth. Mrs. Hays was the sensitive in the new work, and the two began experimenting. At first Patience Worth purported to communicate, as she had done through Mrs. Curran, but her place was soon taken by what claimed to be Mark Twain, to dictate over the ouija board two volumes of fiction, with some display of humor in communications about the books, but with less or none in the books themselves. The books were named Jap Herron and Brent Roberts.

There would be little difference of opinion about the absence of Mark Twain's characteristic humor in these two volumes. Mrs. Hays had read a little of Mark Twain, and Mrs. Hutchings nothing until after the work had been partly completed. Both ladies had to hold each a hand on the board before it would move. How two subliminals could co-operate to produce such a result, when neither party alone could make the board budge, is not easily explained. Besides the believer in

marvelous powers of the subconscious ought to be balked somewhat by the fact that characteristics of Mark Twain were not found in the literary product when one of the ladies had read some of his work, and had as keen a sense of humor as Mark himself, and the books had none. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer, said that there was not a trace of Mark Twain in Jap Herron. But he also said that in plot and development, it was better than anything Mark Twain had written, because he was a "disorderly genius."

But I knew enough from my experience with hysteria and secondary personality, not to stop with such a situation. I had tried cross reference with several similar instances, where there was no superficial evidence of the presence of the alleged communicator, and I had found by this means enough superusual data to prove what the difficulty was. The public assumes that a communicator should express characteristics enough in style and language to prove his identity. This assumption would be true in ordinary life, but does not hold good for any but certain developed sensitives.

The material had not yet been published, and nothing was known to the Eastern public about it. A St. Louis weekly had mentioned it, but with no details. Consequently I resolved on an experiment that would test the real presence of Mark Twain. There was no evidence for the scientific man in the books themselves. But if Mark Twain should turn up through another psychic when these ladies were present and wholly unknown to her, we should have something to explain. The two ladies were brought to Boston to be present at experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth, and their identity concealed from her by the usual method of not allowing Mrs. Chenoweth at any time even to see them in either her normal state or her trance. They were taken separately, and Mark Twain purported to communicate in connection with both of them, referring to the two volumes

which had been dictated through them, and giving the title of Jap Herron and the names of some of the characters in it. There were besides evidences of his personal identity independent of his relation to the books, and also displays of humor, to be noticed below. But the main object of the experiment was achieved in the fact that he established a connection with the St. Louis work in which there was no scientific evidence of his presence.

I took Mrs. Hays first, since she was not known to the public, as was Mrs. Hutchings. There was much confusion, with incidental evidence here and there that Mark Twain might be trying to get through, but was thwarted by conflicts with the relatives of Mrs. Hays, until I suggested to the control that I had not received any evidence of what I had hoped to get. This cleared the atmosphere, and from that time on the ostensible Mark Twain occupied more of the field. His first effort was to get his name. He began this in the subliminal stage of the trance, as Mrs. Chenoweth was recovering normal consciousness.

The first sign of his presence was the letters "Ma," but the writing control broke down at this, and the subliminal began with spelling it, and gave M-a-r-t-k, which the subconscious did not understand. Then came "M two" twice, but its meaning was not caught by the subconscious, which again spelled out M-a-r-k, and the subconscious, as if puzzled, remarked that it was not Saint, evidently having in mind Saint Mark. Finally it spelled out M-a-r-c and made no further effort. Just after recovering normal consciousness, the sensitive, as she often carries over into the normal state some impression of what was going on at the moment of recovery, asked me *if I knew any woman by the name of Hannah.* I replied in the negative, and remained perfectly silent about it, though I saw that the subconscious had been thinking of Marc Hanna. This was Mrs. Hays' last sitting.

The next day Mrs. Hutchings sat, and instead of be-

ginning, as the rule is with the introduction of new sitters, the communicator began, just where he had begun the day before, to give his name, and this time he tried Samuel Clemens, but got only "Sam Cl." Then came the statement: "Funny man cannot write his own name without so much fuss; but when one assumes so many titles, one must inevitably make a mark in the world of literature, even if that literature assumes the ponderousness of psychic research or Christian Science." Here he was evidently trying to get the name "Mark" through by symbolic methods of employing the word in another sense, a frequent resource with psychics, when one can not force through the idea that it was a proper name he wanted to transmit. Soon he referred to Hartford, which was once his home, and added: "Place, not person. (Referring to the stupidity of the subliminal.) "To think that any one could take a Connecticut Yankee for an Ohio Statesman! [Harking back to Hanna. Ed.] Joke lost on you. To think a man of my superior hirsute growth should ever be mistaken for the bald and baby face of him who was supposed to rule a President."

Here was a clear allusion to President McKinley and to Marc Hanna. Hanna was bald and clean shaven, while Mr. Clemens or Mark Twain had a very heavy and bushy head of hair and a heavy mustache. The humor explains itself, but he went on immediately with the following:

> The 2 Marks, my name, exactly fits the case, the 2 Marks. Never mind. You know who I am now, and it is all right for me.
>
> (I knew it all along, but we stubborn scientific men have to get it on paper.)
>
> I forgive every Scientist except the Christian, and that is a matter of principle with me.

Those who know what Mark Twain wrote about Christian Science will appreciate this sally, and remembering that Mrs. Chenoweth had not read a line of him, may

admit that it has evidential characteristics as well as pertinent humor.

I must mention two cross references having much interest as proof of the superusual, and some value as evidence of personal identity. By cross references I mean the same message through two sensitives. I had lectured in St. Louis, and while there had an experiment with Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, at which Mark Twain purported to communicate with characteristic humor. But he volunteered a password to be given elsewhere. It was the word *Sesame*. Two days later I left St. Louis without any one except the ladies and Mr. Hutchings knowing what had happened at the experiment, and went to Toledo with the resolution of trying to get this password through Miss Burton there, with whom I had previously experimented, and on whose phenomena I had published a long report. I told absolutely no one in St. Louis either of my intentions or of my journey. I also told no one whatever in Toledo why I was there. I had my experiment with Miss Burton, no one knowing what my object was. Among some other cross references from other parties I got the message "M. T. Sesame," the initials of Mark Twain and the password. *This message was written in the air in letters of fire.* I had it repeated several times, with a letter at a time, without acknowledging it, in order to eliminate the possibility of illusion on my part in reading it, as the writing was very evanescent. It matters not how the making of the light is explained. The sceptic may have his own way about that. The coincidence demanding attention is the password. Then later in the experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth, who also knew nothing about the facts, and indeed did not know that I was experimenting with Mark Twain, the password was first referred to enigmatically, and on failure to give it directly, one of the controls came to help in the effort, and in connection with his name already given several

times, gave the words "*Open Sesame.*" This made the second reference to the password.

But I did not stop there. The ladies went home after having five sittings each, and I continued pursuing evidence of Mark Twain's connection with Jap Herron and Brent Roberts. I wanted to get a cross reference through the ladies without their knowing anything about it. So I told Mark Twain that I wanted him to deliver a message through the two ladies. He agreed to try, and I gave him the sentence: "*Hyslop is a cabbage head.*" His immediate reply was: "*You do not expect me to be so blunt as that, do you? That message shows no consideration for cabbages.*" I had given the message to see what the reaction would be, and I got it in a form as unexpected as it was characteristic of Mark Twain. But the matter did not stop here. I concealed the fact of the message, and no one, even in my office, knew anything about it. I alone knew of the facts. But the message did not come as a cross reference through the ladies. Mrs. Hays had contracted an attitude of mind toward the experiments which may have prevented it. But I had a course of lectures in Detroit, and resolved, after they were over, to stop in Toledo and see what would happen. I had told no one anywhere what my facts were or my intentions, and on the return home visited Miss Burton again, without a hint of what I wanted. *Again written in letters of fire in the air I received the message: "Mark Cabbage."* Explain the lights as you please (though I had years before received them under conditions in which it was impossible to account for them on any usual basis), there is still the cross reference to be explained. It was hardly due to chance or guessing, especially as it came without any other setting to suggest the presence of normal processes.

One little incident, which is also a cross reference, is worth noting. In dictating the books, the alleged Mark Twain had applied the word "automatist" to Mrs. Hays. Mrs. Chenoweth always uses the word "medium" in her

trances. But in communicating through Mrs. Chenoweth Mark Twain again employed the word "automatist" to denote a sensitive.

A few items of personal identity have their interest. He gave the name of his daughter, Clara Gabrilowitch, which neither Mrs. Chenoweth nor I knew, and mentioned a ring of his wife which came from her mother. At first there was some confusion about it, but it was corrected. The daughter knowing nothing about it, but through Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine I learned from the living sister of Mark's deceased wife that the incidents mentioned in connection with the ring were true. Mark also referred to a picture of himself which he said was in the room where the two ladies received the contents of the two books. Neither of them was present at this time, and I knew nothing of the fact. Mrs. Hutchings confirmed it, however. Mark also mentioned a watch charm of some interest to him, and inquiry showed that he had received something of the kind from a Yale society. A reference to Abelard and Heloise showed what he had in mind in his "*Innocents Abroad*," which Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen. There was a number of other, tho less striking, incidents in proof of his identity, but these were not the first object which I had in the experiment. I wanted to decide another question.

I have said that he gave the title of Jap Herron and the names of some of the characters in the book. But before he had done this, he alluded to the work he had been doing through "the girls," the expression that he always used in their experiments. The ladies used the ouija board, and in the sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth he referred to the "writing board," and remarked that his work with "the girls" was not "personal messages, but more like editorial" (pertinent enough!) and then he went on as follows:

You have both been so careful to eliminate all that would mar the beauty of the pure expressions he wished to use.

(I understand, and do you know the name of ——?) [Writing went on and I avoided any further hints.]

Book. (Yes.) Of course I do, for was it not a part of the plan over here to have the complete work, name, title, size, description given to you about the makeup &c.

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

It is not a joke at all, but a very earnest endeavor to make an addition to literature, a sort of posthumous work, see?

(Yes perfectly.)

And the fact that the style and form may be well known to you does not make it less valuable spirit autobiography.

(I understand.)

I feel that it is right to have this go on, because it will wake up some of the sleeping friends who had no idea of the possibility of such contact. I want the love we feel to be the incentive to further effort. The Harpers will help. You will know best what to do about that.

Mrs. Hutchings had edited the imperfect expressions out of the data, a fact which neither the sensitive nor I knew, and it was the same in regard to the full directions given through the ladies about the manner of publishing the stories. Harpers were the publishers of his works, a fact which neither the sensitive nor I knew. It is clear, however, that the main secret of the work is here indicated. The next day he began by expressing approval of all such efforts to reach him, and made a humorous allusion to substituting communications with the dead for "Catholic masses for the repose of souls," and then went on with the following characteristic message.

I am quite serious about this, although I have always had to labor about being taken seriously. If I preached my own funeral sermon, with tears rolling down my back, no one would think I was at all serious about it, and some would begin to cheer for the funny things I was saying; but I really have the revolutionary spirit in my bones, and it is with me now, and I think that the work I have done at home, and shall continue to do, will help to revolutionize some ideas of my friends, if it does no more.

Mrs. Chenoweth did not know, but many people do know, incidents in Mark Twain's life in which he was

serious, but was cheered and laughed at for his humor. He was sometimes very angry about it.

The word "home" was the one used through the two ladies to name the place where they received the dictation. Later followed the name of the book, and incidents proving beyond question the relation between what was received through Mrs. Chenoweth and the two ladies. Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Ingersoll and Charles Dickens were mentioned, and it happened that all three of them had been referred to in the West in connection with the two ladies, and Washington Irving was said to have helped in the work of producing the two volumes. It is impossible here to go into the details, but there was much else tending to prove that Mark Twain was back of the work of the two ladies, whatever allowances have to be made for subliminal coloring on the part of Mrs. Hays, the sensitive.

The primary interest of this case is not in the return of Mark Twain in proof of survival, but his relation to a work which, superficially, had no assured credentials of his presence. He made no deliberate effort through the ladies to prove his personal identity, as he did through Mrs. Chenoweth. Indeed it is probable that he could not as easily have accomplished that object. But whether this be true or not, it is clear that the two books Jap Herron and Brent Roberts would not of themselves prove his presence to any intelligent person. While there was some humor, it was not characteristically like Mark Twain, or indeed not anything like as good as that of Mrs. Hays herself. From the character of the story one would not suspect Mark Twain to be the author, apart from the claims made. The explanation of the phenomena by the psychologist if he did not suspect conscious fabrication, would unhesitatingly be secondary personality. There was nothing about the work to suggest any origin beyond the usual. Charity would suggest uncon-

scious fabrication, and those who look for characteristics of style in the communications of a known personality, would simply laugh at the superficial claims for the books' source in the great humorist. But the experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth put another color on the facts, and confirm very strongly the contention that psychic researchers have made for years: that the process of communicating, involves the intervention of at least two minds and perhaps half a dozen.

Here is the situation. Whatever explanation you give to the production of the stories will not apply to the data given through Mrs. Chenoweth, which are undoubtedly superusual. No theory which does not go as far as telepathy will explain her record. I knew very few of the facts, none of the most important ones, and the ladies were not present with Mrs. Chenoweth much of the time, and neither of them knew any more of the personal incidents than I knew. Hence, as the superusual data through Mrs. Chenoweth were so evidently connected with the work in St. Louis, the explanation of them must apply to the dictation of the stories, with any allowance you like for interfusion with the minds of Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays. You cannot employ telepathy to explain the case without being confronted with an extension of its selective character far beyond the realm of sane scientific evidence. One hypothesis is required to cover all the phenomena, and that explanation is apparent to all but those who will not admit the respectability of the spiritistic theory.

But the main point to be emphasized is that the case has to be classified with those of the Thompson-Gifford, the De Camp-Stockton and the Ritchie-Abbott cases, where there was not adequate superficial evidence for foreign intervention, but which easily and quickly yielded to experiments for cross reference, and seem to prove the presence of the alleged parties affecting the results. That is to say, the case of Mark Twain only proves again that

claims which (on their superficial and subjective evidence) may rightly be referred to hysteria or paranoia, may by cross reference result in strong presumption that they represent foreign and spiritistic influence.

The importance of this conclusion, if established, cannot be disputed. Establish in a number of cases the evidence of supersensible intervention in the work of living people affected by superusual phenomena, and we throw the doors open to the profounder investigation of superusual psychology. Two of the cases named above were adjudged results of paranoia, and yet came out of the trouble by judicious handling of psychic-research methods.

In one case not mentioned above, that of Doris Fischer, the physicians stoutly insisted that she could not be cured, but must die in an asylum. She was a case of multiple personality, but in addition to being cured by her adopted father, she proved to have been only an undeveloped sensitive and the subject of obsession. The results of experiments proving this, extorted from Dr. Meyer Solomon, in his review of the Report on it, the statement that, "If Dr. Hyslop's theory be correct, we should have to apply it to all hysteria, all dementia precox, all paranoia, all manic-depressive insanity and all genius." I am not prepared for any such generalization, but if such phenomena as these apparently or really non-evidential interventions of spirits, yield under cross reference to spiritistic interpretation, we are opening Pandora's box to the gaze of the world, and we shall have to instal investigations on a much larger scale than psychic researchers dreamed of when they first founded the Society.

James H. Hyslop.

CORRESPONDENCE

The League of Nations

Berkeley, California.

Editor of THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW.

Dear Sir —

I have been a reader and an endorser of the Unpopular for four years, and have liked it so well, that these last two years, when to live at all meant giving up about everything one valued, I have still clung to the "Unpop."

But in Number 22, in "The Scheme Proposed," there is much that leads me to believe that there is such a thing as Idealism gone mad. It is evident from the telling swing of it, that the article was written under high pressure, strong tension of feeling. Otherwise you could not have made light of France's fear, and the world's distrust of Germany; or state that Germany — or Prussia as she was, and Prussia as she will be for generations to come, "was ever kindly — just — and peaceful." Her whole history, and the manner of her people give the lie to such a presumption. They are a bickering, quarrelsome people among themselves, even in their families, in Germany, as any one knows who has lived there.

You complain of the silliness of the objections and arguments against Wilson's League of Nations, but, it does not seem to me that you really answered a single one of the "choice expressions" you culled from the press of the country.

How can you explain or justify the robbery of Shantung, the handing over of millions of people, without a word to say for themselves, to the tender mercies of Japan, mercies like unto those that she has shown this year to Korea? When China seeks to recover this, her richest province, as she certainly will sometime in the future, shall we be called upon to assist Japan in holding on to it, and help her to rivet the chains on other parts of China?

According to article 10, that seems to be the purpose of this League which Wilson seeks to bind us to, or else I do not understand the English language when I read it.

We all know the impulsive good nature of our universally respected ex-president; we all know too, that his second thought

was often his best thought; may not his remarkable quietude at present be the result of this sober second thought.

Finally, do you consider it an ideally brave thing, a matter of good taste even, to strike at a man when he is lying in his grave, unable to reply to you, as, quoting your words, "removed to higher spheres, we trust — the one man, most likely and most able to obstruct it." *It* meaning this League experiment.

As a matter of fact well known to the world, one of Roosevelt's last written articles, was to the effect that a "League, having for its purpose the peace of the world, through justice to all peoples, was a thing most devoutly to be desired if it could be made practical in its workings.

A League for *justice to all peoples!* Not a war trust! Not a League of might and power — you use the word power often — as is this mighty scheme or experiment which you are pleased to believe — to write of, as having the sanction of Divine Law.

M. A. Johnson.

June 29, 1919.

We hate to differ with so faithful a friend, especially one who has remained faithful through obvious differences of opinion and temperament. It's our plain duty to convert him if we can.

His judicial attitude is sufficiently indicated by his speaking of "Wilson's League of Nations," and this in spite of most gentlemen of his way of thinking, making the claim that Wilson was a mere puppet in the hands of several other men whose names we seem to have heard in the connection.

His attention, like that of virtually everybody else who criticises the efforts for a league of nations, is distracted from the main issue. What the world is, for the first time, struggling for, is a *court*, with power enough to compel people to cease fighting and lay their quarrels before it, and to make them conform to its decisions.

We agree entirely with our friend regarding Shantung, but we consider that question so small in comparison with the main one, that it should not for a moment be permitted to delay the settlement of that.

What does our friend propose regarding Shantung if there is no League of Nations? As distinct from the colossal general reasons for wanting the League, our principal immediate and specific reason is just this Shantung business. We are much more afraid of Japan than we are of Germany. The Japanese are a very refined people: their gentlemen are the gentlest gentlemen in the world: so, as to be expected and as the world knows, they are terrible fighters. Their progress in civilization (so far as by civilization we mean our own ideas) has been marvelous, but it has not been miraculous. With their sudden rise into a world power, all their gentlemanliness has not saved them from some of the parvenu over-confidence of Germany, and they have not yet had time to include in their absorption of Western civilization the growing objection to expansion by conquest. Should they absorb and train large portions of China as well as Korea, and add their ambitions to India's discontent, the long-time vision of East against West would become a reality. It is not too soon for the West to prepare against this contingency, especially by education. A League of Nations, with a virtual international court, would be the best possible school. If Japan is a member of it, so much the better.

The court once formed, the victims of any national injustice in the world will have a right to go to it for redress. If the court is efficient, the injustice will in time be set aside. There are always ways of handling such things. No decent court, whatever its first conclusion, ever yet perpetuated an injustice. Even under the present provisions of the League as President Wilson clearly showed in his conference with the Senate committee, we would not have to go to war to maintain anything we consider unjust.

"France's fear and the world's distrust of Germany," so far as a League of Nations court becomes effective, will be taken care of. Our remarks regarding Germany

were based on an experience of over thirty years ago, mainly in Hanover. We confess that we may be a little too optimistic, but if we are, it is an argument in favor of the League, and we fall back on the court if we can get it. There is hope that we can, because for the first time, a court is striven for, and all the nations striving for it are free.

We regret that our friend calls upon us to say more regarding Colonel Roosevelt. Even the little we said before we said reluctantly, and only because of its practical importance in a matter of supreme moment. Colonel Roosevelt's attitude regarding a League of Nations was the same with his attitude regarding every other good thing — he wanted it if he could have it in his way and from his party. If he couldn't get it from his party, in one notable instance he left his party and started a new one. There can be no question that at the time of his death he was opposing a league of nations that could be had only under the administration of the other party; and there can be no question that he died. That is all we had to say. How it was attacking him passes our comprehension, unless the covenant for the League is so sacrosanct a thing (which our correspondent would hardly admit) that to say a man opposes it is to "attack" him. To accuse us, because of our saying it, of a disposition to "strike at a man when he is lying in his grave" is about as reasonable as the attitudes of opponents of the League generally are.

Does our friend hold that after a man is dead, the world has no right to the lesson of his mistakes, and that a writer cannot point out such a lesson without "striking at a man when he is in his grave?" But for one feature, which our friend does not name, that whole business is a piece of dogmatic sentimentalism. The man is dead or he's not. If he's unconscious, he doesn't care. If he's not, what little possible light we have upon the subject seems to indicate that he's so situated as to care, if at

all, vastly less than he would have cared here. Yet the evidence on the point, if it is to be called evidence, is somewhat contradictory. One recent utterance through a great psychic was an ostensible attempt of a man who died under a cloud, to vindicate himself, but the same control, speaking for himself at about the same time, said: "I am beyond your praise or blame."

The one sound point in this connection, our friend does not bring up, — regard for the feelings of survivors. Nobody thinks that the sensibilities of relatives ought to prevent free discussion of a public man's acts while he is alive; but it is true that relatives should be considered when made abnormally sensitive by recent affliction. But even that consideration is as nothing, compared with what is absolutely the most important question ever raised concerning things this side of Heaven and Hell.

"Not a League of might and power!" Any other one would be ridiculous. It *is* a "mighty scheme or experiment," but anything better than an experiment is out of the question, and humanity never had before it as important a question as that of trying this experiment. That question, in America, has been degraded into one of party politics!

We expect the experiment to fail, as the first efforts of our ancestors at national union failed, and even as their second experiment needed a civil war to establish its success. But, we expect through these trials and failures, and with the help of experience in other trials and failures, that at last the supremely important object will be attained.

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32 Liberty Street,
New York City.
July 15, 1919.

Editor UNPARTIZAN REVIEW.

No reservation by the United States Senate either of the Monroe Doctrine or of the United States, reserved right to

withdraw from the League of Nations would be effective unless at the time such reservation were attempted to be exercised the council of the League then approved of its exercise.

Such reservation might be as worthless and ineffectual as the like reservation of the alleged right of Virginia, New York and Rhode Island to secede from the Federal Union contained in the respective ratifications of the United States Constitution by those states, was held to be during the civil war. By the sword of war and later by the decision of the federal Supreme Court, it was decided that notwithstanding express reservations in their ratifications of the Constitution, of the right of those states to secede, the Federal Union was perpetual and indissoluble. *Texas* v. *White, 7 Wallace, 700, 722, 725–6.*

Virginia's ratification of the Federal Constitution does "declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the People of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." *Documentary History of the Constitution of the United States, p. 145.*

New York's ratification of the Federal Constitution declares, — "That the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the People, whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness." *Documentary History, pp. 190, 191.*

Rhode Island's ratification declares, — "that the powers of government may be re-assumed by the people, whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness." *Documentary History, p. 311.*

The Council of the League of Nations is an autocracy like the Holy Alliance without any Supreme Court or any other council or legislative body to hold it in check. It is the sole judge of its own powers. It is a union of the executive, legislative and judiciary merged into one body. If its decision, however erroneous, is disregarded, an international boycott, embargo or taboo will be followed by an international war in which it is the duty of every member state to support the international war to the utmost of its strength. There is no more reason to believe that in an emergency the Monroe Doctrine would be respected because reserved, or the reserved right to secede peaceably allowed, than was the like reserved right in

the case of Virginia (likewise of New York and Rhode Island) in 1861.

HENRY A. FORSTER.

Well! Despite all those reservations, the United States has managed to pull through, though it took a civil war to get things straight; and we are not without hope that in spite of any reservations and interpretations that may turn up, the League of Nations will pull through, and perhaps without any war.

For a constitution cooked up under the circumstances, we think the League of Nations is offered a pretty good one — a great deal better one than it or any other organization for peace is going to have without, at best, a long delay and much more of the bloodshed and economic woes still continuing in Europe, if not an outbreak on a larger scale; and, at worst, a loss of the present opportunity. The idea of waiting for a new opportunity, which can only arise after another world war, is fatuous in the last degree.

Psychical Research and Our Subscription List

East Blue Hill, Me.
Aug. 19, 1919.

Editor UNPARTIZAN REVIEW:

The reason for stopping THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW is because of the "psychic stuff" at the end of each magazine. This at your request.

HARRY L. ROLLINS.

Thank you very much, Mr. Rollins.

There are all sorts of good people in the world, several million of whom, including even some in the United States Senate, do not subscribe to THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW, or even to Unpartizan principles; and several hundred of whom have subscribed to the REVIEW, and stopped. Of course all these good people would be a great deal better if they did subscribe; but if we can't convince them of the fact by making THE REVIEW as

good as we can, we will have to leave them in their darkness.

In response to a circular asking for their reasons for withdrawing, and promising to mend our ways if we could, some of them have been kind enough to tell us. So far as we can recollect, all but two have said it was poverty. All that we can do for that is to try to keep them out of the hands of quacks, and in the belief that there is no short cut for the unendowed, and that even the endowed, as a rule, work the hardest. Of the two others who answered our circular, one said we were too hibrow for him and his family. Probably the defect is on both sides. On ours it is incurable, but on his, he could have done something to cure it by keeping up his subscription.

And at last we reach the friend whose letter is quoted above. Probably all we can do for him is to remind him of St. Paul's famous advice to Timothy — not about his "stomach's sake": for in the United States a two-thirds vote, or what passed for such while the army was away, has set itself against St. Paul and the wine-maker of Cana — but about testing "all things." Perhaps he has done so, and concluded that Psychical Research does not come under the head of "that which is good." If so, his is the first case which, in a rather wide acquaintance, has come to our knowledge: for so far, we have found a person's flouting of Psychical Research an infallible indication that "thon" knew nothing about it.

We are, too, strongly of the impression that one declining us on account of our attention to Psychical Research, would not care for us even if we left it out; and that the world has already got so far that if we did, we would lose more subscribers than we would *gain*.

In spite of our correspondent's letter, we have, for peculiar reasons, put into this number two articles on the subject instead of one, but we beg our friends sharing his distaste not to fear that we will continue, at least at

present, to give the subject so much space. We may even strike an average by occasionally publishing a number without giving it any.

But while we are on the subject, we want to call attention to a new little book containing as good a hundred pages about it as we know of: Mrs. Travers-Smith's *Voices from the Void*, published, or to be published by Dutton. Our opinion is formed from an English copy sent us by Sir William Barrett, who wrote an introduction. The author is the daughter of the late Professor Dowden.

EN CASSEROLE

Unpartizan — A Question of Definitions

One of the "liberal" "openminded" weeklies, in a good natured notice of our change of name, says "Unpartizan means, we believe, unwilling to take sides." "If you believe that you'll believe anything," as Lord Coleridge answered the confidence man who approached him with the usual "Mr. ——— I believe?" But the recent type of open mindedness is great at believing.

Have we been unwilling to take sides against the will o' the wisps these papers are chasing, and in support of the integrity of the family, the sacredness of private property, the suppression of Bolshevik and Turk, the responsibility of Germany, and the League of Nations? *The Dial* goes on to say of our new title that "in connection with this otherwise excellent review it means merely the unwillingness to throw its weight upon the liberal side." Yes, mistaken brother, if the liberal side means, as too many make it, opposition to all the things of good repute we have named, and means support, sometimes camouflaged even to the supporters, of ideas whose logical outcome is anarchy and the promiscuity of the beasts.

What *we* mean by "Unpartizan" is simply unwillingness to support anything merely because it is supported by a party.

A Bit of Encouragement

Some of you may share our satisfaction in receiving the following entirely unexpected words from the "Questions" by "Delphian" in the *Liverpool Courier*. They should have been printed before, but while war and peace were being made, those subjects, with a little spice to relieve them, crowded out almost everything else.

The "Question" was:

"Whether the American quarterly UNPOPULAR REVIEW would not do infinite good by a wider circulation in England?"

And a later issue had the following in "Notes to Correspondents."

The Editor, "UNPOPULAR REVIEW," New York. — Your esteemed London publishers (Messrs. Williams and Norgate) have sent me a copy of your choicely-produced quarterly, saying that you wish to know what drew my attention to it. First of all an advertisement, I think, "drew" me to it. What has "pinned" me to it ever since as a regular purchaser is the fact that it risks being "unpopular," for "unpopular" people are, to my mind, what are needed today to give the age various "tonics" very much required — "strikers" absolutely excepted, of course! THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW's articles on diversified subjects of vital interest are written with a distinctive fearlessness and freshness; and I only hope that many English folk who can afford to will regularly purchase it, and heed it well.

We shall keep up the policy approved by our British cousin, notwithstanding the change of name.

Andrew Carnegie

WE loved that little man, and want to give the reasons why — of course we admired his great benefactions, and his still greater example, but we loved him for himself. If anybody who knew him well did not love him, it could not have been entirely the little man's fault. He did have his faults, like the rest of us — except John Bigelow — but not a tithe of those attributed to him by people who envied him; and his faults were overwhelmed by his virtues.

Of course, the fault most generally attributed to him by people who did not know him, was purse pride. I (Bother "the editorial we" in this connection!) never knew a man more free from it. Wealth, instead of making him a snob, as it does so many men who have accumulated their own, left him extravagantly democratic. He even

objected to the Authors' Club restricting itself to men who had written books, but wanted whatever special influence such men could exert, spread among others who cared for it.

I first met him, well over twenty years ago, at a dinner at Fred Whitredge's. Probably he had never heard of me before, and certainly had never heard anything to attract a purse-proud man, but he prattled away to me like a child — or a genius. I never knew a great genius who had not a child-like openness about him. He told me, a stranger, that he was always in debt, how many partners he had and what the shares of the juniors were, and that they all had become millionaires, and other things which timid and self-conscious men keep to themselves; but never a syllable of brag, and I have never heard one from him since. I left the dinner charmed with him, and despite learning later of his negative side, I am charmed with him still.

Early in our talk I pulled out a little silver flask that Henry Pellew had given me, and said to Carnegie: "You don't want to waste yourself on the trivial drinks around here. Here's some Scotch whiskey." (It was years before that aid to salvation was generally served at dinner.) He looked at the small flask skeptically, and said: "There isn't enough for two." "There may not be enough for two Scotchmen," I answered, "but there's enough for one Scotchman and one American." "I'll send you a bottle!" he exclaimed. I remonstrated. But the next Sunday about lunch-time, a bottle came with Mr. Carnegie's card. It was opened at my side of a rather broad table, and hardly was the cork out, when my wife at the other side of the table asked: "What delicious *liquer* is that you have there?"

Of course I asked Mr. Carnegie to dinner, and he told me how he got the whiskey. He was delayed in a train in Scotland, when his secretary got some sandwiches at a way station. As they were munching them a man in

the compartment asked them if they wouldn't like something to moisten them. Upon their allowing that they would, he produced the almightiest pocket-pistol Carnegie ever saw, and poured them some such stuff as Carnegie had never tasted. When he said so, his benefactor answered: "No, you never did: nobody ever did but the royal family and my family."

"The president of the United States is going to have some!" promptly ejaculated Carnegie. "Yes, I shall be happy to send Mr. Harrison some," was the answer.

It appeared that the good man was Dewar, distiller to the court. He let Carnegie have a barrel, and Carnegie got him to let me have a barrel. I never knew what friendship was before I had that whiskey — and after it was gone. But the demand for it was too great for human nature. The name — Victoria Vat — survived, but not the thing: it gradually went the way of terrapin, canvas-back ducks and good cigars.

Some dozen years after my first acquaintance with it, we gave Carnegie a dinner at the Authors' Club. Beside his plate was a little gray jug of Scotch whiskey. He promptly prepared himself a glass, when I pulled out the little silver flask and said: "Don't drink that stuff. You don't know what it is. Here's some of our real thing — or its degenerate representative." "I must drink your health in it," he exclaimed, and poured out about a teaspoonful of it and toasted me. But I couldn't persuade him to waste what he had previously poured from the jug: the saving habit of his early years was too strong.

But during the evening he did take the treasurer of the club aside, and add thirty thousand dollars to the twenty thousand he had given years before as a fund whose interest was to help authors in need. He had also for years given the club rooms in the Carnegie Hall Building rent free. These are some of several benefactions of his

that I happen to know of, and the world does not. And yet he was accused of giving away money only for his own glory!

At that dinner Gilder read a little poem in which the refrain of each stanza was some compliment to "Andy." He had read it to me beforehand, and I was afraid that Mr. Carnegie would think it too familiar, but he said he thought he knew Carnegie well enough to take the risk. He was right, and on the way home Carnegie was full of praise of Gilder.

His judgment of men was hardly short of miraculous. I happened to be associated in the management of two institutions which he regularly helped, and the way he judged the other men on the boards, some of whom he barely knew, was simply astounding.

And he judged the world as infallibly as he did individuals. It was he to whom I alluded in the last number of this Review as the great business man who prophesied that it would never succeed under its original title of *The Unpopular Review*. Fool I was, to think that I could judge the world better than he could!

Of course he had many prominent men at his house, but while he saw much of them, he also stuck to his early friends and to the men who helped build his fortune. He used to say that his success came from his selecting associates abler than he was. He gathered them at dinner at least once a year. But he was a thoughtful man, and loved the society of thoughtful men, and in the early spring he used to gather those whom he called "The Knights of the Cloth." This name came from his getting each man to pencil his autograph on the cloth beside his plate. Mrs. Carnegie, who was always present, later embroidered in the autographs. At the next dinner, those whose autographs were already there, were seated in front of them. There were many wonderful speeches at those dinners, but few better than Carnegie's own in

calling up his guests. I remember one in particular, in which he gave his democratic ideas of a true aristocracy.

He told me that the Homestead strike would not have taken place if he had been at home — that there never had been a strike in any of his works when he was within call. He said that whenever his men talked strike, he used to say: "Well, let's take time to think it over. Here's a good chance to shut down and clean up, and when we get thru with that, I guess we'll be ready to go on. And we always were."

I could tell many more fine things about him, but have space for only one. Gilder died not very long after the dinner where he had read the poem. The next time I was alone with Carnegie, he told me that he had never loved any other man as he loved Gilder. He also said that he was in Washington when Gilder died, and that as, on the way home at night, he crossed the ferry (it was before the tunnel days) and saw the glory of the city's lights and great shadows, he could think only: "Gilder is not there, Gilder is not there"; and I knew, what so few know, that the great ironmaster had a poet's soul.

Mr. Ford: Political Philosopher

THE wisdom of *ne sutor* (for the benefit of those educated up to date, we expand: — *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and translate freely, — let the shoemaker stick to his last. A pretty long parenthesis! Is the new education responsible for the frequent cases where such are needed?) Let's take breath and begin again. Once more the wisdom of that proverb has been most sadly illustrated in Mr. Henry Ford's lawsuit. So long as he sticks to the manufacture of the valiant tin Lizzie, the Liberty motor and the farm tractor, he is a great human benefactor, a sagacious business man, and a valuable citizen. But let him overstep the limits which his talents have marked out for him, to assume the rôle of a political prophet and

a stopper of wars, and he becomes a figure to make the gods weep and the nations smile.

Perhaps the time will come when jejune sentimentalism will not be accepted as a substitute for statesmanship; when men without political education or grounding in the history of the race, will not be hailed as the heralds of the social order of the future. Many Americans are victims of the fallacy that specialization in one field gives a man capacity in unrelated fields. Of course in a democracy the most commonly accepted absurdity of this kind is the belief that in politics anybody's opinion is as good as anybody's else. It is partly this assumption that has put so many badly educated men in public office. To believe that because a man amasses a fortune making an exceptionally good engine, his ideas for improving political machinery must be worth listening to, is stupidity. If the peace ship wasn't enough to expose this fallacy, the slander trial may help.

A Zone of Blunders

CONFORMABLY with the law of the Rhythm of Motion, we struck one in our last number. The first blunder was in attributing the *Cœlum non animum* line to Vergil instead of Horace, and, some authorities think, in quoting anim*a*m instead of anim*u*m. The rust of sixty years upon a classical education is very apparent; but even in its dingy state, it is a precious thing to those who have it. It is not, however, a department of education which contact with the world keeps polished: indeed the world is just now giving a series of yells to the effect that it has no use for such antiquated rubbish.

At first thought, classical learning among us would seem in a pretty parlous state, when this Review attributes a line of Horace to Vergil, and the *Evening Post*, *The Springfield Republican*, *The Bookman*, *The Dial* (which despite its Bolshivism has, or once had, some literary

standards) and other papers of light, noticed the number containing the blunder, and, notwithstanding the keen delight a blunder brings to the critic's soul, did not detect the one in question.

But though the professional critics did not notice the slip, several of our readers did, and wrote us about it. The following little note is not the only one from the freemasonry worth reproducing, but we have no room for more.

Graduates' Club,
New Haven,
July 11, 1919.

To the Editor UNPARTISAN REVIEW.

I do not know how many of us there be who are still "so far behind the age as to enjoy the flavor of a classical quotation." Possibly we are so many that you have been unbearably annoyed by letters calling your attention to the fact that it was Horace and not Vergil who wrote the lines you quote in your leading article of number twenty-three; also that he wrote animum, not animam. If you have been so annoyed, pray pardon my writing. I have a real affection for my little fat friend on the Sabine farm, and I hate to see his *nomen* changed, even before an audience which will not know the difference.

WILMOT H. THOMPSON, JR.

Yet, on second thought, this oversight does not seem so heinous. The thought in a quotation is of course the essential thing, and its source a matter of minor consequence. Even so great a critic as Matthew Arnold, and one so abounding in reinforcing citations, frequently attributed them to wrong sources.

A second blunder was on page 199, line 12 from bottom, printing "abused" for *absurd*, and so making nonsense of a pivotal sentence.

A third blunder in that same number was on page 208, line 5 from bottom, "trough" for *through*. *Humanum est errare*, with our respects to the fortunate possessors of the new education.

But the worst blunder had an accessory, in an exceptionally faithful proof-reader. We are going to make a confession, and then draw a moral more important than any confession we or any one man is apt to be able to make.

Our oldest friends among you know that for sometime after we started this Review we bored many of you by having something in every number about Simplified Spelling. After a while we realized that we were doing too much of a good thing, and let up on it. The little article in the last Casserole about China and Egypt was probably the first thing we've had about simplified spelling in years. Under the influence of that article, we thought we'd give the cause an unobtrusive little fillip, and so we told the proof-reader, whenever he should come across a monosyllable ending in *ed* pronounced *t*, to spell it so. Well, it was a simple little thing to do: the poets, especially Tennyson, do lots of it without anybody noticing it, so do *The Independent*, and even President Butler's *Educational Review*. But we didn't take in all the factors: we don't confine ourselves to poetry, and *The Educational Review* doesn't publish stories, and *The Independent*, whether it publishes stories or not, discriminates in its improved spellings — at least it did in Dr. Ward's day, when he was a good colleague of ours on the Simplified Spelling Board. Well, we did *not* discriminate, and we simply spoiled a good story when we issued that instruction to the proof-reader. It will be a good many years before passages like this will work: — A soldier brings bad news of a companion, a servant announces him to the father: "I'm afraid sir — terribly afraid. The way he lookt, sir — "

The mother comes in and fears what's coming. "She knew. She tried to meet the shock as it prest upon her. 'Wait just a moment, please.' She sat down. The men watcht her."

Elsewhere the proof-reader, in his faithful adherence to

the sound principle: "Obey orders, if you break owners," spelt *chanced* "chanct," thus proving for the thousandth time that in our language *c* is a superfluous nuisance, whose functions ought to be performed by the reliable *s* and *k*.

We do hope and believe that the English language will yet — perhaps sooner than any reasonable person expects — be rationally spelt. But we have long realized that that hoped-for day will be only delayed by putting in the improvements faster than people are ready for them — and people will not be ready for all that are needed, within hundreds of years, unless children are familiarized with them in the schools. But that can be done with an actual saving of much of the time now needed for teaching our lawless spelling, much saving of the child's reasoning powers, and of its appreciation of law in literature, life and nature. When that is accomplished, there will be removed the greatest obstacle which impedes English in her inevitable progress to becoming the world language, and a most effective vehicle of world peace.

To promote that great object thru a rational spelling of our distracted language, Mr. Carnegie spent a quarter of a million, and other devoted men spent its full equivalent in time and tissue. As inevitable in such matters, much was wasted in experiment; and when, after over ten years' labor, the matter had at last been got into shape and favorably started in the upper educational world, from which it would inevitably filter down to the lower, those to whom Mr. Carnegie in his old age gave over the charge of his philanthropic disbursements, reduced the subvention, and left its continuance so doubtful that very little can be done.

And now for the moral we threatened. Beware of Bolshevism. Even those who hate it most, at times fall into it. It is not restricted to the half-thought-out isms

of which the world just after its greatest upset, is naturally fuller than ever before; but it crops up wherever anybody propagates an idea only half thought out and absurdly before its time. And it's awfully hard to think things out, especially things that stir one's enthusiasms. And when you have deliberately switched off from the old road, even only in opinion, be mighty cautious how you put your opinion into action, and when you make a mistake, don't be slow to come back and own up.

One of the greatest dangers from Bolshevism is that it starts away from sound reason in such unnoticeable ways — the switch diverges at such a slight angle, that half the people get onto the wrong track without knowing it. The young gentlemen of our "liberal" and "open-minded" weeklies haven't the slightest idea that their road leads to Petrograd, even though some of them think that Petrograd is but a way station on the road to Paradise.

Is Breakfast a Moral Issue?

It is to Calvin.

Calvin married me under a misapprehension. He supposed that I liked to get up in the morning. I first met him at Uncle John's camp in the Adirondacks. Then I was always up early. I loved the woods and the dawn wind. I loved the silent trails and the vigorous walk before breakfast. And I didn't half mind a chance encounter with anyone so good looking and merry as Calvin. I rather wondered, during those stimulating days, if Calvin didn't wake up early on my account. I was as self-centered as that.

Well, I know better now. Calvin gets up because of the essential rightness of getting up. Because the breakfast hour is sacred; the earlier, the more sacred, like a church service. Because the day should start, like the Twentieth Century Limited, with precision, and with all on board.

Calvin cannot endure the thought of stragglers about the coffee urn. A wife appearing at seven-thirty-five, breathless and bravely vivacious, is a wife who is undutiful. The hour for wives is seven-thirty, along with the headlines and the grapefruit. A house guest coming down at eight o'clock, babbling of a splendid sleep and a lovely day, feels intangibly that Calvin is at his best at dinner.

It isn't what Calvin says or doesn't say. He is always polite, with a sort of masculine matutinal politeness which is peripheral to eggs and the morning news. But you can always tell how many minutes late you are, by the degree of his unresponsiveness.

There is no reason, aside from Calvin's conviction, for our breakfast's being early or being promptly eaten. We are not commuters, with a 7 : 53 to consider. The meal is not elaborate in food or in service, and might just as well, it seems to me, occur an hour later: for Calvin is a banker, as are the men of my own family, and seldom leaves the house before nine.

How bankers can differ! I had supposed them to be of all men the most easily classified and understood. The banker's point of view, the banker's psychology, the banker's need of being stirred up by radical literature, — why not the banker's breakfast?

My people breakfast so very casually. The sun shines through the window chintzes; the percolator gurgles gently, five grapefruit halves wait at five places, the hall clock chimes for eight-thirty; no one appears. Presently Helen, already hatted for town, sits down alone, and has almost finished with the paper and her bacon, when father strolls in. Father is amiably absent-minded over his coffee and rolls, whether anyone else is present or not. If Bob comes in, they exchange a few dark comments on the way the country is being managed. When mother arrives, father twinkles a smile in her direction, but pays only vague heed to her injunction to come home early and snatch a nap before dinner. I usually (in the tense

of these pre-Calvin days) claim the fifth grapefruit. But the chiming of nine o'clock reminds nobody that I am late. No one cares whether I am late or early. In the comfort and laxity of the family indifference on this point, coffee stimulates, and food fortifies. But such easy ways have not fitted me for a lifetime of breakfasting with Calvin.

I wonder whether those astute characters who earn a living by proclaiming that 80 per cent of mankind are engaged in the wrong occupation, would not remake Calvin (for a consulting fee). Ought not the world to benefit by his lofty and uncompromising love of promptness? The disciplining of one wife once a day is no adequate outlet for his vocational leading; nor does banking seem to offer congenial moral support.

There must be some softening influence of concession, or an atmosphere of mellow leisure about banks and in the hearts of bankers that, as the day wears through, dreadfully undermines the Calvinistic attitude. For night comes, bringing the dinner hour. And Calvin of the inevitable seven-thirty breakfast, where is he?

The dinner guests are assembling. I am looking my nervous best in a gown Calvin especially likes, Calvin's dinner things lie anxiously upon the bed, the cook is beginning to be harrowed about the state of the game and the soufflé, when Calvin's slow latchkey turns in the door.

He beams upon the guests from the hallway. If my eye were not upon him, he would stop to relate a priceless anecdote of Senator Micklejohn's. As it is, he waits a couple of minutes before confiding that he will be with us in a quarter of an hour.

Promptness has apparently been banked out of him. He is hopelessly late. He is hopelessly unaware that he is late. The twenty most irreplaceable minutes of the day go by before he rejoins his guests. He is all sparkle

and mirth and charm. Some of the food is a little cold and unsuccessful; but the entranced guests listen to Calvin, and do not notice. Twelve hours away in either direction from the Calvin of the breakfast hour I am a little cold, and a little resentful; but the guests do not notice. Above all, Calvin does not know that there is anything *to* notice. This is dinner. This is different. Dinner, for Calvin, is not a Moral Issue.

"Logophobia"

THE *Nation* lately had an article on this subject, in which it professed to give the true meanings of socialism and internationalism, etc., from their etymologies, and tried to camouflage them, and some mighty queer meanings it gave. The author seemed unaware that Whitney, the greatest philologist we ever had, used to say that there is nothing more misleading than Etymology.

The Evolution of the Joke

IT is generally held that laughter is caused by the incongruous, or by a feeling of superiority over a blunder or mistake. It is true that these are often the provocatives, and explain why so few people who are fond of teasing are able to take jokes, but the fundamental reason for laughter harks back to our pre-human ancestors. The Pre-Humans, when alone, must have been comparatively helpless, so were silent for fear of attracting the attention of the carnivora; but a group of them was, no doubt, formidable, therefore when together they kept up a racket to let the jungle know there was a crowd. This must have saved them from many an attack, and from extermination: for, besides the danger, the quieter animals could not endure the noise.

Now laughter, which requires little thought or effort, is an easy way of keeping up a hubbub. In the form of giggling it was, perhaps, the Pre-Human expression of socia-

bility, being evolved before an elaborate vocabulary. This may be why we of to-day laugh so rarely when alone, so often in company. Unless somebody is with us, when we see anything ridiculous, our mirth is apt to lie dormant, until we begin to tell about it.

The simians transmitted to us their instinct for making a noise — the responsibility we feel for keeping up our end of the conversation, but giving a significance to every word has spoiled our jabbering.

We need utterances that express our feelings without conveying exact shades of thought — like swearing. Ordinarily, men do not curse merely to be profane, but only to vent their emotions. Laughter serves the same purpose, and is also the easiest expression of sociability.

The snicker was, most likely, the Pre-Human signal that something unusual, though not alarming, was occurring. Being imitative, our forbears must also have been observant. Accordingly when one, accidentally or unconsciously, did anything out of the ordinary, another little beast was sure to notice it, and give a hoot or snicker, then, tittering nervously, he must have, monkey-like, tried to turn the new trick himself. All must have tried — and tittered. From doing what the other did, the race must have learned, in time, to feel as he felt. Thus sympathy was born. That made us human.

There is still a tendency among us to snicker over the new. Whether we give way to the tendency or not, depends upon which is the stronger — the ape-like instinct for making a noise or the human feeling of sympathy. In one respect we have retrograded: we snicker in surprise at the new, but instead of giving it a trial or a hearing, we titter derisively to discourage it. Nevertheless, from the Pre-Human willingness to try *anything* once, civilization developed.

"And what will your engine do if it meets a cow?" asked a superior snickerer about a hundred years ago. He thought by deriding to settle the locomotive, new then;

but the locomotive settles the cow. The joke is so frequently on the snickerer! We are losing that part of our sense of humor. The improvement has been going on some time. Jokes were once practical. The idea was to get an acquaintance into an uncomfortable or embarrassing position, and laugh at him. The world outgrew this, except in the form of hazing, which had to be legislated out of existence: the sophomore no longer makes the freshman drink tobasco sauce.

Many of our old jokes are dead, or rather they have become our stern realities. Can you recall how the boy used to bring the hoot of shocked surprise to the lips of the family by drinking his soup from his plate? Well, it is now frequently served in cups — with two handles, to render Buddy's act more convenient. The boy was right. Some day there may be found a genteel way of enabling Grandpa to eat with his knife!

And Darius Green and his flying machine! The Wrights spoiled that. Accidents to aviators now scarcely provoke a smile.

Years ago I went to a Hallow E'en party. The hostess served bran cake. She thought it was funny. Oh Hoover!

As for the incongruous: we put together any two things we please, furs and hot weather, for instance, are the latest thing, and — they go.

The fashion makers have wrought havoc with our jests. It took some shocks to educate us, but it has been done. Or is it that ignorance is more widely disseminated, and that there is less superiority? A dear old lady in our town went to church one Sunday with her hat on hind part before. She almost broke up the meeting, and for years we tittered at the memory. We laugh no more: who now knows which is which?

There was a time when the funniest thing the comedian could do was to have his trousers a trifle too short: that is how our most superior male snickerers are now wearing them. The most uproarious act of the comedienne was to

appear in a green gown trimmed with yellow, and if it saw too scant — or too full, and the skirt did not hang just right, or her petticoat showed, our happiness was complete. Now how broad we have grown about skirts! We take them as they come. Long, short, trained, hobbled, slit or hooped — the comicality has departed from their folds! As for yellow and green, Nature manages to harmonize all tinges: it is a very good combination, if you use the right shades, which are a matter of taste. Behold the buttercups, dandelions, and jonquils! Why did we never think them ludicrous?

The cocksureness has been taken out of life. Wisdom never makes us snicker — just cocksureness. Wisdom destroys that feeling of superiority.

Even the comic weeklies have changed! One of their best laughs was Woman Suffrage. They held that women if allowed to vote, might soon be doing nearly everything else men do — wearing bifurcated garments, smoking, drinking, going out after dark unescorted, acting as doctors, lawyers, judges, street-car conductors, policemen and even soldiers. Of course, they did not really think that the members of the gentler sex would so demean themselves: they only wanted to show how absurd it was, their wanting the ballot.

Our jokes have all come true, and nobody laughs — not even at The Battalion of Death!

"*The Unionizing of Professors*"

A RECENT *Nation* had a good article on that subject. The Bolshivist papers are not always bad all through, by any means.

We believe in trade unions, if they will only keep within bounds. But we don't believe in paying professors such low salaries that men who object to being forced into trade unions are slow to take professorships, and that the men who do take them are more and more of the

kind, or driven to become of the kind, who teach all of the fallacies that obstruct the usefulness of the unions. Colleges would do vastly better with fewer professors and higher salaries. For this reason and several others, we suspect that much of what is called education may be among those over-preached and prematurely-attempted ideals on which Bolshivism feeds.

The Secret of Snake Charming

DISCREDITED by any number of fakirs, who have capitalized the ignorance and superstitions of their audiences by going through the motions with drugged or fangless serpents, snake charming has degenerated in many minds to barefaced frauds. Like the apple core of the greedy boy, they say, "there ain't any such thing as snake charming." Nevertheless, one may find a basis of truth in nearly all superstitions and popular beliefs, and if snake charming is stripped of all its frills and humbuggery, there is left enough of actual fact to arouse our interests.

When a snake loses its poison fang it also loses its spirit and fighting propensity. Knowing that it is deprived of its chief weapon of offense and defense, it becomes humble and cowardly, permitting one to handle it with no more show of fight than a harmless garden snake. Likewise when a poisonous snake is drugged or iced it is qually harmless, and while it goes through the motions of wriggling and hissing its brain is so befogged that it rarely attempts to strike. In the hands of an expert it can be handled with impunity, and with no more danger than a pet poodle.

Moreover, a snake outside of its natural habitat is a peculiarly stupid creature. If its eyes are once covered, the average snake becomes mentally as well as physically blinded. If put in a pan, with cloth over the top through which no daylight is permitted to enter, it will remain

there until starved; for it does not seem to know enough to find its way out. A blind poisonous snake is, therefore, a perfectly harmless creature.

A rattlesnake cannot bite until it has partly coiled, and has its head in a certain position. There is not sufficient strength in the head and neck to make a strike until the spring from the uncoiling body is back of it to give force and direction. The rattler appears to know this, and will rarely, if ever, make the attempt unless properly poised for the spring.

The spine of a snake is delicately articulated, and a very slight blow will dislocate it and render it helpless. Down the spine run small nerves. The Indians of the Southwest discovered this years ago, and with a feather or other light instrument they stroke the back in a way which tickles and excites some of these nerves and prevents the reptile from coiling. This renders the reptile harmless, just as the tickling of the feet or ribs of some people robs them of all power to resist. Perhaps the rattler is thrown into paroxysms of laughter, or something approaching them. Whatever it is, he doesn't like it, but he is unable to help himself.

Now a rattler that has once been subjected to this humiliation is always in fear of its repetition. After several such manipulations it becomes terrified by the mere motions of a hand that threatens to tickle its back with a feather. Seizing upon this fact, the snake charmers have with wonderful success succeeded in terrifying a rattler into submission by certain motions of the hand. This accounts for the charmer's pretense to quiet a rattler by certain cabalistic hand motions. The snake is not charmed, but frightened. This can be accomplished only with snakes that have been tickled into submission a number of times. A new snake is dangerous, and charmers never take such liberties with it.

There is also a way to keep the rattler from coiling, and the Indians of the Southwest understand this so

well that they can approach one and pick it up by the neck without fear of being bitten. So long as the body is kept from coiling the rattler is ordinarily harmless.

The boa constrictors on the other hand are dangerous to handle on account of their great strength, and not from their bite. An eight foot boa could crush in the ribs of a mule. Yet the charmer permits one of these creatures to wind its body around her, and sometimes two or three. Why do not the reptiles use their great power to kill her?

One reason is that the exhibitor knows that the same stroking of the hand down the neck and back of a boa has a somewhat similar effect that it has upon the rattler. It reduces it to a state of helplessness. It temporarily robs it of the power to protect itself and kill its enemies, just as a powerful man is weakened by tickling. Once more we see the reason of the constant hand motion of the exhibitor. While pretending to stroke the snake as an evidence of affection, the charmer is really doing it for self-protection.

Can snakes be tamed and trained? That question can be answered in a modified way. The reptile is perhaps the least tamable of creatures, but kindness and constant handling do have their effect. When a snake is well fed, gorged as it were, it is well satisfied, and not at all belligerent unless threatened by danger. It wants to sneak away and sleep. When hungry it is always dangerous. A snake charmer takes advantage of this fact, and it may be truthfully said that the rattler or boa is never handled in public until after it has been well fed. Then the danger is reduced at least seventy-five per cent. While in this semi-sluggish, sleepy condition it will submit to handling by an expert, and if no indignity is offered it, will rarely attempt to strike or crush.

While icing makes a serpent sluggish and stupid, the warmth of the human body soon revives it, and then it is uglier than ever. On the other hand if kept in a warm

place, and well gorged with food, it is in a peculiarly friendly mood. It will permit itself to be lifted from a box, and when twined around the body of the exhibitor it will snuggle close to it for continued warmth, and mildly exhibit those swift dartings of the head, and slow, sibilant hisses that send thrills down the spines of the audience. Some exhibitors prefer handling snakes treated in this way to those which have been temporarily chilled in an ice box: for the latter may revive sooner than expected, and grow ugly.

Rattlers and all poisonous snakes are not nearly so strong in their bodies as many think. The boas make the better poses. They will wrap their bodies around the limbs of the exhibitor with only their heads and short lengths of their necks extended. A rattler hardly has strength enough in his body to do this, and for this reason two or more are frequently used together. They are twisted around like the strands of a rope, the body of each helping to support that of the other. Their heads are thus brought up on the same plane where the exhibitor can watch them, and they rarely attempt to strike in this position. Even if one should bite, it would be a very slight surface wound: for there would not be sufficient power in the stroke to drive the poison fang much deeper than the skin.

Why do not snake charmers get bitten: for in spite of all their snake psychology there must be a certain element of danger in handling the creatures? The answer is, they do get bitten! But there are snake antidotes besides drugging oneself with whisky, which are pretty sure to prevent serious poisoning. If the wound is immediately sucked, and the antidote applied, the danger is slight. Every snake charmer carries on her person wounds of bites, some as many as a dozen.

Finally, there is the reward that always awaits the snakes who have performed properly. This is just as essential as to any other wild creature. In the case of

the reptiles it is a warm milk bath, followed by enough to eat to satisfy him, although the feeding generally precedes the exhibition. The milk bath consists of diluted milk with a little cornmeal sifted in it. The snake is dropped in the bath, and then covered with a dark cloth for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then he is taken out and carefully rubbed dry. He enjoys the bath and the gentle strokes of the hand that dries him. Then they are put away in their box to sleep. The milk bath cleanses their skin, warms the body and nourishes them. Some will swallow several spoonfuls of the milk, and feel better for it. The milk bath keeps the skin in excellent condition and has a soothing, quieting effect upon the snake.

Why Doesn't Everybody Quit?

So far we haven't heard of a strike of farmers' wives, but in a world where *stars* and stage hands combine to *darken* the lights of Broadway theaters, nothing is impossible. At a time when organization is regarded as the magic vaccine which brings immunity from human ills, it is not to be supposed that farmers' wives will remain long uninoculated. In fact it wouldn't surprise us to pick up day-after-tomorrow-morning's newspaper and read this heading:

"FARMERS' WIVES STRIKE FOR EIGHT-HOUR DAY AND SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY

General Walkout to Follow Tomorrow if Farmers' Protective League Ignores Ultimatum. Strikers Scorn Butter-and-Egg Money. Demand Regular Salary, with Double Pay for Overtime, and an Equal Share in Farm Profits. Recreation and Sanitation Included in Strikers' Demand."

And the next morning we read and visualize all the farmers' wives from California to Maine, from Montana

to Florida, leaving the breakfast dishes in the sink and the chickens unfed, walking out the kitchen door with a determined and class-conscious stride, and pausing a moment for a cavalier wave of the hand to the children playing in the yard, then vanishing down the dusty road to join in procession, as they were taught to join during the war. Why not? Everybody knows that farmers' wives are the most overworked and underpaid class of laborers in the world, yet where are their champions? Where is the deliverer who will strike off the chains of drudgery and loneliness?

We think he is within sight. His shape is protean, and perhaps he is oftenest, of all men, the plumber. But he takes the shapes of many other men, principally of those who have brought the telephone, the Ford car (especially as it makes practicable a home in the village) the electric light, the movie, the phonograph, the R. F. D., the oilstove, and many other things unknown a generation or two ago. [EDITOR.]

Potatoes and Rheumatism

THIS is probably among the most important articles we ever published.

Our occasional excursions from efforts for the psychical man into those for the physical man, bring the usual letters — six on one side and half a dozen on the other. Advice to shave without soap (which was only partly physical by the way: for it was given to save the psychical man time) brought much grateful recognition, though one brother did say that it made him no better than a blind man: for not having the soap on the unshaved area, he had to feel to know what part was smooth. We always had to, even when we used soap.

This is not, however, an article of our opinions: it is still too early for them. So far we will give only the facts.

In the old days — how old, though less than five years since! — they would not let you have potatoes at Karlsbad and Nauheim and similar *Kurs* in Germany, and that

fact led a good many people, including the writer of these lines, to avoid potatoes. During a mild attack of rheumatism a couple of months since, at the recommendation of a friend, he got a bottle of advertised medicine. In the usual accompanying printed matter was a statement that potatoes contain an alkali specially inimical to uric acid. The patient began eating potatoes, the attack yielded more readily than usual, and there has been less trouble than usual since.

The foregoing was written several months ago and still holds good.

Tickets to Stay Out

LUCILE's little hand grasped mine tightly as we hurried down the aisle.

"Aunt Mary," she demanded hotly, "did people pay with money to see this show?" She had sat bravely through the first act of *Carmen*, but it had been hard work. "Did they?" she asked again.

When I said "Yes," her disgust was emphatic. "Well! I should think they'd buy their tickets to stay out."

Immediately the inspiration came to me. Why not? Why not buy tickets to stay out? Who wouldn't pay the price of admission many a time for the privilege of not being entertained or instructed?

I mused over the idea quite steadily the next morning after I had given up listening to the sermon. My dime in the collection plate would have done just as much good in my absence, and I know I should have felt more religious on the river; but mine is the kind of conscience that frets over disregarded conventions, and there in the hot pew I sat.

Queen Elizabeth, in my opinion, nowhere showed greater astuteness in the governing of her happy and contented people than in formally sanctioning their staying away from church upon the payment of a shilling fine. What care-free Sunday mornings the well to do class must have had! Not that I wish to rail against the church and its ministers, far from it. Indeed that particular sermon

was much enjoyed by many of the congregation; they said so. Besides, I think ministers are much more sinned against than sinning. Think of the things they have to go to, and the people to whom they must listen!

Frederic Ingham in *My Double and How He Undid Me* is a case in point. His was real tragedy. To be sure he escaped from bondage, but as an exile with the loss of most that he held dear. The cause of his failure was simple. He made the fatal mistake of deciding upon what were his important duties, and then, entirely upon his own responsibility as an individual, of disposing of the rest. No wonder the world turned on him. What he should have done, of course, was to start a movement.

I shall start a movement, a movement for the purchase of tickets to stay out. It will be somewhat complicated to organize. We shall need an investigating committee and a board of directors and a bureau for tabulating data, beside the persons who will look after the actual sale of tickets; but I believe it will be worth the trouble. Just think of the things one can stay away from then with impunity — school entertainments, club meetings, lodge meetings, recitals, church suppers, Chautauqua, receptions — there is no limit to the possibilities. One can merely go up to the agent like a man (or a woman), buy his ticket (the price regulated by the amount of boredom escaped), and then instead of going to the entertainment like a martyr, or sneaking off like a criminal, one can sit down absolutely boldly in his own study, and read the *Way of All Flesh* or the UNPARTIZAN REVIEW. Doesn't that sound like a foretaste of heaven?

My friends, naturally, are with me heart and soul in the scheme — all except Alice. Alice says I am always starting some ridiculous new movement or other, and she is going to object to this on general principles. Her fallacy is obvious. Once my reform is well under way, if she is too indolent to further this or any other worthy cause, she can simply buy her ticket to stay out.

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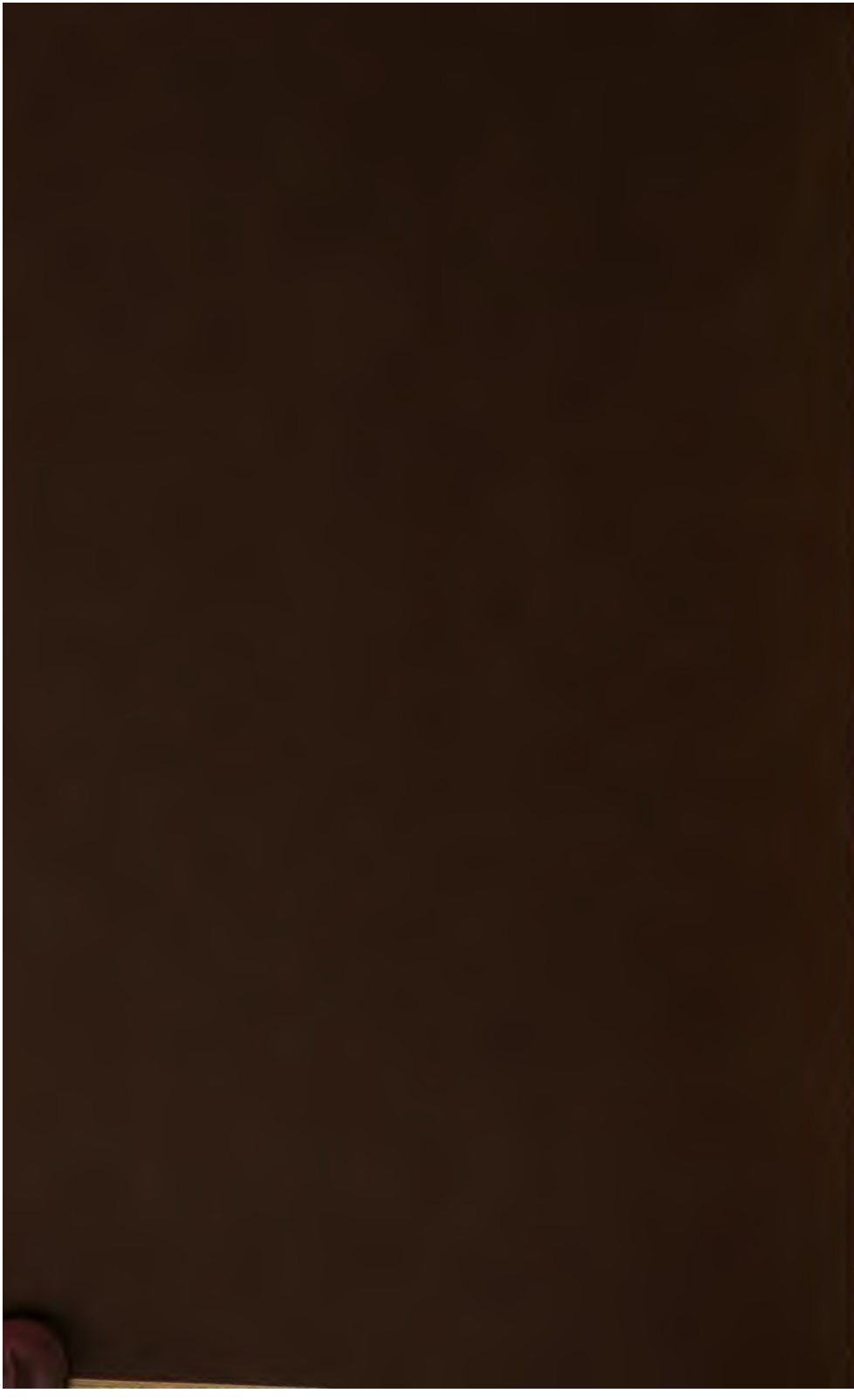
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